Oct. 14, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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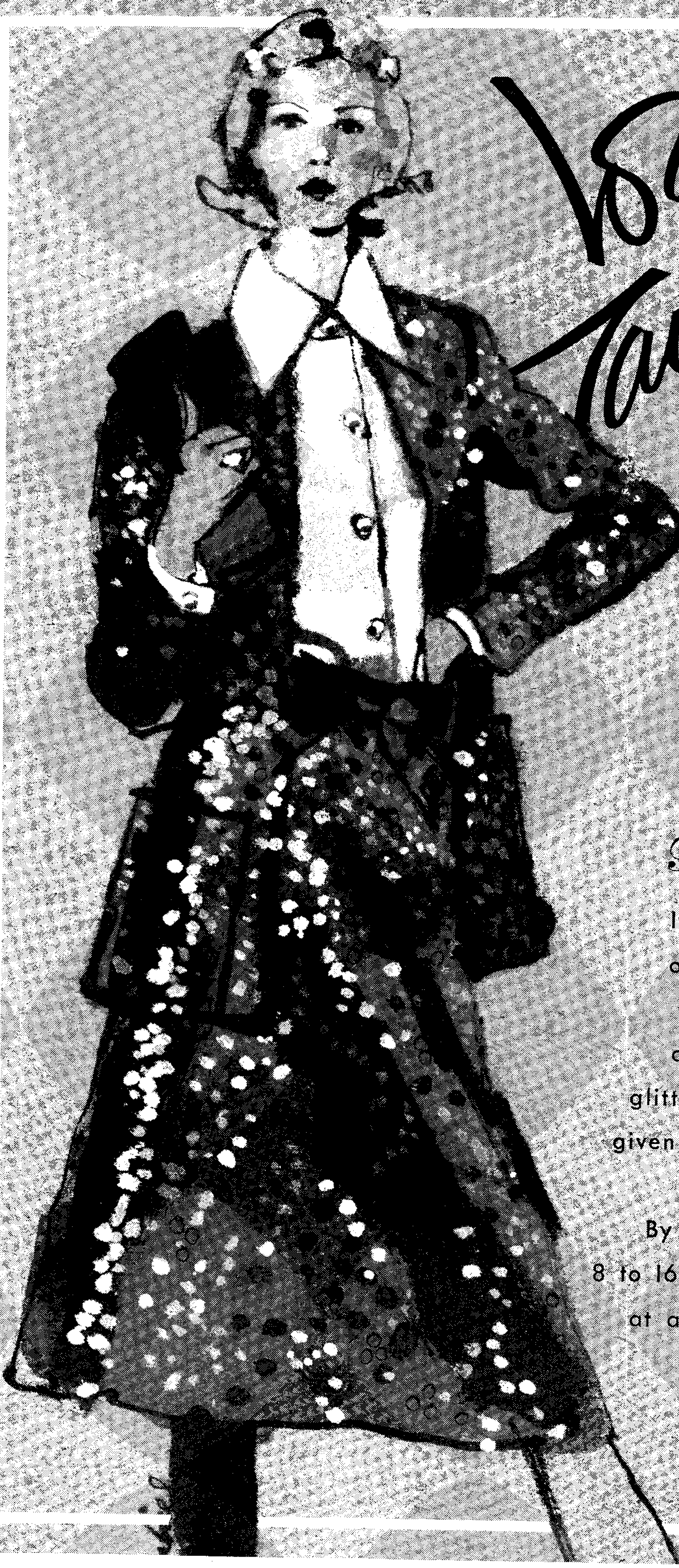

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Alan Ayckbourn's comedy, imported from London, with Sandy Dennis, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, and Tony Roberts. Eric Thompson directed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Brief Lives—Roy Dotrice in a return engagement of his one-man show, imported from London and adapted by Patrick Garland from the works of John Aubrey. Directed by Mr. Garland. Preview Tuesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 16. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candide—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A superlative revival of Tennessee Williams' preposterous and yet immensely entertaining Gothic romance. Elizabeth Ashley is a superb Maggie, and Fred Gwynne's Big Daddy is on a par with Burl Ives' unforgettable original. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dreyfus in Rehearsal—A play derived from the French of Jean-Claude Grumberg by Garson Kanin. With Ruth Gordon, Sam Levene, and Avery Schreiber. Mr. Kanin directed. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 15-16. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 17. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Flowers—Lindsay Kemp in a London import devised by him from Genet's "Our Lady of the Flowers." (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gypsy—Pretty, jolly Angela Lansbury feverishly impersonating a shrew. The Jule Styne-Stephen Sondheim songs stand up well after fifteen years, and Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, has directed the show with spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hosanna—A two-character Canadian play by Michel Tremblay, with Richard Monette and Richard Donat. Staged by Bill Glassco. Previews Thursday through Saturday evenings, Oct. 10-12, and Sunday matinée, Oct. 13. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 14. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 354-6171. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 3.)

Mack & Mabel—Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters in an attractively tenderhearted musical about Mack Sennett and his star, the comic actress Mabel Normand. The book is by Michael Stewart, the songs are by Jerry Herman, and the direction and choreography are by Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 14, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Oct. 14.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fat Friend—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naomi Court—Two bogus one-acters, by Michael Sawyer, about (a) a middle-aged spinster and (b) an aging homosexual, both of them tenants of an old brownstone that is about to be demolished. The first play is a fantasy and the second a thriller, and while each is at times insufferable—pat or condescending or hand-me-down—neither is boring. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-9214. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The National Health—The Long Wharf The-

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COVER: *Robert Weber*

DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, William Hamilton, Mischa Richter, Arnie Levin, Everett Opie, James Stevenson, Claude Smith, George Price, Frank Modell, Edward Frascino, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, Boris Drucker, David Pascal, Ton Smits*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

atre, of New Haven, production of Peter Nichols' London play, with Leonard Frey and Rita Moreno. The director is Arvin Brown. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 10. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

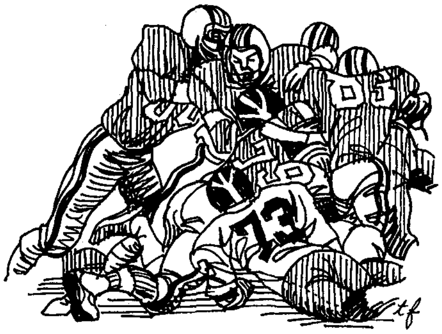
Over Here!—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,017 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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BALLET AND DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Pulcinella" (New York première), "As Time Goes By," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Remembrances," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Parade," "Monotones" (New York première), "The Moor's Pavane," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: "Pulcinella," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Parade," "Remembrances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Parade," "Monotones," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: "Pulcinella," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Pulcinella," "William Tell Variations," and "Kettentanz."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "The Dream," "Weewis," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Relativity of Icarus" (New York première), and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Moves," "Monotones," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: "The Dream," "Secret Places," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Moves," "William Tell Variations," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Interplay." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 3.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A one-week engagement, with Rudolf Nureyev appearing in two performances of "Aureole" on the opening day—Monday, Oct. 14, at 2 and 7:30; Wednesday, Oct. 16, and Friday, Oct. 18, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: "Sports and Follies" (New York première), "Post Meridian," "Churchyard," and "Aureole."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15; Thursday, Oct. 17; and Saturday, Oct. 19, all at 8: "American Genesis." (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

George Benson—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Guitar, with a quartet, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Norman Connors—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Drums, leading an octet, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a trio. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 15, at ten.

Stan Getz—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, except Sundays.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Buddy Guy and Junior Wells—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Chicago blues. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 11-13, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.... ¶ Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). With Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Taj Mahal—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Eclectic blues singer, Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 16-19, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Saturdays and Friday, Oct. 18, from nine to one.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas. Beginning Monday, Oct. 14, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Pharoah Sanders—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a sextet nightly at ten, through Sunday, Oct. 13.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Zoot Sims and Dave McKenna—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Tenor sax and piano, respectively, with drummer Ray Mosca and bassist Major Holley. From nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew is the John Lewis Sound, a trio skippered by drummer and pianist Lewis. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and a jukebox stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Irene Reid, a capable singer of blues and ballads with the Basie band in the sixties, sings here through Saturday, Oct. 12. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 16, guitarist Ted Dunbar will work with drummer David Lee, saxophonist David Schnitter, and Victor

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gaskin on bass. Music from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club, on occasion so clamorous before and between shows that one walks out feeling exhausted and hoarse. But however congested, this mini-concert hall boasts ample seating and a simple, pleasant décor, and its commitments to the sound system and the lighting are admirable indeed. The diverse and imposing roster of performers is often staggering. For example, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, two important young jazzmen—Norman Connors and George Benson—perform with their ensembles. Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, a second-generation Chicago-blues guitarist and harmonica player, respectively, cut loose in front of their backup unit Friday through Sunday, Oct. 11-13. The James Montgomery Band, a six-man blues and rhythm-and-blues group from Boston, opens up the shows for Guy, Wells, and company. From Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 16-19, Taj Mahal, another practitioner of basic blues, will sing and play guitar, banjo, and cowbell. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Pianist Barry Harris and bassist Bill Takas provide the music from nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 12. Jimmy Rowles begins working with Takas on Monday, Oct. 14. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whiz-bang drummer Buddy Rich's club is a most agreeable spot: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. While Rich tours Europe and Japan, his club has been turned over to a succession of stalwart jazzpersons. Currently, Stan Getz is overseeing his quartet—bassist George Mraz, pianist Albert Dailey, and Billy Hart on drums. Two shows Mondays through Thursdays; three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist Bobby Short, still the prized fixture here, vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ellis Larkins, a subtle, facile pianist, manages to subdue even the most dedicated of diners in this busy restaurant. Bassist Benny Moten helps him out. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes here is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, generating much of the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Lee Konitz, still one of the most pleasing alto saxophonists around, plays with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little, and the three support vocalist Lynn Crane. Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Wednesdays through Saturdays from six until nine, trumpeter and tenor saxophonist Gene Roland works with a small group. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The usual double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. Grant Green, a succinct but potent blues guitarist, leads a quartet through Saturday, Oct. 12. The hours run from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty to three-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing outfit, plays from eight-thirty to two-thirty.

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Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is seated in the corner at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, Jane Valentine sings along. Music from nine-thirty to three.

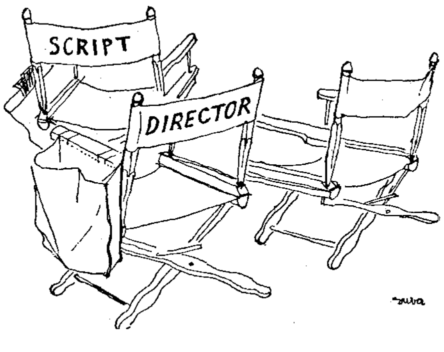
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Folds sits in for Dick Katz Mondays through Wednesdays. Sundays, the Gene Roland quintet holds forth from eight to two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Now under new ownership, this famous food-and-music emporium has switched its menu offerings from "Steak, Lobster, and Chick Peas" to "Steak, Lobster, and Lasagne" and its entertainment offerings from rock-and-roll to Dick Shawn—at least for the two weeks of Shawn's engagement. The lasagne may be the owner's preference, but comic Shawn, perhaps seeking a younger, hipper audience, chooses to present his Watergate and other political routines here rather than in the large hotel rooms uptown where he has played in the past. The other half of the bill is filled by the Star Spangled Washboard Band, a country, rag, and bluegrass group. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round, Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Tenorman Zoot Sims collaborates with pianist Dave McKenna, Ray Mosca on drums, and bassist Major Holley Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nine-fifteen to one are the hours. On Mondays, a Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Esther Marrow sings low-keyed, dignified, yet compelling rhythm-and-blues numbers with her supporting combo through Tuesday, Oct. 15. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 16-19, Freddie Waits, a very fine innovative drummer, brings in his quartet. Music from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A speakeasy during the twenties, this lively West Village cabaret is now a pleasant mish-mash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. Shows are presented at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays in the Paradise Room, a roofed-over brick-walled garden, with mammoth potted palms, a campy neon sign, and a black-and-white-tiled stage. Genevieve Waite, who has been in the movies, tries her hand at singing. Her childlike intonations are aided by her husband, John Phillips, who was formerly one of the Mamas and the Papas. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, Joan Hackett, a considerably more successful film actress, arrives to vocalize and to alternate with Michael Greer, who does impressions of Bette Davis, Tallulah Bankhead, and others. Mirabai, a young, promising singer, performs at nine and ten-thirty on Sundays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.



Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli is occupied with his thoughtful, chord-dominated solos, opposite Dardanelle, who sings and plays piano. Nine-thirty to one nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

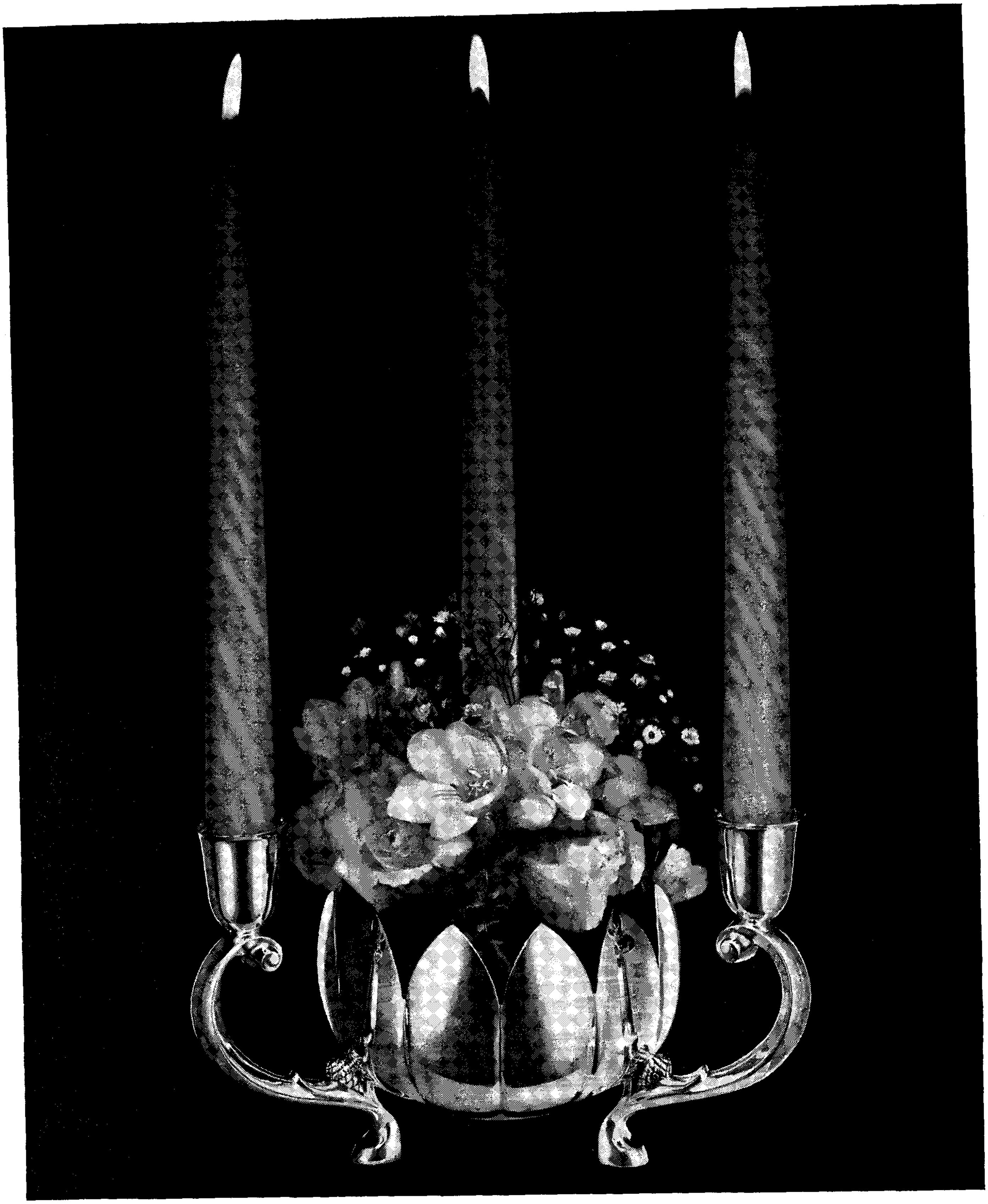
Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his trio. Lee Konitz and his bassist, Wilbur Little, cross town (after Monday-and Tuesday-night stands at Gregory's) to perform here on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, saxophonist Harold Ousley's trio is on hand; guitarist Rudy Stevenson leads a trio behind singer Bobby Hill the following Friday and Saturday (Oct. 18-19). Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music from nine-thirty until three Mondays through Saturdays, and from nine until two on Sundays. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—A modest (three nights a week) jazz program has been reinstated at this rambling, tri-level downtown institution. On Thursdays, harpist Daphne Hellman plays with bassist Lyn Christie and guitarist Mike Gari from nine to midnight. Organist Charles Earland heads up a robust, advanced quintet Fridays and Saturdays, starting at ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Tenor saxophonist Pharoah Sanders and his sextet play some of it through Sunday, Oct. 13. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, pianist Bill Evans begins playing heady games with his trio. Mondays, the fifteen-member Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation blasts off, along with the band's vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe-cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially of Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and a bassist. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons here—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and pianist Brooks Kerr, on Monday and Tuesday nights. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, glides along with his trio. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price works out with Ed Lewis on trumpet, Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, and a drummer named Ditto on Fridays and Saturdays, except on Friday, Oct. 11, when Lewis heads



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the CAFÉ, pianist Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Steven Weltner plays solo piano Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the PERSIAN ROOM, Carmel Quinn will sing her swan song on Saturday, Oct. 12. Monday, Oct. 14, brings on the songs of Manuel. Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the PLAZA RESTAURANT, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the PALM COURT, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while Ruth Andrews provides the piano music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does an additional stint on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting singer Frank Sinatra, Jr. On Monday, Oct. 14, comedian Jack Carter and vocalist Tony Darrow will take over. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The MAISONETTE, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by singer Lana Cantrell. She retires on Saturday, Oct. 12. The dance band is Anthony Terini's quartet. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The ST. REGIS ROOM is host to the songs of Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson. Their hours are ten and midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and nine-thirty, eleven, and midnight on Saturdays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Beginning Thursday, Oct. 10, singer Dax Xenos will be holding court in the EMPIRE ROOM. He sings only at ten on opening night; thereafter he will perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and twelve-fifteen. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Herbert Aach—Acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Agnetti—Nine works in mixed mediums by an Italian Conceptualist; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Samuel Bak—Oils, watercolors, and drawings. Through Nov. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bardazzi—Paintings and collages. Through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Bascom—Paintings of oranges by an artist who loves more than three. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Siri Berg—The circle is the theme of this group of paintings. Through Oct. 26. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joachim Berthold—Bronze and marble figures by this German sculptor. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Alexander Brook—Still-lifes in the grand manner. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Ainslie Burke—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jon Carsman—Rural landscapes. Through Nov. 2. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard Creo—Paintings of a Welsh village where this American artist currently lives. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Whitney Darrow, Jr.—A collection of cartoons and drawings, from 1936 to the present. Through Oct. 26. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Finkelstein—Paintings of bridges, rivers, and roadways of New York, and landscapes of the South of France. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Gross—A crowded show of wood, stone, and bronze sculptures by this seventy-year-old artist. Through Oct. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gordon Hart—Paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, Oct. 17. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hayes—Three large ceramic wall panels, plus some other ceramic pieces. Through Oct. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Hoie—Abstract acrylic paintings; first solo show here. Through Oct. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—Abstract paintings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Starts Thursday, Oct. 10. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and graphics that show how the artist's work changed during various periods. Through Nov. 9. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann McCoy—Four large colored-pencil drawings, plus a group of smaller ones. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Merkin—Semi-abstract glimpses of the recent past. Through Oct. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Moran (1837-1926)—Drawings and watercolors of the West, from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shozo Nagano—Three-dimensional and illusory canvases. Through Oct. 26. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Don Nice / Wayne Nowak / Franz Kline—Paintings. / Constructions and drawings. / Barroom drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Niizuma—Marble sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Allen Saalburg—Wall constructions involving Lucite discs decorated with silk-screened patterns and superimposed, one over the other, in such a way that they can be spun, like wheels of fortune, with a kaleidoscopic variety of effects resulting. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Segalman—Watercolors, mostly of single figures clad in denim or flowing white dresses lolling on sun-dappled meadows. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Shapiro—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures. Through Oct. 30. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Sidney Tillim—Three large paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Walasse Ting—Abstract landscapes. Through Nov. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the BARTHOLET, 55 E. 76th St.: A brownstone apartment crammed with paintings and other memorabilia of *la Belle Époque*, arranged to emphasize works by The Eight, particularly John Sloan and Arthur B. Davies, and also ringing in later artists, like Ben Shahn and Joseph Stella. Through Tuesday, Oct. 15. . . . ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by, among others, Dubuffet, Reinhardt, and Agnes Martin. Through Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KRASNER, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Appel, Calder, Feininger, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . RAYDON, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Old and modern drawings by Bosch, Klee, de Kooning, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . ZIERLER, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Davis, Marin, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by, among others, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Moore. Through Oct. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Olle Baertling—Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—Recent works that continue the "Dancers Series" this California artist has been working on for some time. Through Nov. 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

José Guerrero—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Kaupelis—Acrylic paintings, plus some drawings. Through Thursday, Oct. 17. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Lancaster—Abstract paintings, most of them following a checkerboard pattern. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Lenor Larsen—Woven murals, quilted wall hangings, and other pieces based on textiles. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Paintings done between 1950 and 1964. Through Oct. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

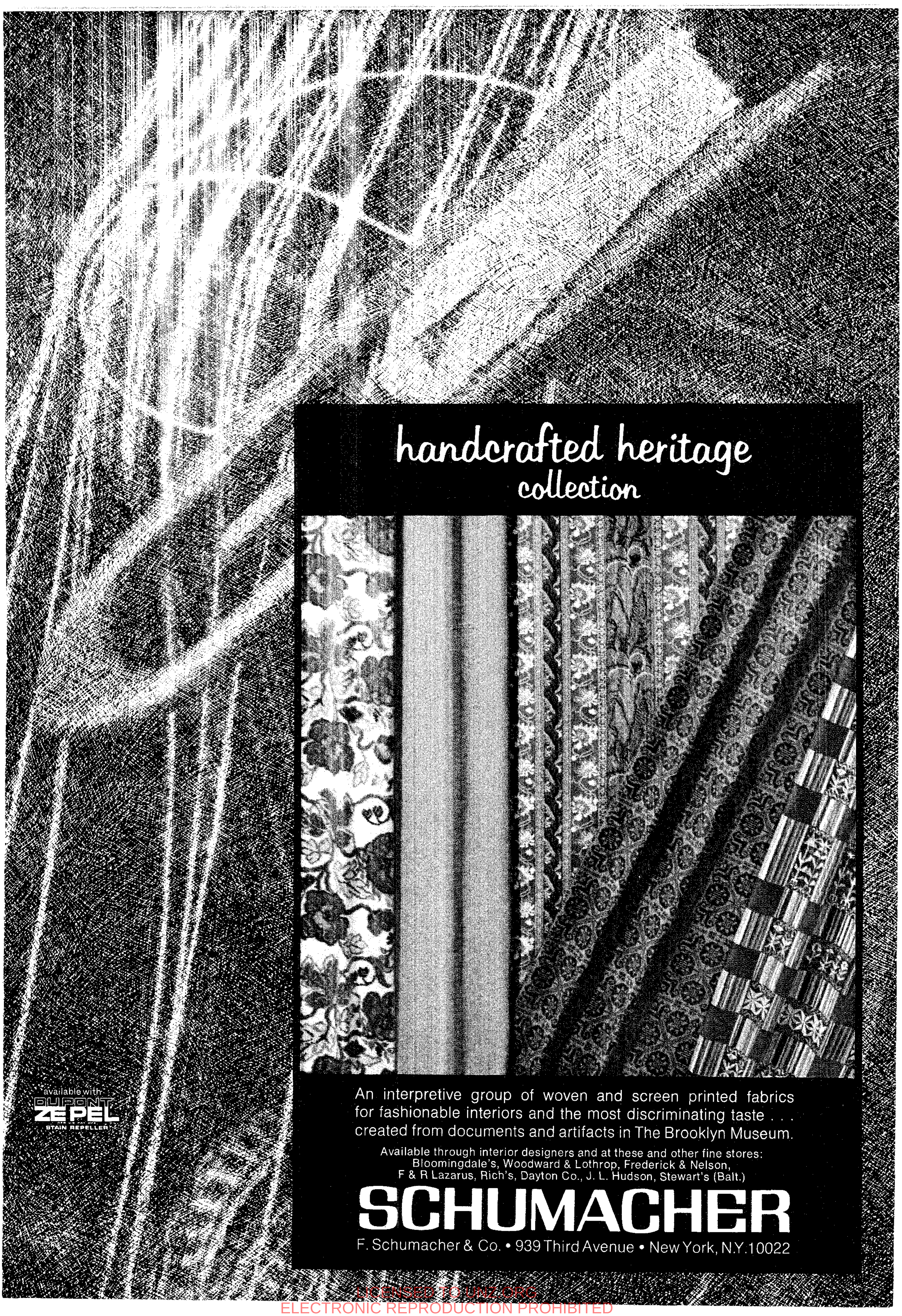
Fred Meyer—Small terra-cotta and bronze figures—almost caricatures—of fashionable-looking people at play, and a couple of sculptured still-lifes. Through Oct. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Murch (1907-67)—Drawings by an artist who focussed his graphic skill on odd bits of machinery, shown in a new gallery devoted to works on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings. Starts Friday, Oct. 11. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Spectral figures cast in plaster direct from living models, some of them in so-called environmental settings, and others—a new departure for the artist—done as hanging wall reliefs. Through Oct. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculp-



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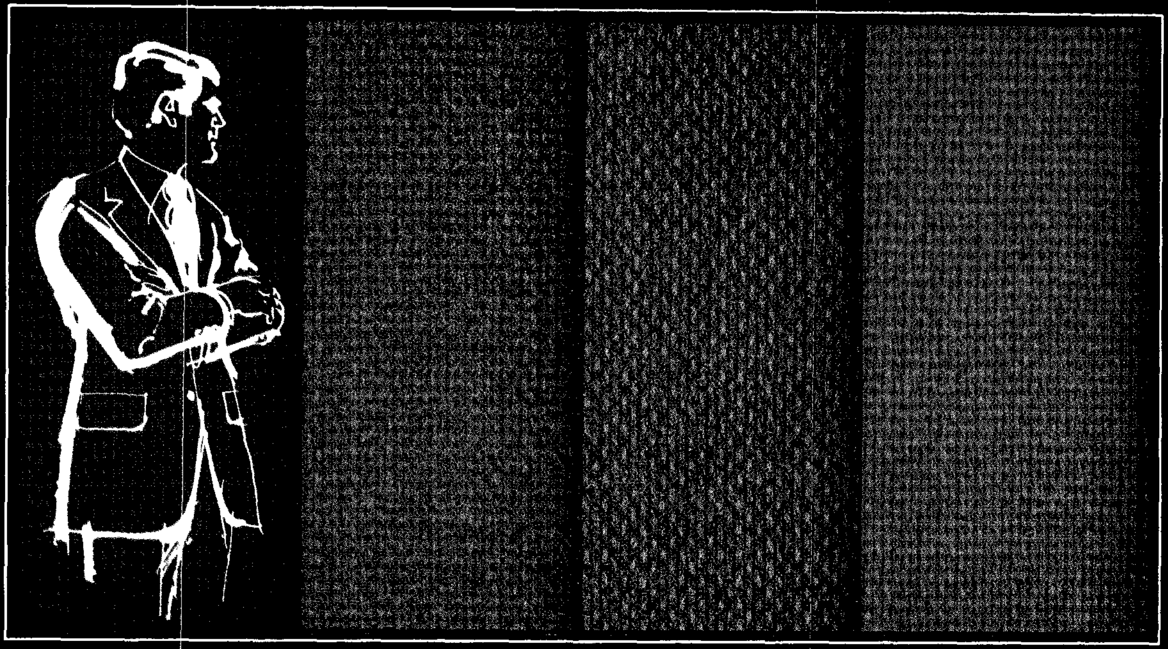

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tures. Through Nov. 9. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig—Paintings. Through Oct. 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by William Fares, Jim Juszczyk, Mary Miss, and others. Through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century American drawings by Shahn, Hopper, Hassam, and others. Through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Among the sculptors represented are James Rosati, David Smith, and Beverly Pepper. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Over a hundred and fifty African pieces, including examples from private and museum collections. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Sidney Delevante—Cosmic landscape paintings with figures and animals. Through Thursday, Oct. 17. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Jim Dine—Incisive, life-size drawings of familiar tools—hammers, saws, clippers—and a spirited full-length portrayal, in oil, of a crosscut saw. Through Nov. 9. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Fekner—Portraits. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Halsall / Paul Zelevansky—Abstract paintings. / Suspended and freestanding paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

William L. Haney—Paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Yu, 393 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Kazuko Inoue / Rick Salzman—Paintings. / Photographs. Through Oct. 24. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Brian Kazlov—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Frances Kuehn—Realistic paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Diana Kurz—Paintings of figures. Through Oct. 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Terence La Noue / Jim Starrett—Paintings and drawings. / Drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Cork Marcheschi / J. Nebraska Gifford—Kinetic pieces. Through Oct. 31. / Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Gordon Matta-Clark—Fragments of totalled buildings arranged by the artist. Through Wednesday, Oct. 16. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Merwin—Large abstractions evolved from consideration of the square. Through Tuesday, Oct. 15. (Aames, 93 Prince Street. Closed Mondays; open Sundays.)

Margaret Miller—Wood and rope pieces. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Ryman—Experiments in pure white—enamelled on panels of copper, aluminum, or steel, or painted in many coats of oil on wood. Through Oct. 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Shields—Paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Stephens and Sandy Galleher—Paintings. Through Oct. 23. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jorge Stever / Patrick Caulfield / R. J. Kreznar—Paintings. / Paintings. / Sculptures in glass. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (O. K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Swain—Geometric abstractions. Through Oct. 23. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

David True / David Hatchett—What might be called a True story is an environment consisting mainly of a fifteen-foot lookout tower lying on its side; an axe that may have been used to cut it down; some pottery fragments and painted stones; a large, sagging painting that depicts an angel, the stump of the fallen tower, and a man dressed up as a bear and holding an axe; and a printed legend on one wall that tells of a vigilante group, known as the Bear Men, who discovered a religious sect that built the tower (they kept one of their members on top of it) in the wilds of Ohio seventy years ago, chased them away, burned their cabins, and cut down the tower. Through Oct. 26. / Abstracts based on more or less realistic paintings of forest glades. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

William Zehngut—Paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 12. (Second Story Spring Street Society, 167 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Show—Works by Dan Flavin, John Chamberlain, Robert Morris, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Peter Hayward—Street scenes of New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Ralph Iwamoto—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Westbeth, 155 Bank St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Oto Logo—Bronzes by a Yugoslavian sculptor; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 9. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Richard Serra—Drawings by an artist better known for his sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Saturday, Oct. 19.... **WALKER STREET GALLERY**, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St.: Paintings and sculptures by John Fischer, Howard Conant, Galeyn Remington, John Fudge, and others. Through Oct. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alan Dennis / Nathan Farb—Dye-transfer photographs. / Photographs of his family. Through Nov. 3. (Midtown Y Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Arnold Newman—Portraits of artists, dealers, and other figures in the art world. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Steiner—A retrospective of the work of this seventy-five-year-old photographer. Through Nov. 9. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERCHURCH CENTER**, 475 Riverside Dr., at 120th St.—A large exhibition called "Women See Women, Women See Men," by the Women Photographers of New York. Through Friday, Oct. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 4:30.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Vintage photographs, plus scenes of Kansas by Brian Lanker. Through Oct. 27. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of Indians of North America. Examples by Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Edward S. Curtis, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Examples by Charles Harbutt, Eugène Atget, and others. Through Oct. 29. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Lithographs, etchings, and silk screens donated by such artists as Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Robert Motherwell, and Saul Steinberg to endow a professorship at Columbia University in honor of art historian Meyer Schapiro. Through Sunday, Oct. 13. ...¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. ...¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre, with examples by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Starts Friday, Oct. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A few paintings by contemporary Russian artists, two of whom were represented in the Moscow exhibition that was dispersed by bulldozers. Through Oct. 20....¶ Nine lithographs by the Japanese artist Shusaku Arakawa. Through Oct. 27....¶ Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10.... ¶ Eight young artists from Europe, America, and Australia. Starts Wednesday, Oct. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by the Russian-born artist Ilya Bolotowsky. Through Nov. 10....¶ Six newly acquired works by Jean Dubuffet, plus some from the permanent collection. Through Oct. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 14, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The small room to the left of the ground-floor elevators is given over to an environmental arrangement, mostly artificial, by Jim Roche—a sort of Hieronymus Bosch garden path down which one is led past pastel-colored, snake-infested trees, flotillas of horseshoe crabs, an assembly of bleached shark jaws, each clamped onto a bird, an army of tiny alligators, and so on, while eagles wing by overhead, each clutching a snake in its talons. Through Oct. 27....¶ A retrospective of Al Held's work, from early pigment paintings of the fifties to more recent geometric black-and-white canvases. Starts Friday, Oct. 11....¶ A hundred years of American genre painting by seventy-one artists, including Krimmel, Eakins, Cassatt, Bellows, and Sloan. Through Nov. 10.... ¶ Fantasy paintings apparently inspired by comic strips and done in acrylic on canvas, metal, wood, and Plexiglas by Jim Nutt, an original member of Chicago's "Hairy Who" group. Through Oct. 23....¶ Graphic works from 1965 to the present, by Alex Katz. Through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 14, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Abstractions by younger artists, among them David Diao, Joan Snyder, and David Novros. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays, except Oct. 14, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 10....¶ Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Monday, Oct. 14....¶ A new gallery is showing a survey of the entire history of Japanese art, including pottery, ceramics, and prints, plus a small selection of Korean objects. (Wednesdays, except Oct. 16, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, Oct. 14, from 1 to 5; Wednesday, Oct. 16, from 10 to 9.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Half a million army ants (*Eciton hamatum*) are housed here in a big Plexiglas case filled with white sand and tropical plants, where every day around noon they are fed crickets and meal worms....

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MAPLE AVE., WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 14, from 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—About fifty works, mostly landscape paintings, by four Japanese painters who lived in the late eighteenth century. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—An educationally designed show of etchings, aquatints, and other graphics produced at Studio 2RC, in Rome, by Afro, Nevelson, Man Ray, and others. Through Oct. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval manuscripts and letters, printed books, autograph manuscripts, and drawings—all gifts made or promised since the spring of 1973—exhibited in honor of the library's fiftieth anniversary. Through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, as well as Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays, except Oct. 15, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 14, from 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, along with a few drawings and watercolors, by Henri Manguin (1874-1943), who studied with Matisse under Moreau at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and became one of the Fauves. Through Thursday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings and paintings by Leonid, plus a selection of works by his fellow-Neo-Romantic artists, among them Christian Bérard, Eugene Berman, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Approximately two thousand photographic postcards from the turn of the century to the present. Through Oct. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ "Am I in It: Gertrude Stein Is 100," a small display of the author's letters, manuscripts, plays, and operas, with some photographs by Carl Van Vechten. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Monday, Oct. 14, from 9 to 9.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Photographs, letters, and other memorabilia tracing the career of theatrical producer Leland Hayward. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Monday, Oct. 14, from 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Young peoples' art work from I.S. 201, including paintings, drawings, wood carvings, and masks. Through Oct. 27. (Mondays, except Oct. 14, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 9: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Jean Kraft, Harry Theyard, John Reardon, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 10: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 11: "Don Giovanni," with Rachel Mathes, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 12: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 12: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin, Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Donald Gramm, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 14: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 15: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 16: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 17: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin, Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, Donald Gramm, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 18: The American première of Benjamin Britten's "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, Andrea Velis, Vicki Fisera, and Bryan Pitts; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 19: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Maralin Niska, Placido Domingo, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 19: "Tosca," with Franco Tagliavini, Peter Glossop, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 1:30.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Elaine Bonazzi, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Diane Curry, Melvyn Poll, and David Holloway; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Maralin Niska, Patricia Wise, and Arley Reece; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: "The Mikado," with Carol Bergey Skarimbas, Carolyne James, David Griffith, and Irwin Densen; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Fisher; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 1: "Don Giovanni," with Johanna Meier, Esther Hinds, Glenys Fowles, Richard V. Taylor, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Carol Bayard, Arlene Randazzo, Charles Roe, and William McDonald; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Elizabeth Haley, William McDonald, and Charles Roe; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Glenys Fowles, Placido Domingo, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, John Stewart, David Holloway, and Charles Roe; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Arlene Randazzo, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Carol Bayard, Elizabeth Haley, Gary Glaze, and Alan Titus; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Patricia Wise, Olivia Stapp, and John Alexander; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting on Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30 (with Jeffrey Siegel, piano). . . . ¶ Carlo Maria Giulini conducting on Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 18, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30 (no soloists).

MINI-FESTIVAL AROUND IVES—The New York Philharmonic in collaboration with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in the first of two series of concerts, this one presented by soloists and various ensembles, and devoted to music by Ives, his contemporaries, and those whom he influenced. Pierre Boulez conducts an orchestra of thirty-five in the Juilliard Theatre (155 W. 65th St.) on Wednesday, Oct. 9, and Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; an orchestra of seventy, in the round, in Avery Fisher Hall, on Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; and the full orchestra, in the round, in Avery Fisher Hall, on Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8, with Isaac Stern, violin; Friday, Oct. 11, at 8, with André Watts, piano; and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8, with Jessye Norman, soprano.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Daniel Barenboim conducting an all-Beethoven benefit program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:30.)

GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA OF LEIPZIG—Kurt Masur conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8, with Siegfried Lorenz, baritone; and Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8, with Manfred Scherzer, violin.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting a performance of Janáček's opera "Jenufa" in concert form, with Nadezhda Kniplova and Alexandra Hunt, sopranos, and Ivo Zidek, tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—Performing the cycle of Bach's Brandenburg concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:15.)

TRIAD CHORALE—Noel Da Costa directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

RECITALS

CLEVELAND QUARTET—The second and third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 9, and Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

JEROME LOWENTHAL—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

JULIAN BREAM—Lutanist and guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—A program of works by Burton Beerman and John Selleck. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DEMAIO AND SILVER—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

SPECULUM MUSICAE—The first in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

ELIZABETH RICH—The last in a series of programs of music by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

ROLLIN SMITH—Organ. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

LEON KIRCHNER AND LORIN HOLLANDER—A program of music for piano, four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

JAMES MATHIS—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

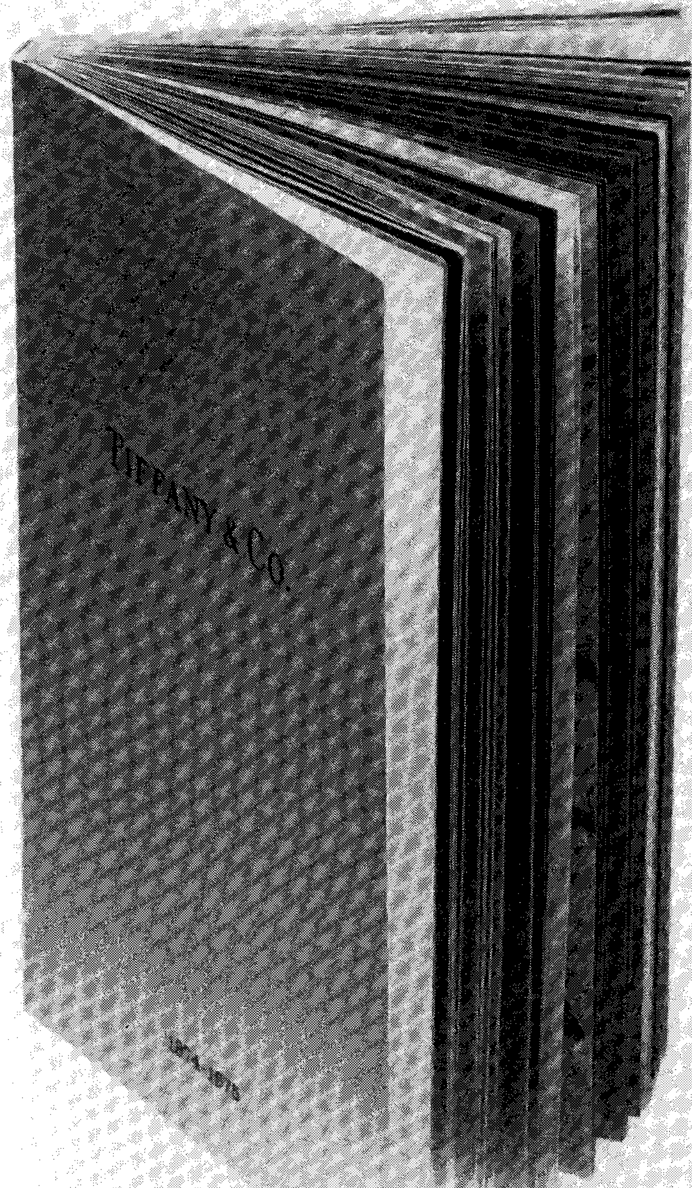
MICHAEL MAY—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

LOU REED—With Daryl Hall and John Oates. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

THE TEMPTATIONS AND THE STAPLE SINGERS—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 9-11,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7 and 10.

Bonnie Raitt—With Mose Allison. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Santana—With Tower of Power. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

Frank Sinatra—With the Woody Herman orchestra. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7:30.)

Victoria Spivey and Her Blues Band—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Rick Wakeman—With the National Philharmonic Orchestra of America and Choir, directed by David Measham. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Charles Aznavour—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesday, Oct. 15, through Sunday, Oct. 27. Nightly, except Monday, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2.

Interludes—The first offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **hildegarde** on Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 5:45.

Andy Williams and Michel Legrand—Uris Theatre. Wednesday, Oct. 16, through Sunday, Oct. 27. Nightly, except Monday, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.

Grace Slick, Paul Kantner, and Jefferson Starship—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.

Black Oak Arkansas—With Roy Wood's Wizzard. (Academy of Music. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8 and 11:30.)

Captain Beefheart—Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.

Randy Newman—With a forty-piece orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Deodato—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.

Souther, Hillman & Furay—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.

Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Buffalo vs. Milwaukee and Knicks vs. Boston (exhibition games), Thursday, Oct. 10, at 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Thursday, Oct. 17, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Washington (exhibition game), Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:05.

College Football—**saturday, oct. 12** (all games at 1:30): Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, oct. 19** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Marist, at Gaelic Park. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 13: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 19.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 9, and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 12. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 10:15 and 1, and Saturday between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 14, through Saturday, Jan. 4. The Jerome Handicap, Monday, Oct. 14, and the Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 19. The Matchmaker, Monday, Oct. 14, and the World's Playground, Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, Oct. 14, through Saturday, Dec. 14.

Yachting—The eighth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, run over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to beyond the Verazzano Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 12 (rain date, Sunday, Oct. 13). A spectator boat will sail from the Whitehall Ferry Terminal, foot of Whitehall St., at 9:30 (no boat on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Robert Penn Warren reading from his latest works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

The Crystal Palace on 42nd Street, 1853-54—Enlarged drawings and prints showing both the exterior and interior of the building, as well as many of the industrial and art exhibits which made up the "Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations" when it graced the site now known as Bryant Park. Through Saturday, Oct 26. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Flower Show—The Fall Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Oct. 16, from noon to 6:30.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 10:15 and 2: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art, belonging to Merle Oberon and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Books and autographs, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Frederic Remington, Winslow Homer, Thomas Moran, and Charles M. Russell; from the Kimball Art Foundation of Fort Worth and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 2, and Friday, Oct. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 11.

Election Registration—The final registration date for the Nov. 5 elections is Thursday, Oct. 10, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Bus Tours—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Delacorte Geyser—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.

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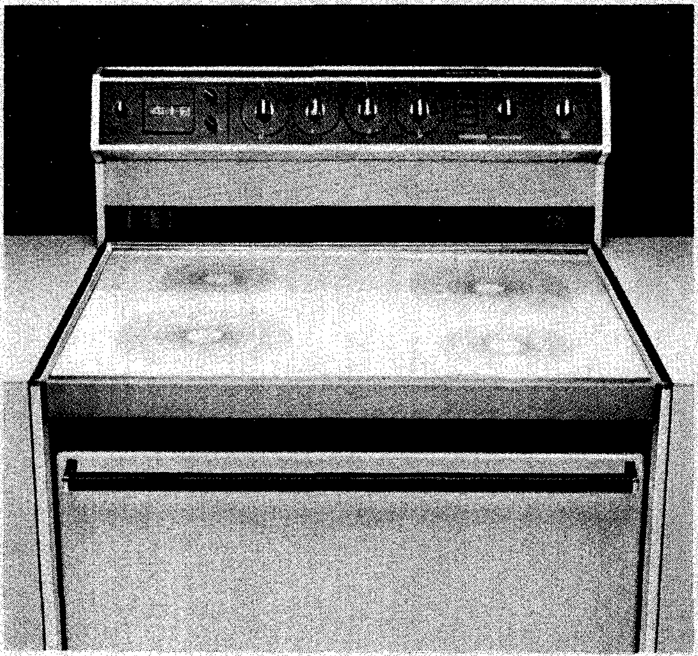

Imagine melting butter or chocolate, or thickening a delicate sauce, *without* a double boiler, and without fear of it burning.

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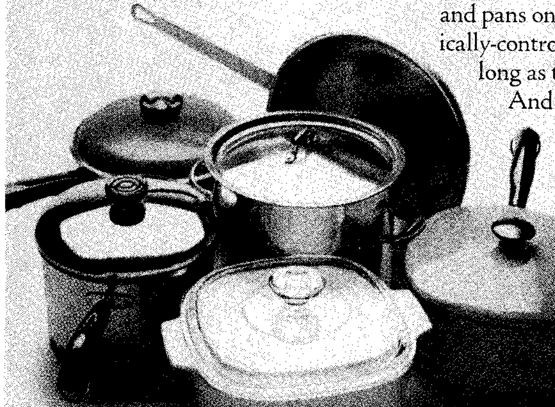

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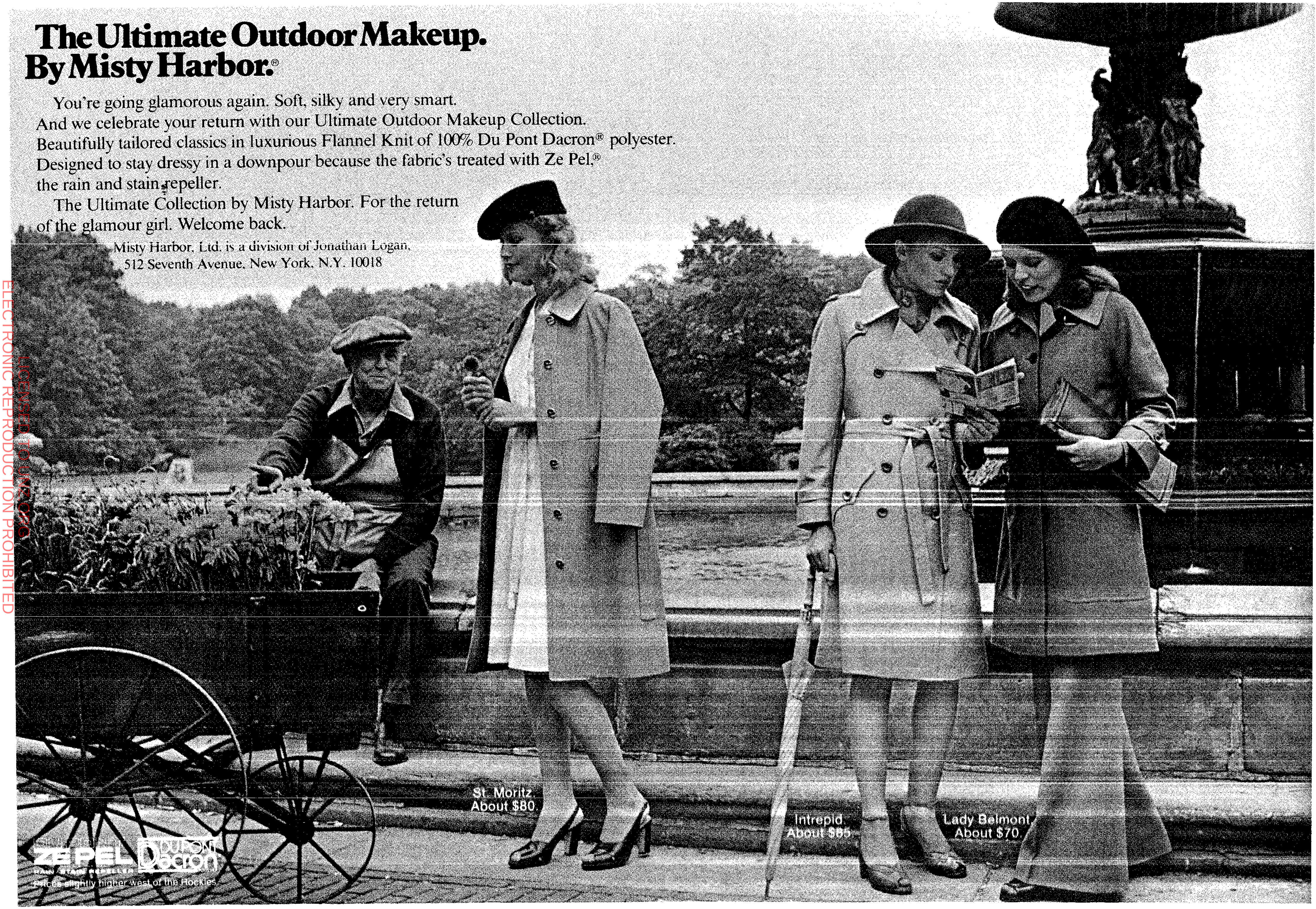
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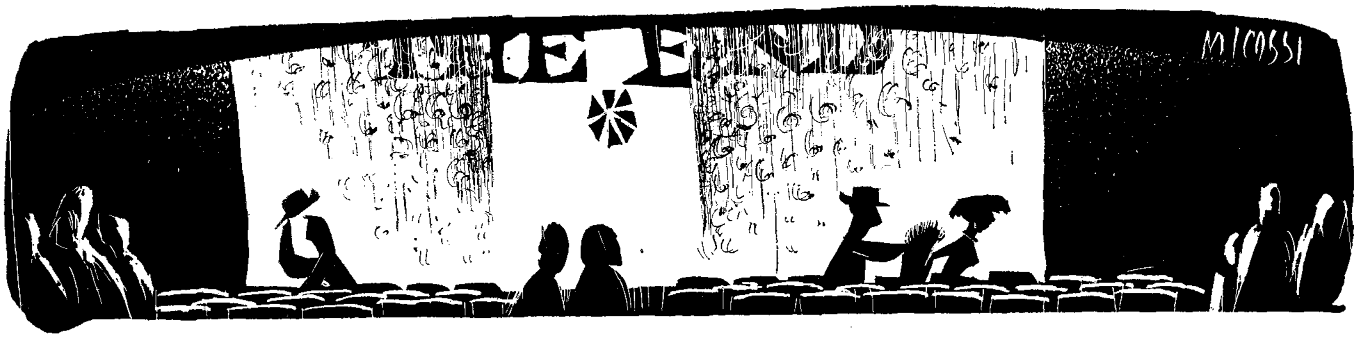

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"California Split."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Oct. 12: "The Light That Failed" and "Beau Geste."
Oct. 13-15: "Strange Cargo" and "China Seas."
From Oct. 16: "Anthony Adverse" and "Little Caesar."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 15: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and "Conrack."
From Oct. 16: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 15: "Blazing Saddles" and "Blume in Love."
From Oct. 16: "That's Entertainment!"

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"California Split."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 15: "Chinatown."
From Oct. 16: "Gold."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 10: "Cabaret."
From Oct. 11: "Alvin Purple."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Abdication."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"11 Harrowhouse."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Oct. 15: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."
From Oct. 16: "Gold."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Law and Disorder."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Juggernaut."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Juggernaut."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Oct. 9: "The Goat's Horn" and "The Murdered House."
From Oct. 10: "Dodes'ka-den."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 15: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"California Split."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Shanks."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 10: "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Oct. 11: "Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 15: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cabaret."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Terminal Man."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 15: "Born Losers."
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 15: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Longest Yard."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Foxy Brown" and "Truck Turner."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Juggernaut."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 15: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."
From Oct. 16: "The Groove Tube."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"11 Harrowhouse."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 15: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "The Clowns."
From Oct. 16: "That's Entertainment!"

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 15 at one or another of the theatres: "Animal Crackers" and "A Hard Day's Night" / "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" / "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly." . . . ¶ Through Oct. 12: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" and "The Shadow Strikes.". . . ¶ Oct. 13-15: "Things to Come" and "The Clairvoyant."
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 12: "Metropolis" and "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse."
Oct. 13-14: "Destiny" and "Spies."
Oct. 15-16: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Tristana."
From Oct. 17: "The Damned" and "Ludwig."
Note: Sunday, Oct. 13, one performance, at noon: "Go West."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 10: "11 Harrowhouse."
From Oct. 11: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Gang's All Here." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Oct. 15.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Law and Disorder."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 9: "L'Avventura" and "Eclipse."
Oct. 10: "Trouble in Paradise" and "Desire."
Oct. 11: "The Servant" and "Performance."
Oct. 12: "Guys and Dolls" and "Pal Joey."
Oct. 13: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "La Ronde."
Oct. 14: "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life."
Oct. 15: "Uncle Vanya" and "The Seagull."
Oct. 16: "Forbidden Games" and "Purple Noon."
Oct. 17: "Blonde Venus" and "The Blue Angel."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 15: "Born Losers" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."
From Oct. 16: "Cabaret."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 9: "A Free Woman" and "The Spider's Stratagem."
Oct. 10: "Painters Painting" and "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach."
Oct. 11: "The Fire Within" and "Raven's End."
Oct. 12: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" and "Une Femme Douce."
Oct. 13: "Phantom India."
Oct. 14: "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Bad Company."
Oct. 15: "The Ceremony" and "Emitai."
Oct. 16: "Promised Lands" and "Dreams and Nightmares."
Oct. 17: "Portrait of Jason."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 15: "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Oct. 16: "The Tamarind Seed" and "The Hero."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"California Split."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 15: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Oct. 15: "The Terminal Man" and "The Getaway."
From Oct. 16 (tentative): "The Black Windmill" and "Winning."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 15: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and "Little Murders."
From Oct. 16: "Harold and Maude" and "Where's Poppa?"

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 9 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 5:30: "Joe Smith, American" (1942), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Marsha Hunt and Robert Young. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5:30: "The Clock" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Robert Walker. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8: "The Search" (1948), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Montgomery Clift and Aline MacMahon. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2: "They Were Expendable" (1945), directed by John Ford, with Robert Montgomery and Donna Reed. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 5:30: "Song of Russia" (1944), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Robert Taylor and Susan Peters. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at noon: "The General" (1926), directed by Clyde Bruckman and Buster Keaton, with Mr. Keaton. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 3: "The Mortal Storm" (1940), directed by Frank Borzage, with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 5:30: "The Human Comedy" (1943), directed by Clarence Brown, with Mickey Rooney and Frank Morgan. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 12:30 and 3: "Lili" (1953), directed by Charles Walters, with Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 5:30: "The Cross of Lorraine" (1943), directed by Tay Garnett, with Jean-Pierre Aumont and Gene Kelly. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2: "The Clock.". . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5:30: "Battleground" (1949), directed by William Wellman, with Van Johnson and John Hodiak. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2: "Command Decision" (1948), directed by Sam Wood, with Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 5:30: "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" (1944), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at noon: M-G-M cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 5:30: "They Were Expendable." . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2: "The Cherry-Blossom Fire Gang of Kanto" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Makino, with Junko Fuji. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 5:30: "Presidential Gambling" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kosaku Yamashita, with Junko Fuji. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 8: "The Hanafuda Game" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Tai Kato, with Ken Takakura. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 15: "False Pretenses (Kodak Ghost Poems, Part II)," directed by Andrew Noren. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 16: "America's Pop Collector: Robert C. Scull—Contemporary Art at Auction," conceptualized and coördinated by John Schott and E. J. Vaughn. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films—At ALICE TULLY HALL, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 6:15: "La Paloma" (Switzerland/France). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 9:30: "Alice in the Cities" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 6:15: "Lancelot of the Lake" (France/Italy). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 9:30, and Friday, Oct. 11, at 10: "The Circumstance" (Italy). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 6:15: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (France). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 11 A.M. (a six-hour program with brief intermissions): Four films by Luis Buñuel ("L'Age d'Or," 1930; "The Exterminating Angel," 1962; "The Milky Way," 1970; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," 1972). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 6 and 9:30: "A Woman Under the Influence" (United States). . . . AVERY FISHER HALL. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 9: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (France). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Sutton.)

Alvin Purple—With Graeme Blundell, directed by Tim Burstall. (Eastside Cinema; starting Oct. 11.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. People who blamed him for taking a false route in one or two of the last films that struck them as epicene frescoes might have trusted him to get onto his own track again. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 15.)

Anthony Adverse (1936)—With Fredric March, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 16.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 15.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Symphony. . . . ¶ Fine Arts, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 15.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Back Street (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish, married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadows of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. With ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlett, Robert McWade. It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Bad Company (1969)—Jean Eustache wrote and directed the two films that form this package—"Robinson's Place," forty minutes long and made in 1964, and "Santa Claus Has Blue Eyes," forty-eight minutes long and made in 1966. The first is about two Parisian boys trying to make out; the second features Jean-Pierre Léaud as a small-town boy who works as a Santa Claus and has more success with girls when in costume than when out. In French. (Regency; Oct. 14.)

Beau Geste (1939)—Gary Cooper had had three flops in a row when he decided to play it safe with this remake of the 1926 Ronald Colman hit about a valiant Foreign Legionnaire's life in the midst of Arab attacks, garrison floggings, desert deaths, and assorted fortress crises. The picture, rousingly directed by William Wellman, was indeed a success, but times had changed, and Cooper's halfhearted performance and somewhat delirious courage didn't entertain audiences nearly as much as Brian Donlevy's ruthless villainy. Donlevy's sadistic Russian officer shocked audiences, and at the same time persuaded them that he was a superb soldier; the role had some of the fascination of George C. Scott's later Patton. Donlevy got the notices and an Academy Award nomination. With Robert Preston as Cooper's brother, Ray Milland, Susan Hayward, Albert Dekker, Broderick Crawford, and J. Carrol Naish. The Percival C. Wren novel was adapted by Robert Carson; a 1966 version starred Guy Stockwell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 12.)

The Black Windmill—An English gunrunning story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son in kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnappers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. Good small-boy stuff. (6/3/74) (Thalia; starting Oct. 16, tentative.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Gramercy; through Oct. 15.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as the detective and Cecil Cunningham as the night-club hostess. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clod-

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hopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. (6/23/73) (Gramercy; through Oct. 15.)

Born Losers (1967)—Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor, made this movie together before they did "Billy Jack;" however, Laughlin first appeared here as Billy Jack, the deceptively quiet half-breed Indian. Single-handedly, he takes on an outlaw motorcycle band. With Jane Russell, Elizabeth James, and Jeremy Slate. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Paramount; through Oct. 15.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snitched the head of the film, too. (Waverly, and New Yorker; through Oct. 15.)

Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (1937)—John Barrymore, having a good time. His beautiful nose was so famous that when he puts on a false one, he's disguised enough to thwart the villains. With Louise Campbell. Directed by Louis King. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 12.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Oct. 15.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Oct. 16.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Art, Murray Hill, Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Ceremony (1971)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Regency; Oct. 15.)

Charles Dead or Alive (1969)—Alain Tanner's Swiss film, made before his ravishing "La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken. Highly recommended. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Regency; Oct. 14.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell and Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking "China Doll," compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery in his likable-villain period, and Lewis Stone in his noble-sufferer period. Tay Garnett directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13-15.)

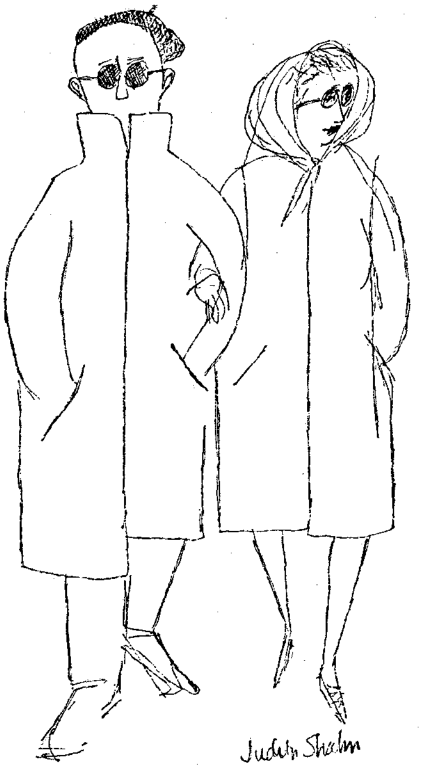
Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (34th St. East; through Oct. 15.)

Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach (1967)—The final years of Johann Sebastian Bach (the Dutch harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt) as seen through the eyes of his second wife (Christiane Lang). Those final years were, of course, devoted to his music, and the film, directed by Jean-Marie Straub, is deliberately—one might say determinedly—undramatized. Straub concentrates on Leonhardt at his instrument. In German. (Regency; Oct. 10.)

The Clairvoyant (1935)—Also known as "The Evil Mind." Claude Rains seemed to have a better time being the Invisible Man than he does being clairvoyant, but the picture has a few moments. With Fay Wray; directed by Maurice Elvey. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 13-15.)

The Clowns (*1971*)—*Fellini, and a glory. His* view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Greenwich; through Oct. 15.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 15.)



The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Elgin; starting Oct. 17.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Desire (1936)—Ernst Lubitsch produced Dietrich in this Frank Borzage picture, and freed her from von Sternberg's melodramatic clutch. The film was known as "The Pearl Necklace" when it was incubated at Paramount. Dietrich swipes a pearl necklace from a Paris jewelry shop and races for the Spanish border; Gary Cooper, as a Detroit engineer, drives laconically in the same direction. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

Destiny (1921; called "Between Two Worlds" when it opened in the U.S. in 1924 in a chopped-up version)—This magical fantasy-spectacle by Fritz Lang has a love story (Lil Dagover is the girl) and episodes set in ninth-century Baghdad, seventeenth-century Venice, and a whimsical China—where a magician creates a miniature army and a flying horse to entertain the emperor. The film has a German folkloric quality; the figure of Death suggests the work of Grünewald. (Elgin; Oct. 13-14.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Elgin; Oct. 15-16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 16.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Columbia I, and U.A. East; through Oct. 15.)

Dodes'ka-den (1971)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Oct. 10.)

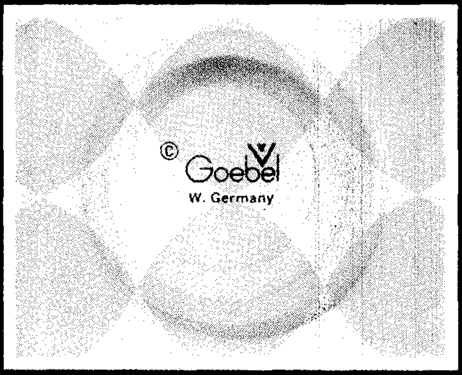
Dreams and Nightmares—A documentary by Abe Osheroff and Larry Klingman. (Regency; Oct. 16.)

Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

11 Harrowhouse—With Charles Grodin and Candice Bergen, directed by Aram Avakian. (Trans-Lux East, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Guild; through Oct. 10.)

Emitai (1973)—A film by the Senegalese writer-filmmaker Ousmane Sembene about black villagers who are pushed closer and closer to resistance by the inhuman demands of a colonial power (the French, during the Second World War). Yet they delay. Even after their women and children are rounded up and put in the sun, the men postpone taking action; they make sacrifices to their gods, hoping to learn what to do—but the gods are silent. Some of the men interpret this silence as punishment for those who no longer believe in the gods. (Emitai is the Master of Thunder.) The film deals with the interrelationships in the village between the men and the women, and between the men and

THE Original



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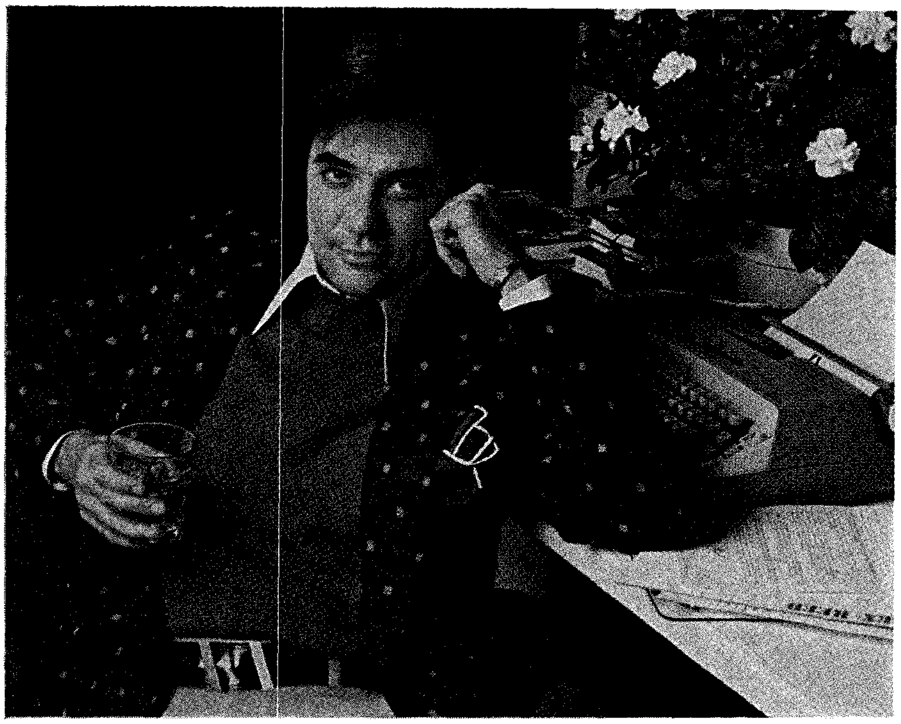
Half the fun of writing this critique was becoming totally immersed in the subject matter.

BY REX REED



THE ASSIGNMENT was the same as hundreds of others I've had in the past. I was to write a critical evaluation on a given subject.

As always, I would have to first get to know my subject by soaking up as much information as possible about it. I knew this wouldn't be too difficult because this time my subject was Teacher's Scotch.

I've reviewed hundreds of movies and interviewed hundreds of stars in the last few years. Recently, I went through three galaxies of them for my new book, *People Are Crazy Here.*

I usually like to get to know my subject over a few drinks. It helps break the ice. And loosen the tongue.

So, that's what I decided to do. Is there a better way to get to know a scotch than over a few drinks?

I was at an advantage this time. Teacher's wasn't a total stranger.

Our first meeting took place at an opening night party in Beverly Hills. Beverly Hills, by the way, is the only place in the world where the police have an unlisted phone number.

I forget the name of the movie that opened that night. A lot of people must have. Because that night we also celebrated its closing.

I do remember someone coming up to me, giving me a scotch and leaving.

There I was, drinking alone. Critics do that a lot you know.

I wondered what kind of budget the movie had if they were serving scotch instead of champagne.

I consoled myself with the fact that the scotch they were serving was Teacher's Scotch. That showed very good taste in my opinion. As a matter of fact, it was the only thing I saw all night that did.

Most opening night parties are a bore. I go because people say things at parties that you don't normally see in the papers. And if you do see them in the papers, it's because I go to the parties.

I spent most of the night observing people. You can tell a lot from the way a person holds a scotch glass.

Most people at Hollywood parties use the classic four finger hold and nurse their scotch. I think this is fitting. I've always considered Hollywood an artificial nursery.

Anyway, back to the subject at hand. What I think of Teacher's Scotch.

When the Teacher's people gave me the assignment of writing this critique, they also gave me a bottle of their scotch for research.

We were to have our own little opening night party.

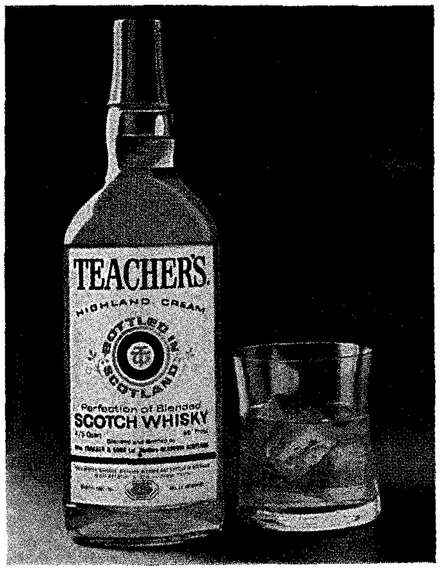
Once again, I was drinking alone. I poured the first drink. I liked it.

I then proceeded to drink it straight, on the rocks, I even tried it with a twist. I tried it with water, soda. I even tried one in an oversized wine glass...veddy British.

I don't generally like the idea of awards but if they ever give one for best performance as a scotch, Teacher's should get it. It also produces great technical effects. And even Technicolor couldn't improve on the way it looks.

I've always said, I write what I see, sense, smell and taste. And that's exactly what I did here.

You might say that while writing this critique, there wasn't a moment when I wasn't completely absorbed in my work.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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their gods—and in both cases they turn out to be complex and puzzling. Ousmane Sembene's techniques are simple and unaffected, though the last part of the movie is unsatisfying. (Regency; Oct. 15.)

Escape to Nowhere—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together, which Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Regency; Oct. 12.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Regency; Oct. 11.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Regency; Oct. 12.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

A Free Woman—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Regency; Oct. 9.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973)—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Paramount; through Oct. 15.)

The Gambler—With James Caan and Lauren Hutton, directed by Karel Reisz. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda in an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Playboy. No evening performances on Tuesday, Oct. 15.)

The Getaway (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (12/23/72) (Thalia; through Oct. 15.)

The Goat's Horn (1972)—Directed by Metodi Andonov. In Bulgarian. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 9.)

Gold—With Roger Moore and Susannah York, directed by Peter Hunt. (34th St. East, and Fine Arts; starting Oct. 16.)

Go West (1925)—Unique among the Buster Keaton comedies in that it aims for intense pathos; however, it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. Keaton is so unembarrassed and so unself-consciously stoic in adversity that the pathos is never offensive—not even when a dog he tries to pat moves away from him. It's a strange, beautiful movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. There's an extraordinary finale, in which Friendless and Brown Eyes the Cow round up hundreds of steers that are bellowing through the streets of Los Angeles. (Elgin; Sunday, Oct. 13, one performance, at noon.)

The Groove Tube—A collection of twenty sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (Waverly; starting Oct. 16.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—In this reworking of the stage success, Damon Runyon's lovable mugs are permitted to talk a good deal too much, but the songs of Frank Loesser help to compensate for the loquacity. Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine have a fine time carolling the musical numbers; Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons, the other two most conspicuous in the cast, are a little uneasy when they burst into song. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 12.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 15.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Olympia; starting Oct. 16.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris.)

The Hero (1973)—Directed by, and with, Richard Harris. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 16.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 15.)

Imitation of Life (1934)—Classic, compulsively watchable rags-to-riches-and-heartbreak weeper, from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers are the white and black women who go into business together, and Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are their daughters. Ross Hunter did a remake in 1959 which pulled out all the stops; in both versions you want to laugh at yourself for choking up, but, at least, the original is simpler and the sobs aren't torn out of your throat. With Warren William, Ned Sparks, Alan Hale, Franklin Pangborn, Noel Francis, Hazel Washington, Madame Sul-Te-Wan (the black actress who worked with D. W. Griffith), Hattie McDaniel, Henry Armetta, and Henry Kolker. Directed by John Stahl. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctive are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 11.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 16.)

Law and Disorder—With Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Ivan Passer. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Light That Failed (1940)—This faithful adaptation of the Kipling novel jerks cultured tears. Ronald Colman plays Helder, the great painter, who is injured by a spear in the Sudan and later goes blind, so he doesn't know that his masterpiece has been destroyed—splashed with turpentine—by his spiteful Cockney model, Bessie Broke (Ida Lupino). When he learns the truth, he goes back to the Sudan, bent on suicide. The director William Wellman said of Colman, "He didn't like

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me; I didn't like him—the only two things we agreed fully on." Fortunately, Wellman seems to have got along well with Lupino (it was her big entry in the Bette Davis-slut sweepstakes) and Walter Huston, who plays the painter's friend. With Muriel Angelus, Dudley Digges, and Ernest Cossart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 12.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 16.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Olympia; through Oct. 15.)

The Longest Yard—Directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (3/24/73) (Elgin; starting Oct. 17.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Guild; starting Oct. 11.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Elgin; through Oct. 12.)

The Murdered House—A Brazilian film, directed by Paulo Cesar Saraceni. In Portuguese. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 9.)

The Night Porter—A porno Gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliava Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just like men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Regency; Oct. 10.)

Pal Joey (1957)—Blighted Hollywoodization of the musical by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with the score purified along with Joey's character. The heel hero has been changed from a hoofer to a crooner—in line with the talents of Frank Sinatra. His singing helps things along, and he also does the only acting, though Kim Novak's vacuity is rather touching and is certainly not as laborious as Rita Hayworth's misconceived performance. This sad botch was directed by George Sidney. But since the real "Pal Joey" hasn't yet been filmed, why oh why doesn't somebody do it now with Joel Grey? (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 12.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 11.)

Phantom India (1972)—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film, previously shown in segments, runs close to seven hours in all, and fourteen hours of it—two complete showings—will be presented at the Regency on Oct. 13.

Portrait of Jason (1967)—A monologue film, in which a black homosexual hustler and sometime entertainer (Jason Holliday) talks directly to Shirley Clarke's camera crew. The idea is that, faced with the camera, his defenses will be stripped away and the "inner" man revealed—an idea both sadistic and naïve. (Regency; Oct. 17.)

Promised Lands—Susan Sontag's cool, detached documentary, put together with her usual modesty and brain, about the Yom Kippur war of 1973. The sandy scenes—dry, bright, sheared by the sun—are the counterparts of the minds that clarify the film. Like Ulster, but even more so, Israel is a land promised to too many people. We're being shown, in a film rendered tranquil by sanity, a country in a state of advanced neurological disease, uncontrolled in its movements, yelling and jerking in its dreams. (7/15/74) (Regency; Oct. 16.)

Purple Noon (1961)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller (taken from Patricia Highsmith's "The Talented Mr. Ripley") in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. With Marie Laforêt as the shared girl friend. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Raven's End (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (Regency; Oct. 11.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 13.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. (9/23/74) (Cinema I.)

The Seagull—Directed by Yuli Karasik. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 15.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 11.)

The Shadow Strikes (1935)—With Rod La Roque, and Lynn Anders, directed by Lynn Shores. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 12.)

Shanks—With Marcel Marceau, directed by William Castle. (Beekman.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 13.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Regency; Oct. 9.)

Spies (1920)—Fritz Lang's stylish Gothic story of master spies, including rooms that fill up with water, and a loyal nurse who looks after a super-criminal in a wheelchair. One of Lang's best, of his best period. (Elgin; Oct. 13-14.)

Strange Cargo (1940)—Strange is putting it mildly. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are the amorous stars of this melodrama set in a French penal colony, and Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas are the villains. There's also a Mysterious Stranger, played by Ian Hunter. You might as well know the worst: right in the middle of a convict's escape, with his girl friend bustling along, up turns the Messiah. The Presence, in human guise, leads to the most untoward spiritual spasms; even the most hardened mystics may blush. Frank Borzage directed this adaptation of the novel "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep." Well, not too deep, anyway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13-15.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—With Walter Matthau and Robert Shaw, directed by Joseph Sargent. (86th St. East.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 16.)

The Terminal Man—From the Michael Crichton novel, with George Segal and Joan Hackett. Directed by Mike Hodges. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Thalia; through Oct. 15.)

The Testament of Dr. Mabuse (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this later film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third

Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals. . . ." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been augmented by hindsight. In German. (Elgin; through Oct. 12.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Greenwich; starting Oct. 16.)

THINGS TO COME (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson) in the dialogue and acting. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 13-15.)

TRISTANA (1970)—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers, Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian (Fernando Rey) is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Elgin; Oct. 15-16.)

TROUBLE IN PARADISE (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

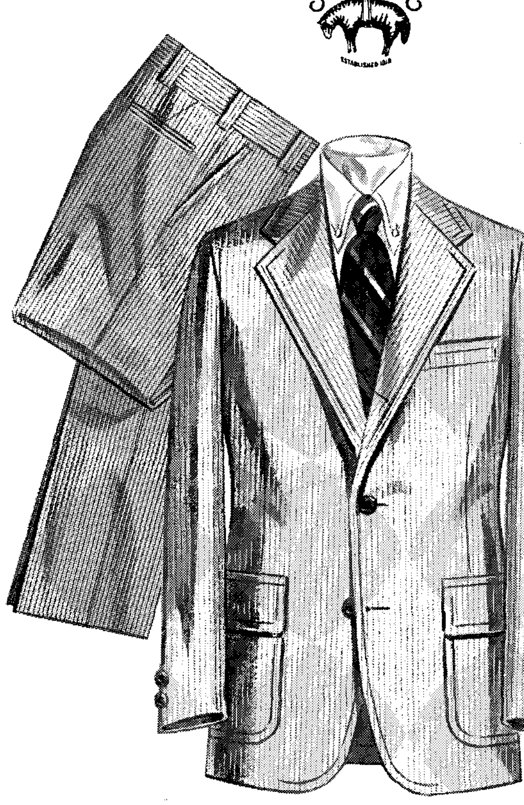
TRUCK TURNER—With Isaac Hayes and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld.)

UNCLE VANYA (1971)—A marvellous Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was latterly the Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises to himself that he has broken. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; starting Oct. 16.)

WINNING (1969)—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (Thalia; starting Oct. 16, tentative.)



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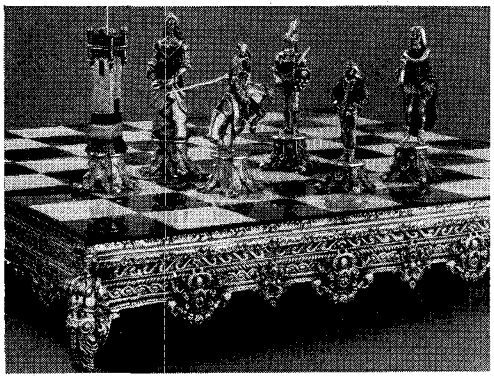

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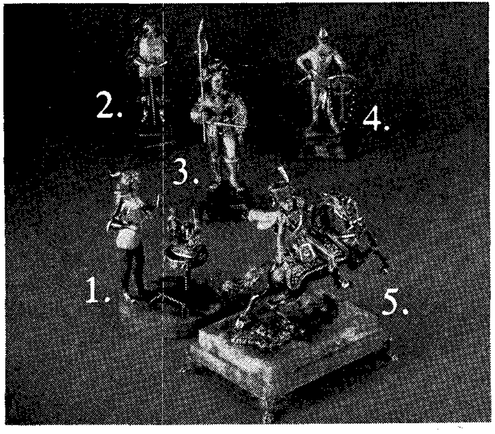

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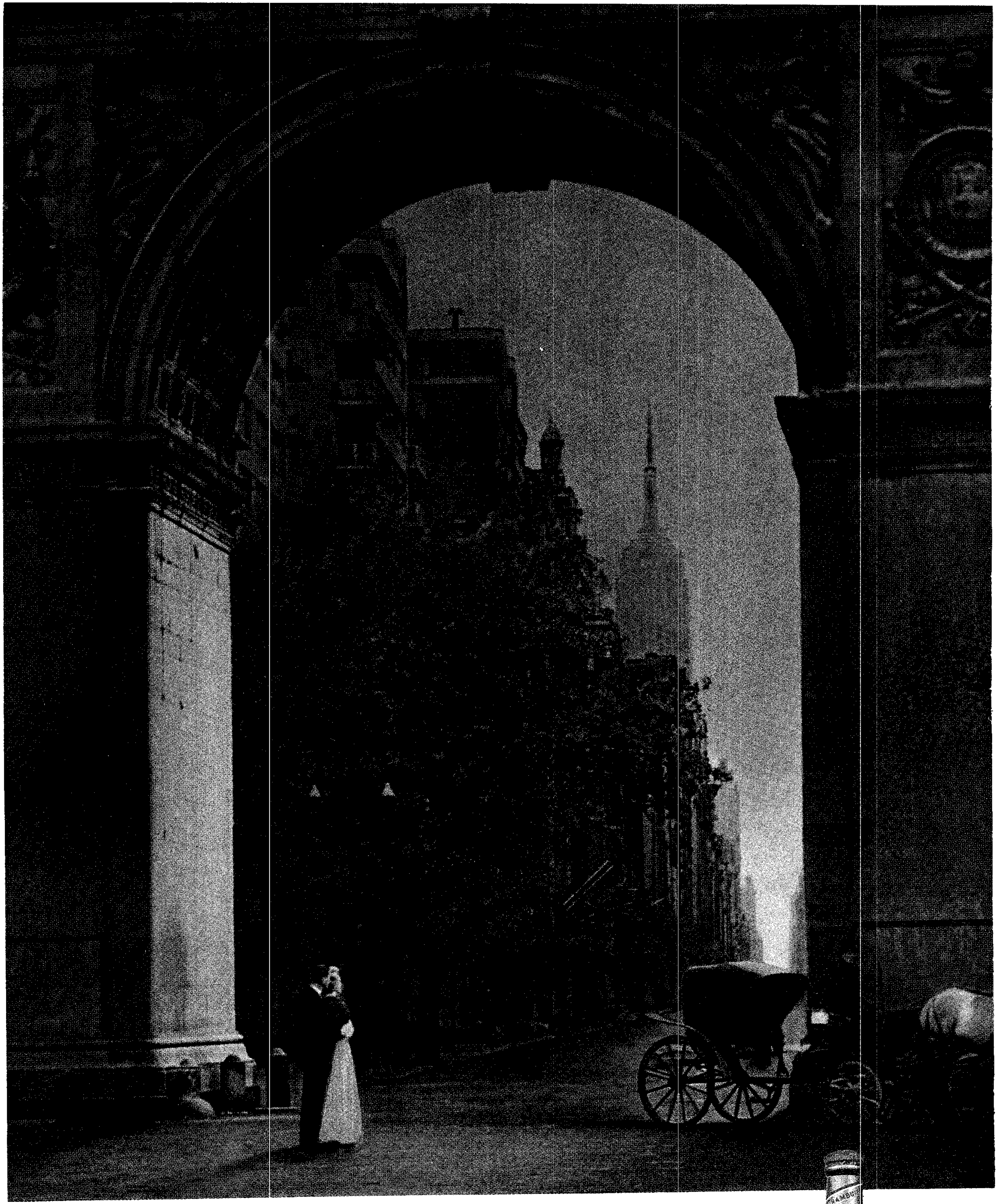

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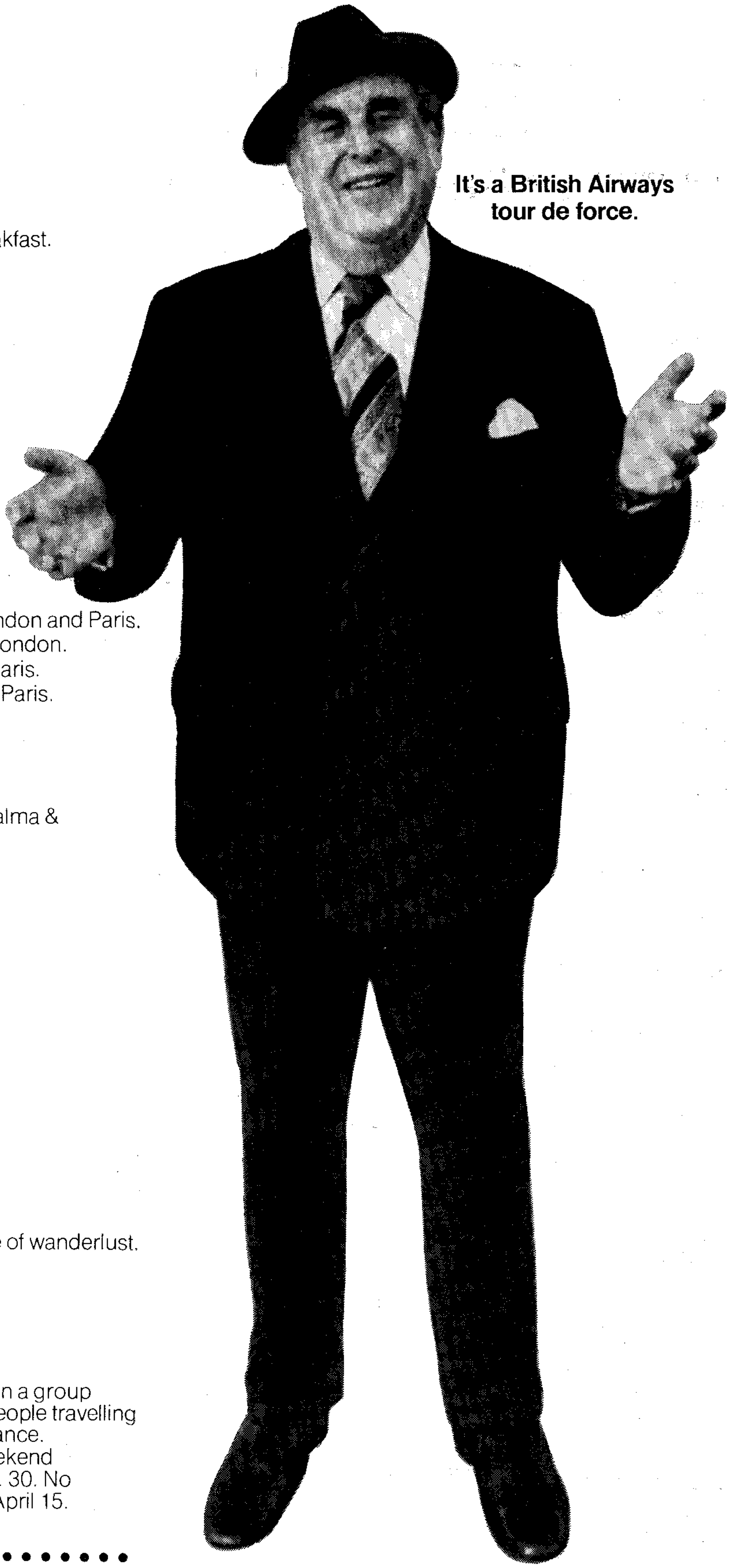
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Historical note based on "Minding the Store" by Mr. Stanley Marcus, published by Little, Brown and Company.

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This is a true story. Only the name has been changed to protect the guilty.

Back in the Fifties, Dallas used to erupt once a year. Because once a year about 35,000 folk used to come down from Oklahoma where they didn't sell liquor. To Dallas, where they did. And once a year about 35,000 other folk used to come in from small towns where there wasn't much to do of an evening. To Dallas, where there was.

The reason was the traditional rivalry between the Oklahoma Sooners and the Texas Longhorns.

That's why Sam Wilson arrived in Dallas from Oklahoma. Where he had a little oil well. Not big by Texas standards. But big enough for him to have a charge account at Neiman-Marcus so he could keep his pretty young wife in stockings and an occasional sapphire.

Texas won the game.

That night Sam went out on the town to drown his sorrows. Daylight found him without a penny in his pocket. And with a fight on his hands. He was putting up a pretty good battle when some spoil-sport called the cops.

Sam landed in jail. Charged with assaulting an officer of the law.

"This is serious," said the judge the next morning. "$250.00 bail."

Sam, flat broke, looked miserable. "Do you have any friends in Dallas?" the judge continued.

"No," said the Oklahoman. "Except for Neiman-Marcus."

The judge called Neiman-Marcus. They sent over a man to make the bail. Which was charged to his account.

Then next week Neiman-Marcus got two letters. The first was from Sam. A thank you note with a check enclosed.

The second was from Mrs. Sam. It said thank you, too. But it also had an order for a full-length sable coat.

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Maui. *Past meets present midst the valleys.*

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Fly in or sail over from neighboring Maui for a different kind of day on any one of our secluded beaches. Rent skin diving gear or beachcomb on Shipwreck Beach for puka shells to make your own necklace. There's a small hotel inland with park camp grounds available for the rugged individualists. It's like a vacation from your vacation with all the pineapple you can eat.

Molokai. *Last chance for discovery.*

Frankly, not too many people come here, which may be why those who do, enjoy it so much. Whether you're shooting with rifle or camera, Molokai offers happy hunting grounds. Waterfalls upward of 4,000-feet are something to write home about and our 10-foot tall phallic rock is unabashedly inspirational. Cars, jeeps, mules and camping gear are all available for rent and two easy going hotels make for a pleasant stay.

Hawaii. *Home of Pele the Fire Goddess.*

The State of Hawaii has an island named Hawaii, but nicknamed the Big Island. You'll find active volcanoes and fields of orchids near Hilo town; cattle ranches and hunting near Kamuela; and the world's best marlin fishing off the Kona Coast. Stay in tropical bungalows or be pampered at oceanfront pleasure palaces. Shop for hand carved tikis or elegant muumuus. But give yourself enough time, after all it is the Big Island.

Yes, Hawaii still has lovely hula hands, the beach at Waikiki and a little grass shack in Kealakekua. But now that you've read about a few of our other diversions all across the island chain, call your travel agent, ask about our $9 island hopping jet fare and start packing your bags.

Then get away to Hawaii's version of America.

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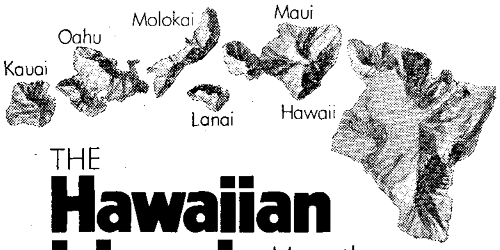
1. Rustic whaling port of Lahaina is much the same as in the 1800's. 2. Lush tropical forests and spectacular waterfalls remain unspoiled. 3. Lava crusted coastlines dotted with historical sites. 4. Colorful horseback riders add grace to island activities. 5. You can even ski down a snow-capped volcano. 6. Misty highlands offer cool contrast to palm fringed beaches. 7. Swim year round along hundreds of miles of shoreline with pearl white, green or black sand beaches. 8. Lava flows continue to change the face of the Big Island. 9. Polynesian surroundings to rival the cuisine. 10. Frigate birds soar with the tradewinds. 11. Sunset over Diamond Head turns Waikiki into a center of night life. 12. One of more than 37 golf courses around the islands. 13. Michelangelo goes Hawaiian. 14. The mirror of Hawaii's future. 15. The loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean.



THE
Hawaiian Islands More than a pretty place

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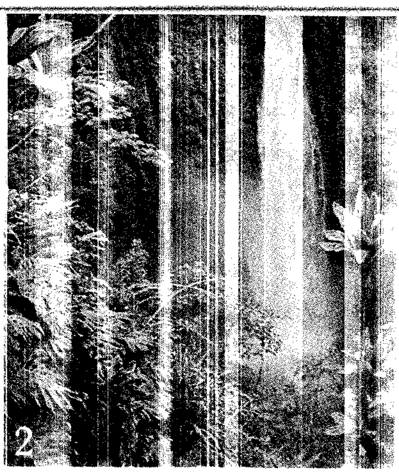
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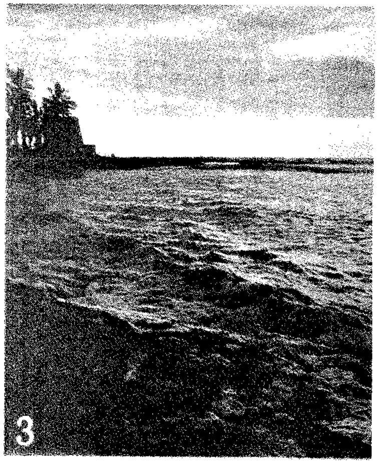
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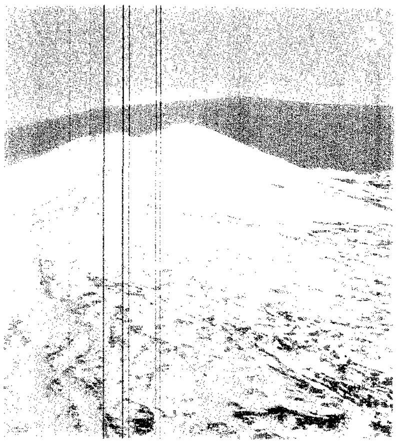
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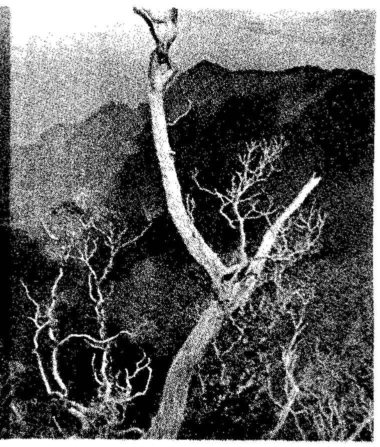

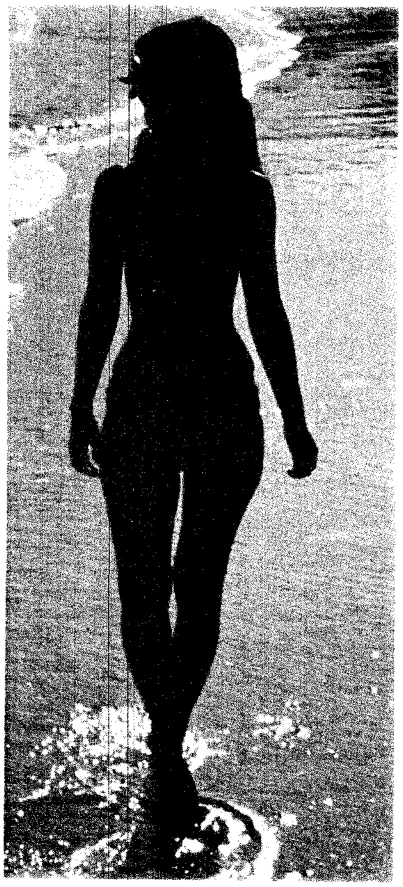

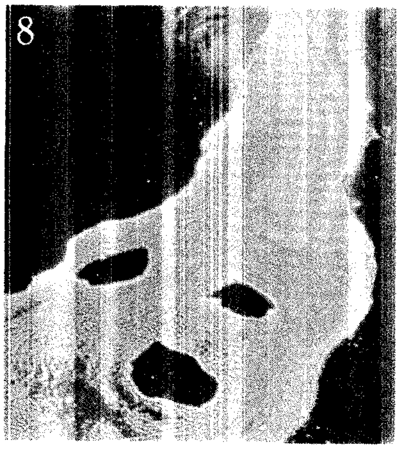
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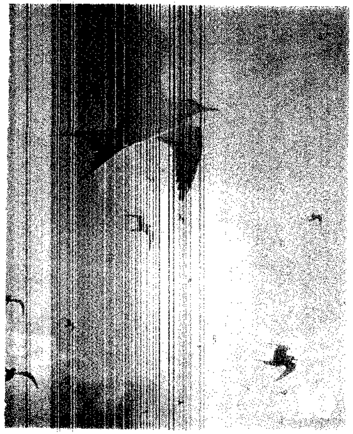

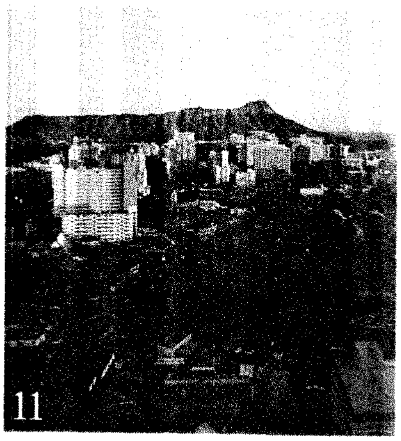
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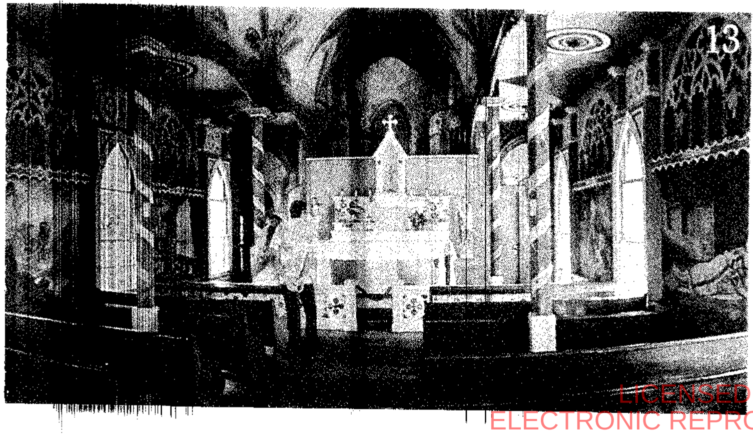
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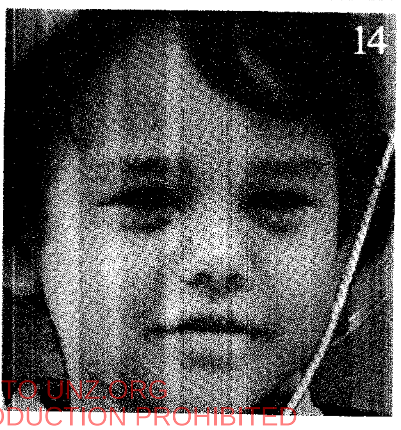
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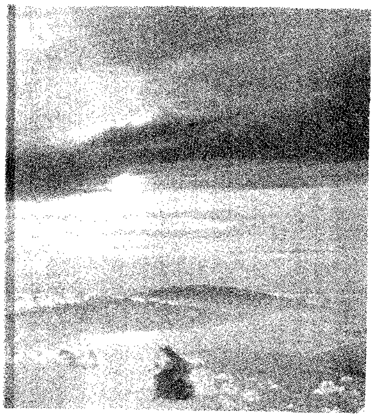
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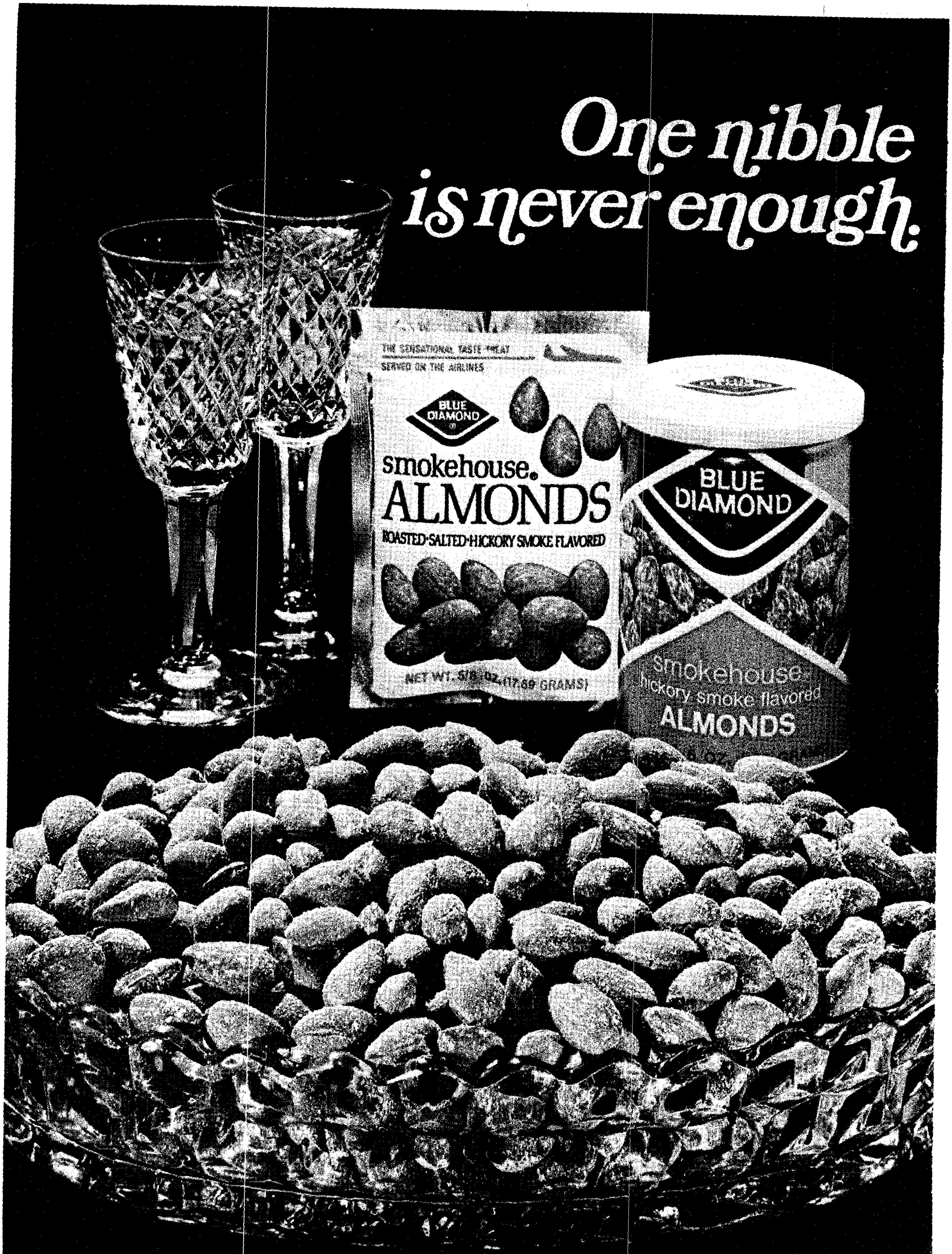
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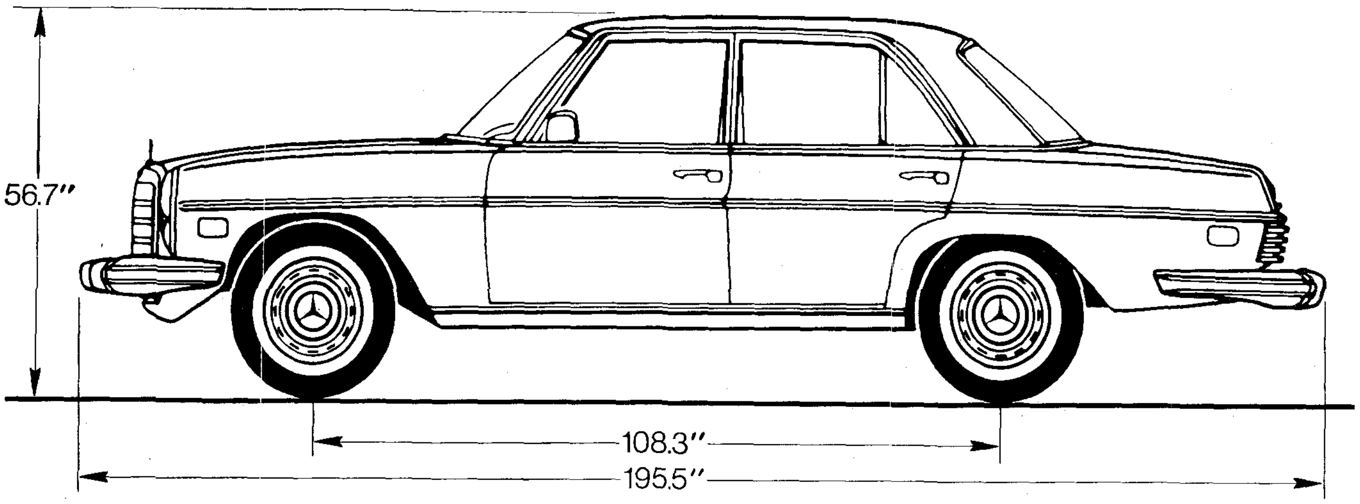
B&G. Love Letters from France.

Barton & Guestier. 36 fine wines in one fine family. Imported by Browne Vintners Company, New York, N.Y. and San Francisco, CA.

The Mercedes-Benz 280. This year, some new American cars look surprisingly like it. On the outside.



The original: the Mercedes-Benz 280. The "Look-alikes" tried to imitate its exterior. But essentials like its engine, brakes and suspension system continue to escape them.

The "Look-alikes" are here…sedans whose shapes and sizes are remarkably close to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280. It was bound to happen. We expected it. The silhouette may look the same, but that is where the similarity ends.

You simply can't make a car into a Mercedes-Benz by imitating its appearance. Or its interior. Or any other single element.

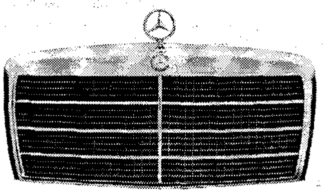
You, the driver, can prove this to yourself. Test drive a 280 Sedan. Then put any of the newcomers through the same demanding test. The difference will be driven home. The *engineering* difference.

We don't fault others for trying to follow the lead of the 280. In fact, we applaud the move toward sensibly sized sedans. That's progress.

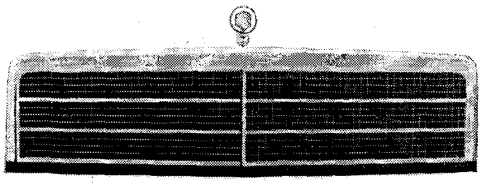
But we really must question the idea that another car is like a Mercedes-Benz because it has a grille like one. Or a silhouette like one. An automobile either is a Mercedes-Benz, or it isn't.

The Emperor's new clothes

Look beyond the new suits of clothes that the imitators are sporting. It's the same old story.



Mercedes-Benz 280 grille.



American "Look-alike" grille.

Take the engine. You'll find little that's new. These cars may still offer you engines designed long ago. That may be hard to believe, but it's an engineering fact.

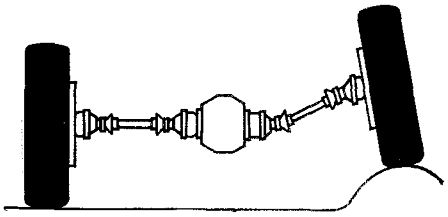
It's a different story with Mercedes-Benz. The contemporary engine in the 280 Sedan was designed specifically for the 280 Series; designed as an integral part of the automobile.

This modern, twin overhead

camshaft engine directly meets demands of today's driving. It gives you fuel economy without sacrificing performance. No "Look-alike" domestic sedan has anything like the engine in a Mercedes-Benz 280. You'll instantly feel the difference on your first test drive.

No place to compromise

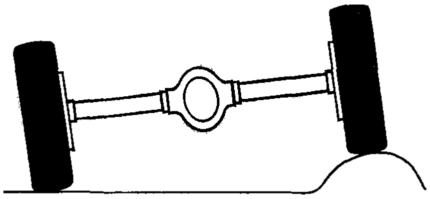
Look closely at the rear suspension on any of these "all-new" domestic sedans. They still feature simple wagon axles. The axles are one piece and suspended by groups of leaf springs. When one rear wheel hits a bump, the other is jolted too.


The 280: independent rear suspension so a bump on the right can't jounce the wheel on the left.

Now look at the Mercedes-Benz 280. Its rear suspension is completely different. Each wheel has its own independent suspension system. That way, each wheel reacts to the road surface independently. This design—fully independent suspension—is also a safety feature. It gives you the security of control because it helps the standard radial tires stay on the road, where they belong.

Although 4-wheel independent suspension is far more expensive to engineer into an automobile, it is the no-compromise way. And at Mercedes-Benz, we don't feel suspension and handling are places to cut corners.

The only way


The "Look-alike:" wagon-type rear suspension so a bump on the right must jounce the wheel on the left.

The same can be said for brakes. Certainly no area to compromise. Here is one area where American sedans have made great strides. The "Mercedes-style" new cars you will see in 1975 will probably have disc brakes. But where? On the front wheels. Why are disc brakes confined to their front wheels?

We have no answer to that question. At Mercedes-Benz, we have designed 4-wheel disc brakes into all of our automobiles for years. Every wheel on every Mercedes-Benz has a disc brake to stop it—4-wheel disc brakes. We wouldn't engineer an automobile without them. At Mercedes-Benz, it's the only way.

You get what you pay for

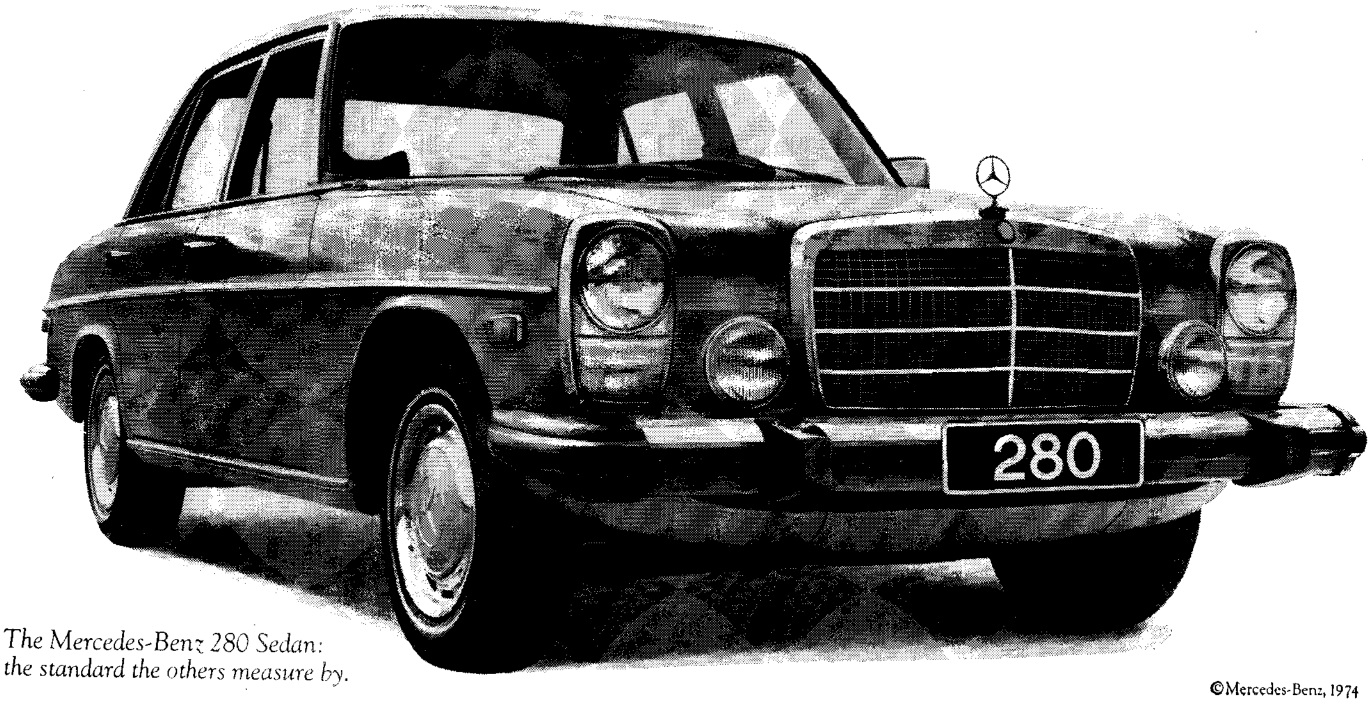
To be sure, a Mercedes-Benz 280 is more expensive than the domestic newcomers that will try to challenge it. Consider the basic differences already mentioned. Add some others like safety engineering, resale value and the Mercedes-Benz commitment to quality. These are fundamentals you can't just "add on." In a Mercedes-Benz you get what you pay for.

More and more you hear about cars that have this or that "just like a Mercedes-Benz." But you don't make a Mercedes-Benz by just trying to copy it.

The Mercedes-Benz 280 Sedan. Make an appointment to test drive one. See why a Mercedes-Benz has become the standard other manufacturers measure by.

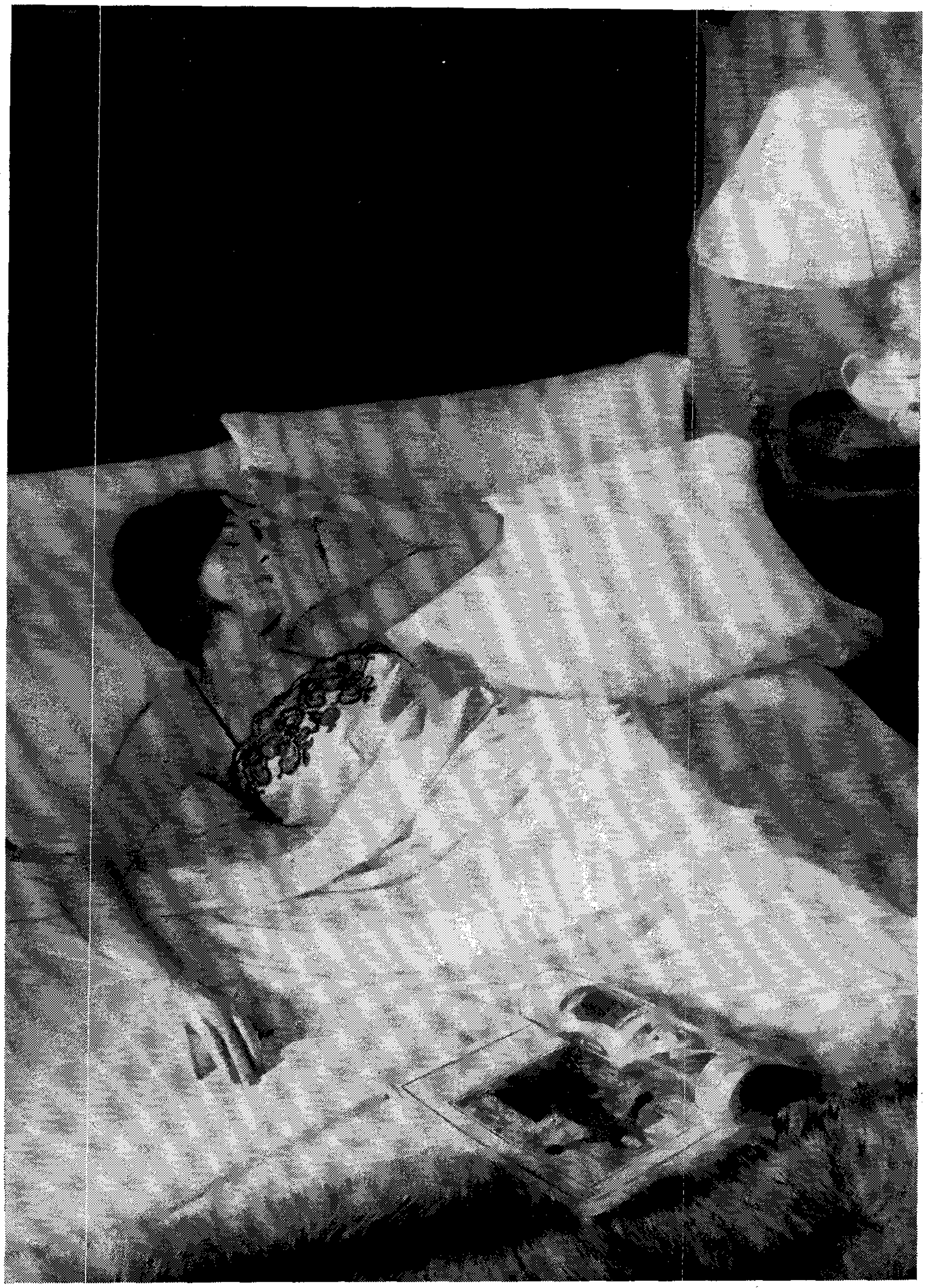
Mercedes-Benz

Engineered like no other car in the world.



The Mercedes-Benz 280 Sedan: the standard the others measure by.

©Mercedes-Benz, 1974



Beautiful dreamers deserve a luxe send-off on our exclusive satin crepe sheets. "Touch Me Softly" things in silky Antron III® nylon are machine washable in blue, pink, yellow or white. Flat and fitted sheets, $18 to $37, cases, $14 and $16, pair. Linen Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

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CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS OF FASHION

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

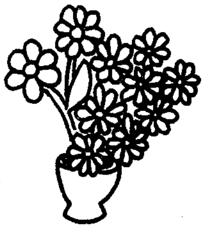
Notes and Comment

THERE is very definitely something that needs to be done about the problem of movie-watching. Notice we did not say movie-going—although perhaps movie-watching is not quite right, either, because the *watching* aspect is not at the center of the difficulty. At the center of the difficulty—we will put it as moderately as we can, these being moderate times—is the question: How does one sit in a movie theatre, while the movie is playing and the images are flickering on the screen and dialogue is being spoken by highly paid actors, and at the time have any slight ongoing comprehension of the action or dialogue, on account of the simultaneous broadcast from the surrounding seats of anywhere from one to sixteen private conversations? Anyone who thinks this is not a problem is probably part of the problem.

Now, you might think we are bringing up again that ancient complaint about the Audience Package Noise—by which one means the periodic crackle of cellophane being ripped off a box of Goobers, or the steady crunch of popcorn, or the quite particular sound of the contents of a bag of M&Ms being spilled on the floor, or even the arresting *crumple . . . crunch-crunch . . . crumple-crunch* emanating from members of the audience attempting to sit on, stow away, rewrap, or sometimes devour their Bloomingdale's parcels. No, for such sounds—however temporarily distracting, or even mildly infuriating—are clearly part of the classic American movie experience. As with the traditional *clang-crash* of garbage men hurling garbage cans against the sidewalk, these sound effects are part of our national heritage, and we will miss them when they are gone.

Nor are we referring to the noise in theatres showing children's movies—those endearing scenes of bedlam in which row upon row of tots scream their way through some such entertainment as "The Three Faces of Dr. Zorro" while heavily armed twelve-year-olds roam the aisles, and small girls are disrobed, and grape soda trickles in a sticky purple film from the back of the theatre to the front. Any adult who hasn't the sense to stay out of a movie theatre showing "The Three Faces of Dr. Zorro" on a Saturday noon is probably beyond advice, hectoring, or even meaningful communication.

No, we are talking about *babble:* the babble of grown men and women who, once seated in what used to be called the darkened confines of a movie theatre, apparently cannot cease chattering, nattering, blathering, narrating the plot, continuing a dinner conversation, or, as occurred two evenings ago in the course of the five-forty showing of "Chinatown," inquiring of a person named Herman the particulars of the Brixton deal, which produced an amiable, albeit discursive, reply lasting roughly from the moment when John Huston was threatening the fellow near the car to the moment when Faye Dunaway went off with the two Chinese—an event that might have seemed less explicable in the circumstances were it not for a lady two rows ahead who, fortunately, had been explaining the action as it went along.



There was a time, one remembers, when ladies and gentlemen could betake themselves to the silence of movie palaces and there sit in the pathetic but redoubtable solitude of the seventeenth row sighing, weeping, or discreetly moaning over some lost love or misplaced affection. Fat chance one could get away with any such romantic isolation today! To begin with, it costs the equivalent of a share of Polaroid for a citizen to gain admission to a modern movie palace. Then he is immediately put in the hands of those subalterns of the East German Military Police who do off-duty work as ushers, and they usually compel the weaker members of the admitted public to stand for twenty minutes in the rain, and the stronger members to be packed close together in a windowless "smoking chamber," there to be smoked at by chain-smoking roughnecks. *Then*, when the patron is finally granted entry to the theatre, has sat tactfully through the short subject courtesy of the Pakistan Information Agency, and begins to attend to the feature as it eventually unreels itself on the screen—hoping that some bit of coherent action may occur which will take his mind off his son's dismissal from the astronaut program or what his accountant darkly murmured over lunch—he finds himself barely able to *hear*, let alone comprehend, the fragmented, flickering scenes in front of him, and, instead, is relentlessly dragged, like Peter Rabbit into Dr. Caligari's cabinet, into a vast mad network of blurred, disconnected murmurings.

Television, we are told—or, rather, the habits of the television parlor—has produced this army of compulsive chatterers, rushing from their tidy (and now silent) homes into the five-forty showing of "Chinatown" talking of legal separation, the cost of college tuition, Jack Nicholson's cut nose, what Ed Rowntree meant about that hotel in Port-au-Prince, why Jack Nicholson is being shot at—you know, we really should have Ed and Martha over some night, how about Wednesday—now *look* at what Jack Nicholson is doing! So be it. The next step will be to introduce nasal-spray commercials after every ten minutes of film, so that members of the audience can stream into the lounge, where the candy stand will have been remodelled to resemble a giant refrigerator. The step after that will be members of the audience alternately doing their home-work and wandering around the aisles in pajamas and hair curlers. The step after that will be silence—the everlasting silence of Dr. Zorro.

Money

BUSY week on the financial beat. On Monday morning, we went down to the Comptroller's office, in the Municipal Building, to watch the bidding on eight hundred million dollars' worth of Revenue Anticipation Notes—RANs, in Wall Street argot. Whenever the City of New York sells RANs, it means that it wants to spend money *now* that it will receive from the federal or state government *later*. "Anticipation" is the key word. The city is always anticipating revenue and always borrowing money, so a RANs auction is hardly a rare event. Still, inflation or no inflation, eight hundred million dollars seemed like a tidy amount to us. We didn't actually see any hard-core bidding; that goes on during highly secret things called "syndicate meetings." At a syndicate meeting, a bunch of bankers and brokerage-house people get together to decide how much the city should have to pay to borrow money, and when the syndicate makes up its collective mind, messengers are sent over or someone phones a syndicate man stationed in the Comptroller's office. Either the messengers or the syndicate man writes down the bid, seals it in an envelope, and places the envelope in a small green strongbox in the boardroom.

The deadline for the delivery of bids was eleven o'clock, but no one had delivered any when we arrived, at ten-forty. The only other people in the boardroom were Russell Aldag, whose title is Chief of the Division of Municipal Securities, and Bernard Solomons, an auditor for the city. They were playing an improvised game of glass-ashtray shuffleboard on the boardroom table. Each one slid an ashtray and tried to make it stop close to the center line of the table—a distance of about fifteen feet. At ten-fifty-five, two men from the Irving Trust Company placed a bid in the strongbox, and a couple of minutes later a young blond woman ran into the room, put an envelope in the box, and disappeared. Finally, two men from the Chase Manhattan Bank brought in their bids. At eleven-two, Mr. Aldag opened the box and spread the bids out on the table. Gary Zwerling, of Chase Manhattan, told us that he thought his syndicate might end up with six hundred million dollars' worth of the RANs. "Interest rates are coming down, and we think these notes will be a good buy," he said. "We have very aggressive bids, because we want to buy these."

Mr. Zwerling acted awfully blasé about the whole thing. In fact, the suspense in the room seemed slightly lower-keyed than the tension that accompanies the announcement of the Miss Congeniality award in the Miss America contest. Mr. Aldag read the bids on various lots—"Irving Trust seven point oh eight on one hundred million no premium, Bankers Trust seven point two four on two hundred million plus three hundred dollars"—and five accountants seated at the table dutifully recorded the figures. Then Mr. Aldag stepped into the Comptroller's office. We had been told that Harrison J. Goldin, the Comptroller, would put in a brief appearance to make the whole affair official, but he was busy comptrolling someplace else. Instead, Mr. Aldag returned to announce the lowest bids. Irving Trust bought a hundred million dollars' worth of notes, Bankers Trust three hundred million, and Chase Manhattan four hundred million. Then everyone left. Later, we called a bond-broker friend, Bill Strong, to find out how things were going on the resale of the notes to smaller customers. "Slow," he said.

•

THINGS were much swifter the next day, when we went to the ninety-fourth floor of the World Trade Center to attend a reception that the Fiduciary Trust Company of New York was holding in its new offices. *Much* swifter. So swift, in fact, that our ears popped while we were taking the express elevator to the Sky Lobby, on the seventy-eighth floor. The trip took only thirty-seven seconds. In the Sky Lobby, we changed to another express for the ninety-fourth floor. The view from the ninety-fourth floor choked us up. The building's walls are largely glass, and every Fiduciary Trust office area has an impressive view of something, except for the office of the chairman of the board, Harry W. Fowler, which has *two* views—the Brooklyn Bridge, to the east, and Staten Island, to the south. (It was a clear day.)

The Fiduciary Trust people, who used to work in what they call "conventional" offices on Wall Street, were eager to show us around. We had four guided tours, which took us to four floors occupied by Fiduciary Trust. The most important thing we learned was that there are almost no interior walls on the ninety-fourth floor—only multicolored wall screens that act as space dividers. ("No mahogany-panelled rooms to aspire to here," someone confided.) The design concept is known as "office landscaping," or "open planning," and the result of it is that anyone can walk around and see what anyone else is doing. ("That's the company president's leg on top of his desk," one guide explained. "And there's one of our directors talking on the phone.")

Even without the guided tours, we would have learned a lot at the reception—from a booklet that was handed to us at the door. It explained, among other things, that the rugs in the reception area are Moroccan, woven in Rabat; that seven thousand yards of carpeting was used on the four floors the company occupies; and that the "vault door weighs nine tons and, interestingly, was delivered to the World Trade Center about two years before the building was enclosed." A piece of information that wasn't included in the booklet is that Fiduciary Trust spent two million dollars to furnish its new home, plus one and a quarter million to install the vault.

Our most enthusiastic guide was Alice P. Jones, who recently retired as senior vice-president of Fiduciary Trust, and who had engineered the move to the World Trade Center. She was especially proud of the boardroom, which has a very handsome oblong octagonal teak table with a large hole in the center, rendering it no good at all for glass-ashtray shuffleboard.

New York to South Bend

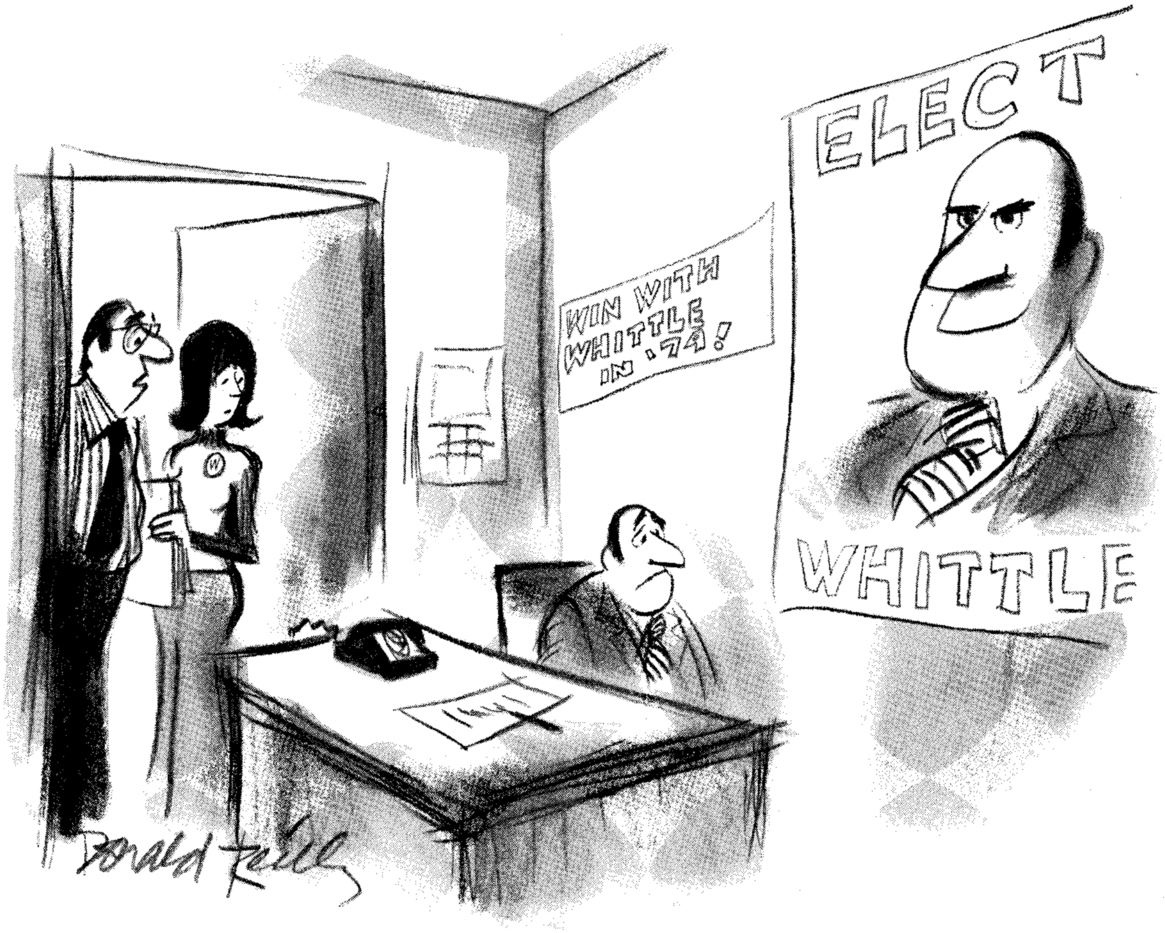
LETTER from a fellow-citizen:

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go. I can't believe it. I'm not in New York for the weekend, I'm driving out to the cornfields of Indiana with an Irishman from Boston and an Irishman from South Bend and an Irishman from Westchester County and a Scotchman or whatever it is from Mississippi to watch the Fighting Irish shillelagh a few dents into the Boilermakers at football. That's Notre Dame and Purdue, Easterners, Purdue having started out as an agricultural college, although today Purdue awards more master's and doctoral degrees in pharmacy than any other institution, so it should probably no doubt be the Pestles. Or the Nighttime Liquids. "I can't believe it!"—that's what every single person said when I told them about this pilgrimage: Bill, the boss at the office, Steve, the bartender on the way home, everybody else. Their idea of a perfect weekend being a chair and a Sony Trinitron color TV set inside a room situated somewhere in Manhattan. Well, I can't say I don't agree with them, but you know me; here I am. Our vehicle, a sleek brown 1974 Oldsmobile Cutlass, V-8s silently through mist and moonlight on its twelve-hour trek to the college via Interstate 80—one dream of a road, with no traffic, no police cars (except in Ohio), an occasional big semi flashing red and yellow lights like your tropical fish. Our quarters are about as cramped as a partitioned taxicab, but these Irishmen are feeling no pain whatsoever, and I'm riding the dial on the radio in an exhilarating way. You can pick up four different major-league baseball games on the radio out here in the country—what an education! The last one, after a truck stop in the Delaware Water Gap for cheese steak hoagies (which are hero sandwiches) and shrimp steak sandwiches (which are like frozen fish sticks)—and all for sale, along with chewing tobacco, less than eighty miles from Times Square—the Pirates really punishing the Mets, is a broadcast from Shea Stadium by Pittsburgh announcers on a Pittsburgh station, featuring the deep tones of Bob Prince, ace Pittsburgh announcer, whom I have never heard before, and who does a great play-by-play, really bringing out the drama. His nickname is The Dunner. Then there is Ernie's record hour on station WWL, in New Orleans, Ernie's being a record mart for classic yodelling cowboys and bluegrass fiddling and steel guitars in Nashville, Tennessee, and they keep telling you to send cash, CHECKormoneyorder. Station WWL is most powerful, and after Ernie's there's a guy who does an all-night request country-and-Western show for truckers, and truckers call in from Minneapolis and Oklahoma City and ask for their favorite records. This guy begins his show saying, "Morning, glories!"

So I go to sleep, and I wake up and it's western Ohio and morning and all foggy, and the radio is saying that the schools of Fulton County are going to open an hour late, or maybe not at all, and all you can see is a barn every now and then.

So we roll into South Bend around ten, after the fog lifts, and it looks very quiet and peaceful and spick-and-span, and not at all like a major football game is about to transpire, but when we tank up at a filling station, four huge guys, all beefy and earnest, get out of a car, and they certainly must be alumni, so we are in the right place. I must say, my only mental image from afar of Notre Dame was gray skies, and green giants, and grim determination, and Four Horsemen, and Ronald Reagan, and this is not what I'm seeing, except for gray skies. The Irishman from South Bend drives us to the campus of Our Lady, and there are lush green lawns with sprinklers sprinkling on them, and it is also by now raining somewhat, too, which occasions the Irishman from Boston to say, "That's the Irish for you!" I tell you this campus is so well kempt and so quiet and so cute and self-controlled it looks like the set for "Love Story." It has impressive buildings, like the library, which features an enormous mosaic of Jesus Christ facing the football stadium with his arms up, and I am told the students refer to him as Touchdown Jesus. The stadium itself is smaller than a cathedral, although seating 59,075. We also visit the shrine of football memorabilia in the new athletic complex, with trophies and footballs and pictures in glass cases impressively, just like the Natural History Museum, only it's not just the history of nature, it's the history of Notre Dame Football. Also, we put in an appearance at the Notre Dame campus bookstore, which has a devotional section and the most incredibly astounding different selection of Notre Dame things to wear: Notre Dame golden rain capes, Notre Dame green No. 1 football jerseys, Notre Dame blue football jerseys, Notre Dame blue-and-white baseball jerseys, Notre Dame yellow National Champions T-shirts, Notre Dame jackets, sweatshirts, football helmets, tea trays, playing cards, cups, glasses, beer mugs, blazers. We must have shelled out something like eighty dollars among us on souvenir wardrobes. All quality items, too.

Then the South Bend Irishman, who is taking us to his parents' home, drives us out into the cornfields and



"He's sworn to refuse any contribution over one hundred dollars, but nobody's offered him that much yet."

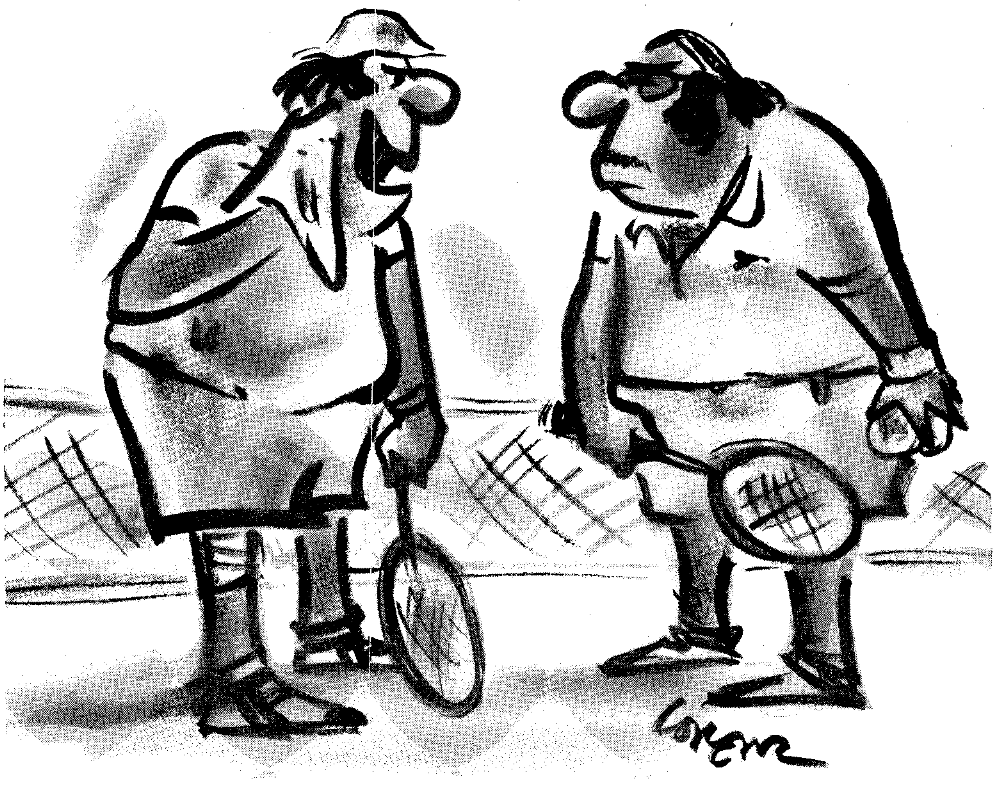
says, "We're here." The only thing there, however, is a burned-out barn and a shed that is leaning up against a tree. So this is an Indiana joke? Yes, it is, because then he drives us to a beautiful home that is just as clean as the college campus—five bedrooms, heated pool, pool house, barbecue, patio, draught beer on tap, black cook, den, two-car garage, electric carving knife, bar area. Sign in bar area says, "Martini spoken here." Then we are subjected to Midwestern hospitality, which can ruin you if you are not looking out for it. Because if you are not sound asleep you are going to be offered food, drinks, food and drinks, another drink, another helping, what can I get for you, have a bourbon, have a Scotch, have a sandwich, have a draught beer, have some more barbecued lamb, have a Martini, have a vodka Martini, have some Canadian bacon. If you ask, you can get Cokes and coffee.

The night before the game, you go to the pep rally and then to Nickie's and The Library, this library being a campus-hangout bar, not the Touchdown Jesus library. Everyone is required to show his ID before entering premises; this is a very touching ceremony if you haven't been required to show your ID, as in my case, since Richard M. Nixon's second term as Vice-President. Flattering. The pep rally is inside a fancy new geodesic dome covered with fancy insulation that makes it about 110° inside when it is filled with a couple thousand people and a band nourishing each other with their energy and Go, go, go, go, go, go, go. My glasses fog up incredibly when we go inside. Also, you can't hear a peep fifty yards away from the building. But that is the way they do things out here. The pep-rally chairman introduces the coach as a "living legend," which sounds like a bad sign to me, because what kick is there in winning a ballgame for a living legend? I am glad I am not betting on this encounter. However, Notre Dame is heavily favored to win, being national champions and on a thirteen-game win streak. It is also true that Purdue gets all fired up for Notre Dame, and that Purdue officials are said not to care what happens to their football team as long as it beats Indiana and Notre Dame. That's how the coach keeps his job.

The living legend of Notre Dame—Ara Parseghian, a well-nourished Armenian—looked at his watch, I noticed, while the kids cheered. Then he excited them by ironically praising Purdue—the old double whammy, famous since Julius Caesar and the Senate of Rome. I always loved those classic old techniques. "I will pass over in silence the fact that my opponent couldn't pass trigonometry in high school, for he is a wonderful, worthy human being." Coach Parseghian's speech was plenty effective. It was followed by several thousand dollars' worth of fireworks outside. O.K.! Best I've seen. Big quadruple-burst golden-glitter sparklers that shot out and covered 1/10 the sky. You could feel 'em go right up your spine and scatter through your skull. This lasted 10-15 mins. All Notre Dame rooters in festive mood. Then they have to go find their cars. They cool off pretty quick. Those bars, though, the campus hangouts, they were something else. One incredible scrimmage. Boys and girls yelling and screaming and running around bumping into each other like electrons in an atomic pile. I couldn't believe it. As far as they were concerned, they were just standing around and talking. They weren't even dancing. They didn't see anything unusual in it. Well, we did not meet any young ladies, except one who said she'd be right back but wasn't. And outside as quiet as Christmas Eve. Except for one car that came out of a parking lot suddenly and startled us, causing us to administer a slap to its right front fender. At which point something enormous in glasses got out of the car—everyone else in the car was petite. I examined the sidewalk for a loose stone, and, not finding one in this clean town, was polite to Mr. Giant.

The next morning, there was "tailgating," which is food and drinks served on the tailgate of your station wagon in the stadium parking lot. Also tossing footballs and saying hello to monsignors.

As for the game, I will pass over in silence the fact, which you already know, that Purdue scored more points against Notre Dame in the first quarter than any other team in history (24), and won, 31–20, because Notre Dame is still No. 6 nationwide in the United Press International poll, after the defeat, and will win many more ballgames, and simply say that when the Notre Dame band marched out onto the field, before 59,075 cheering fans, it was preceded by six huge marching guys in kilts, looking like Dewar's ads and throwing out their legs like Clydesdales in tutus. And the biggest one of all was wearing glasses and was the guy in the parking lot last night. If I'd known then what I know now! Can you beat it?



"I'll tell you what's missing from your game, Cowley—hate."

Experience

The Mayor and Mrs. Abraham D. Beame
with
The Restaurants of New York City
invite you to a
Luncheon Experience

was all we needed to read, in fancy script, on a card bearing the seal of the city—along with it came a press release explaining that the lunch would be served by more than twenty restaurants—and off we went one day last week to Gracie Mansion. Under a big blue-and-white striped party tent on the lawn, we joined a few hundred other guests who, in addition to restaurateurs, included "celebrities and city officials, airline stewardesses, police patrolmen, and hotel bellhops," according to the press release, which also explained the reason for the lunch: "To drive home the point that New York is the greatest town in the nation; that in sheer variety, for every conceivable taste and purse, its dining-out pleasures are unmatched by any other city anywhere."

"I've never seen such gorgeous food," Mrs. Beame said to us as we came upon the scene: table after table—all with white tablecloths—heaped with special dishes prepared by the participating restaurants, while white-hatted chefs, and maître d's, and owners urged everybody to try some of this and some of that. Mrs. Beame was eating a Nathan's hot dog, and she dispatched one of her aides to get her one of Thursday's banana daiquiris to wash it down with. The West Boondock, a terrific jazz-rock band, was playing in one corner. We selected a couple of cucumber pickles from Zum Zum; cannellone from Sardi's; steak tartare from "21;" roast veal Florentine (stuffed with spinach) from Laurent; Nedicks orange drink; fruit salad from The Jamaican; macaroons from Stella D'Oro; some more cannellone from Sardi's; some more steak tartare from "21;" a banana daiquiri from Thursday's; Stratton's chocolate cheesecake; Irish coffee from P. J. Moriarty's; chopped chicken liver on a cracker from Joe's South Shore; a custard pastry from Mama Leone's; black coffee from Nedicks.

Feeling absolutely great, and benevolently disposed toward the Beame administration, we listened to some speeches.

Stuart Levin, program chairman of the Hospitality Industry Foundation of New York, sponsor of the lunch: "We are here today because our mayor, Abraham D. Beame, is the kind of elected official who remembers his campaign promises even *after* he gets elected. It is because of the commitments he made to help the city's industries that we are here together today."

Michael O'Neal, president of the Hospitality Industry Foundation of New York: "Our restaurants still give you the best value for your dollar."

Mayor Beame: "It is a good time to remind ourselves, as well as our out-of-town visitors, that our town is an exciting place in which to live, work, visit, and dine out."

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Then we buzzed around and found Mme. Henriette Spalter, owner of La Côte Basque, elegantly dressed in a very French violet jersey dress and eating a Nathan's hot dog; Mayor Beame eating two Nathan's hot dogs, plain, without mustard; Jerry Berns, of "21," eating his own steak tartare and explaining to an airline stewardess that an order of it costs $9.50 for lunch and $12.50 for dinner at "21;" Jerry Berns kissing Mme. Spalter on both cheeks; Robert Meyzen, the dignified and authoritative co-owner of La Caravelle, kissing Mme. Spalter on one cheek and urging her to have a Thursday's banana daiquiri, which she did, and which he did, too.

"Banana daiquiris *étaient le petit déjeuner d'Hemingway*," Robert Meyzen told Mme. Spalter. Jacques Allembert, owner of Le Bistro, urged Mme. Spalter to try some of Laurent's roast veal Florentine (stuffed with spinach) and not to miss Laurent's centerpiece, a big production called a Lobster Batelière and featuring French breads, lobsters, aspics of vegetables, truffles, noodle paste, and Spanish shrimp. Mme. Spalter said she had just eaten a big cookie and needed some coffee. But Robert Meyzen gave her another banana daiquiri instead, and she took it, looking pleased. Jerry Berns kissed Vincent Sardi on both cheeks; Jerry Berns kissed our friend Lola Finkelstein on both cheeks, and Robert Meyzen gave her two banana daiquiris, which she drank, and then she tried Giordano's vitello tonnato and said it was excellent but blander than the vitello tonnato she had eaten for lunch every day for a week last summer on Capri. Mrs. Beame urged Mayor Beame to eat a third Nathan's hot dog, no mustard, which he did, and Mrs. Beame sent an aide for a banana daiquiri for him to chase it with. Robert Meyzen said that the idea of the lunch was to improve business in New York, and he hoped it would work. Mme. Spalter said she hoped Mayor Beame would change the curtain time for theatres back to 8:30 P.M., because if he did, *that* would really help. Mme. Spalter and Robert Meyzen each had another banana daiquiri. Lola Finkelstein asked Robert Meyzen if he knew a good restaurant in Paris to eat in the following Monday night, and he told her to go to La Marée, on the Rue Daru. All the patrolmen and patrolwomen got together at a table on the lawn and shared a lot of Irish coffees and Stratton's cheesecake pastries. "This beats chasing truants in Times Square," said one of the patrolwomen. Alan Stillman, president of Tuesday's, Wednesday's, Thursday's, and Friday's (a very swinging-looking fellow, wearing a bright-green turtleneck sweater, a plaid jacket, and tan gabardine slacks), told us that the banana daiquiris were supposed to be strawberry daiquiris but he couldn't obtain the kind of strawberries that would blend in the necessary way. The lunch was still going strong at two-thirty, and Stella D'Oro was giving out shopping bags to the guests and stuffing them with long, crisp Italian breads and crunchy cookies to take away. A lot of salami and cheese and pastries and pickles and fruits and Italian breads were still heaped on the tables, and Mrs. Beame told us that if any of the food was left over she hoped it would wind up in Gracie Mansion as cold cuts and snacks for the Mayor and his staff.

THE AGREEMENT

WHERE is my daughter?

Why is she there? What crucial error did I make? Was there more than one?

Why have I assigned myself a task that is beyond my abilities?

Having assigned myself a task that is beyond my abilities, why do I then pursue it with all of the enthusiasm of one who believes himself capable of completing the task?

Having assigned myself a task which is beyond my abilities, why do I then do that which is most certain to preclude my completing the task? To insure failure? To excuse failure? Ordinary fear of failure?

When I characterize the task as beyond my abilities, do I secretly believe *that it is within my powers*?

Was there only one crucial error, or was there a still more serious error earlier, one that I did not recognize as such at the time?

Was there a series of errors?

Are they in any sense forgivable? If so, who is empowered to forgive me?

If I fail in the task that is beyond my abilities, will my lover laugh?

Will the mailman laugh? The butcher?

When will the mailman bring me a letter from my daughter?

Why do I think my daughter might be dead or injured when I know that she is almost certainly well and happy? If I fail in the task that is beyond my abilities, will my daughter's mother laugh?

But what if the bell rings and I go down the stairs and answer the door and find there an old woman with white hair wearing a bright-red dress, and when I open the door she immediately begins spitting blood, a darker red down the front of her bright-red dress?

If I fail in the task that is beyond my abilities, will my doctor laugh?

Why do I conceal from my doctor *what it is necessary for him to know*?

Is my lover's lover a man or a woman?

Will my father and mother laugh? Are they already laughing, secretly, behind their hands?

If I succeed in the task that is beyond my abilities, will I win the approval of society? If I win the approval of society, does this mean that the (probable) series of errors already mentioned will be forgiven, or, if not forgiven, viewed in a more sympathetic light? Will my daughter then be returned to me?

Will I deceive myself about the task that is beyond my abilities, telling myself that I have successfully completed it when I have not?

Will others aid in the deception?

Will others unveil the deception?

But what if the bell rings and I go down the stairs and answer the door and find there an old man with white hair wearing a bright-red dress, and when I open the door he immediately begins spitting blood, a darker red down the front of his bright-red dress?

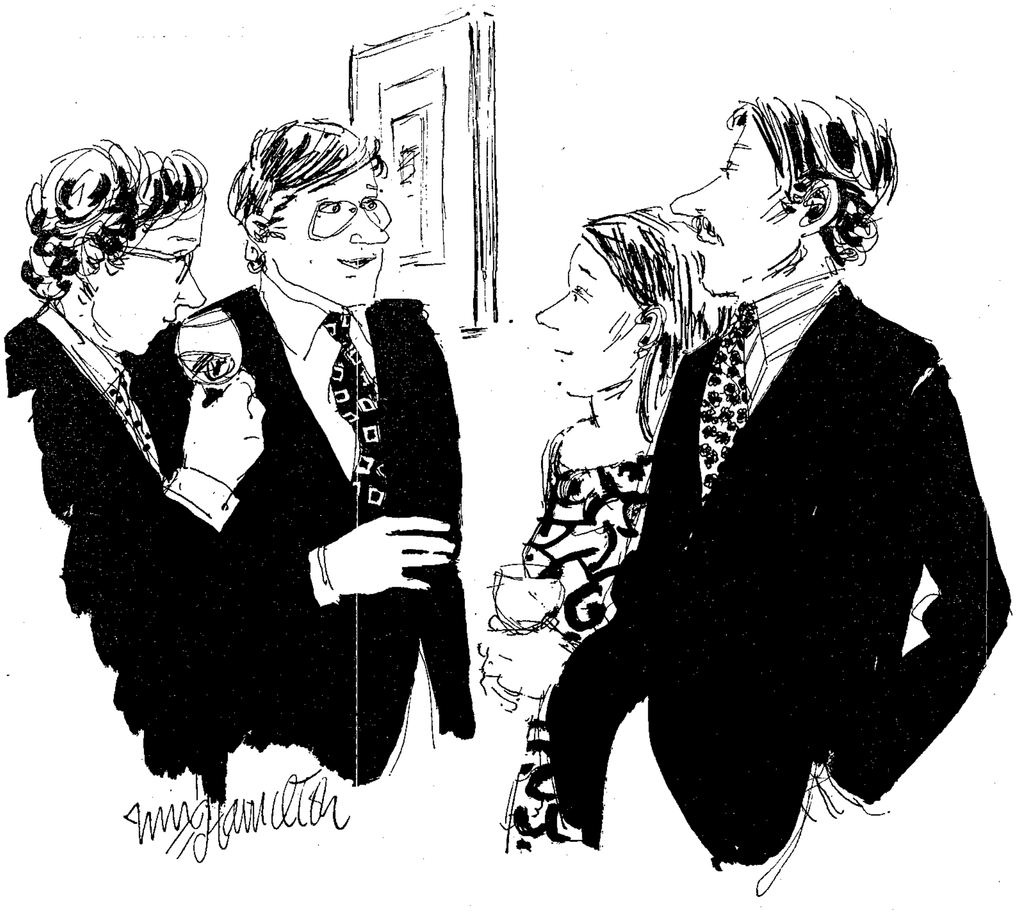
Why did I assign myself the task that is beyond my abilities?

Did I invent my lover's lover or is he or she real? Ought I to care?

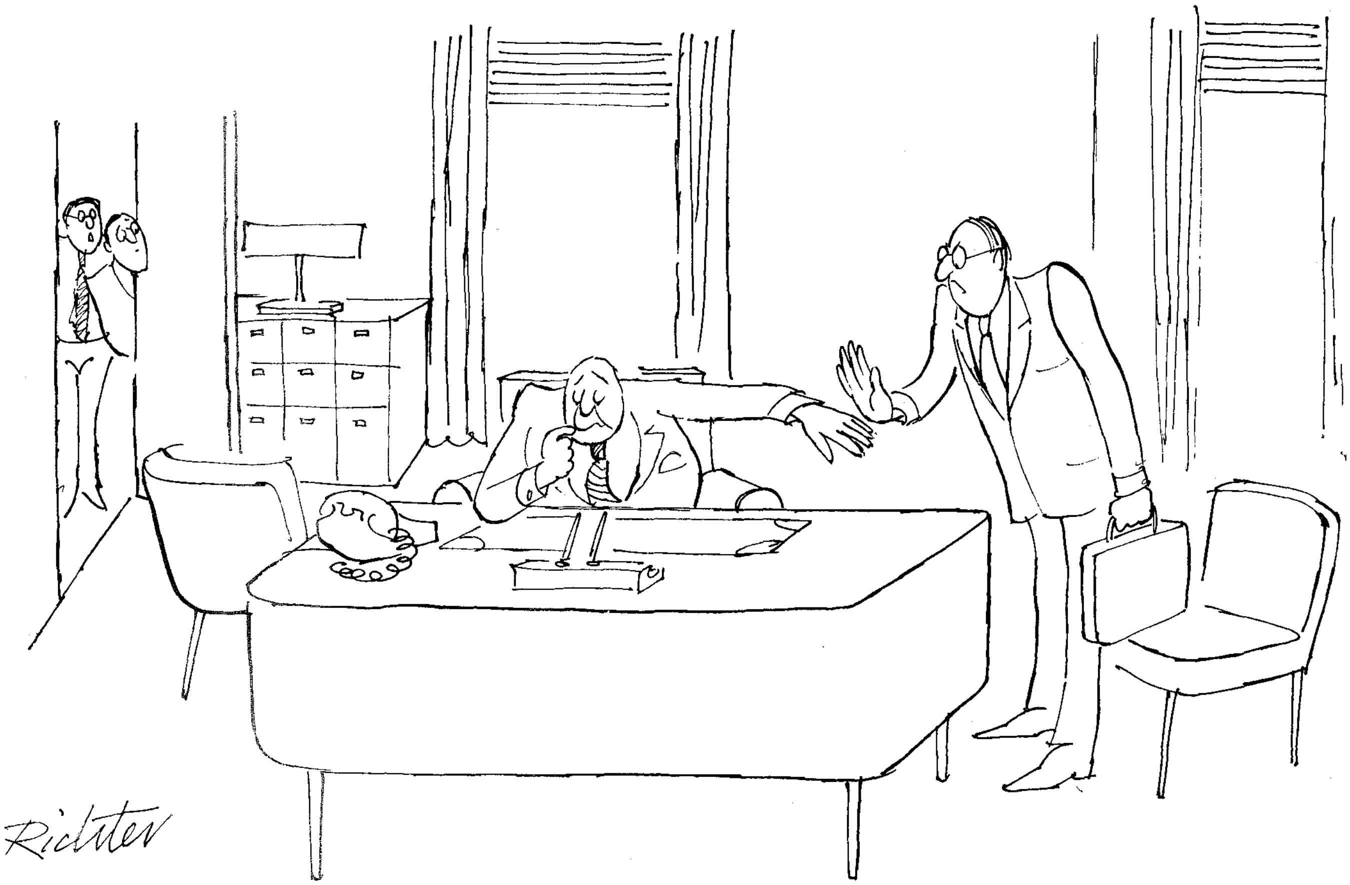
BUT what if the bell rings and I go down the stairs again and instead of the white-haired woman or man in the bright-red dress my lover's lover is standing there? And what if I bring my lover's lover into the house and sit him or her down in the brown leather club chair and provide him or her with a drink and begin to explain that the task I have undertaken is hopelessly, hopelessly beyond my abilities? And what if my lover's lover listens with the utmost consideration, nodding and smiling and patting my wrist at intervals as one does with a nervous client, if one is a lawyer or doctor, and then abruptly offers me a new strategy: Why not do *this*? And what if, thinking over the new strategy proposed by my lover's lover, I recognize that yes, *this* is the solution which has evaded me for these many months? And what if, recognizing that my lover's lover has found the solution which has evaded me for these many months, I suddenly begin spitting blood, dark red against the blue of my blue work shirt? What then?

For is it not the case that even with the solution in hand, the task will remain beyond my abilities?

And where is my daughter? What is my daughter thinking at this moment? Is my daughter, at this moment, being knocked off her bicycle by a truck with the words HACHARD & CIE painted on its sides? Or is she, rather, in a photographer's studio, sitting for a portrait I have requested? Or has she already done so, and



"And you know who else was heavy? Charles Ives! Charles Ives was very, very heavy."



"Looks like an admonition from the President's Council of Economic Advisers."

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will, today, the bell ring and the mailman bring a large stiff brown envelope stamped PHOTO DO NOT BEND?

HACHARD & CIE?
PHOTO DO NOT BEND?

If I am outraged and there is no basis in law or equity for my outrage nor redress in law or equity for my outrage, am I to decide that my outrage is wholly inappropriate? If I observe myself carefully, using the techniques of introspection most favored by society and decide, after such observation, that my outrage is not wholly inappropriate but (perhaps) partially appropriate, what can I do with my (partially appropriate) outrage? What is there to do with it but deliver it to my lover or my lover's lover or to the task which is beyond my abilities, or to embrace instead the proposition that, after all, things are not so bad? Which is not true?

If I embrace the proposition that, after all, things are not so bad, which is not true, then have I not also embraced a hundred other propositions, kin to the first in that they are also not true? That the Lord is my shepherd, for example?

But what if I decide not to be outraged but to be, instead, calm and sensible? Calm and sensible and adult? And mature? What if I decide to send my daughter stamps for her stamp collection and funny postcards and birthday and Christmas packages and to visit her at the times stated in the agreement? And what if I assign myself simpler, easier tasks, tasks which are well within my powers? And what if I decide that my lover has no other lover (disregarding the matchbooks, the explanations that do not explain, the discrepancies of time and place), and what if I inform my doctor fully and precisely about my case, supplying all relevant details (especially the shameful)? And what if I am able to redefine my errors as positive adjustments to a state of affairs requiring positive adjustments? And what if the operator does *not* break into my telephone conversation, any conversation, and say, "I'm sorry, this is the operator, I have an emergency message for 679-9819"?

Will others aid in the deception?

Will others unveil the deception?

"TWELFTH: Except for the obligations, promises and agreements herein set forth and to be performed by the husband and wife respectively, and for rights, obligations and causes of action arising out of or under this agreement, all of which are expressly reserved, the husband and wife each hereby, for himself or herself and for his or her legal representatives, forever releases and discharges the other, and the heirs and legal representatives of the other, from any and all debts, sums of money, accounts, contracts, claims, cause or causes of action, suits, dues, reckoning, bills, specialties, covenants, controversies, agreements, promises, variances, trespasses, damages, judgments, extents, executions and demands, whatsoever, in law or in equity, which he or she had, or has or hereafter can, shall or may have, by reason of any matter, from the beginning of the world to the execution of this agreement."

THE painters are here. They are painting the apartment. One gallon of paint to eight gallons of benzine. From the beginning of the world to the execution of this agreement. Where is my daughter? I am asking for a carrot to put in the stone soup. The villagers are hostile.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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There is probably no place with more going on than Kennebunkport . . .—*Adv. in Down East Magazine.*

Oh, you've never been in Wichita!

THE WORST

(A POSSIBLE ANTIDOTE TO "THE BEST," THE CURRENT BEST-SELLER BY PETER PASSELL AND LEONARD ROSS)

THE WORST DEATHBED LINE—Whispered with his last breath by Mort Busch, a beet farmer, in July, 1838: "There are a number of German verbs that may be used transitively or intransitively, and it is important to differentiate between the two uses, as only the transitive verb has a regular past tense and past participle."

THE WORST BASEBALL PLAYER'S NICKNAME—The worst nickname in baseball history belonged to Leo "Lake Hopatcong" Zamboni, who played third base for the Chicago Whales, in the old Federal League. Leo was given his handle by Whales manager Gus Tucker, who thought that Leo's home town was Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey. Actually, Leo hailed from Lugano, Switzerland.

THE WORST THEORY OF A CAUSE OF DISEASE—Advanced by Dr. Lascar V. Stapes, who claimed that plantar warts result from seeing one's accountant during a month without an "r."

THE WORST MOVIE—"Qu'est-ce Que C'est?" ("Which One Is Your Uncle Ned?"), 1943. A stultifying allegorical epic about Pétain's chauffeur, Marcel Poisson, who never once forgot to change the oil. It was directed by Claude Philbert-Bouche, the man who became the leader of the Permanent Wave, France's postwar industrial-film movement.

THE WORST COP—Hot competition here. On September 17, 1973, at the corner of Broadway and 110th Street, Patrolman José Mañana was approached by a ragged, adorable little girl who told him she was lost and began to weep pitifully. "Get a map," Mañana quipped, and went back to writing parking tickets. Sergeant Wayne Tarnish, on July 7, 1967, tried to arrest three Swedish tourists who, bewildered by the noise and confusion of Times Square, were unwittingly jaywalking across Forty-second Street. When they failed to hear his command to halt, Tarnish drew his pistol and squeezed off a couple of rounds, muttering, "Damned Polacks." One of the wild shots perforated a computer card in the Fifth Avenue office of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, causing an imbalance of $461,877.29 at the end of the day's business. However, the policeman who probably stands head and shoulders below all the others is Patrolman Rocco Malefactore. One night in July, 1972, Malefactore was instructed by the captain of his precinct to crawl out on a parapet of the Brooklyn Bridge and try to talk down a potential suicide—an air-conditioner salesman who had become despondent about the overheated economy. After pleading for a few minutes, Malefactore found himself forming a vague, inexplicable dislike for the man, and surreptitiously pushed him off.

THE WORST WINE—Switchblade, bottled by Ernest and Mario Volpone, of Modesto, Rhode Island. Back on the market again, in zinc throwaway cans (the original 1974 vintage was towed out to sea by the Food and Drug Administration), Switchblade is a thick, sweetish wine, with a bouquet indistinguishable from a mature Pine Sol. On being opened, the wine pants audibly.

THE WORST GOLF HOLE—The seventeenth, a 669-yard par 4, at Running Sump, in Mattoon, Illinois. The tee is tucked away in a grove of poison sumac, and the golfer's drive must carry the northbound lanes of Interstate Route 57 before reaching the fairway, which doglegs left and then right, paralleling the roadbed of the Illinois Central. The sunken green is protected in front by a polluted water hazard and in back by the high wire-mesh fence that surrounds the County Orphanage. On sunny days, hungry orphans often form a gallery, and as the golfer lines up his putt they rub their stomachs and whimper.

THE WORST THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE—A suggestion by the thirteenth-century Scholastic Fra Mendax that the universe may have been formed when Jehovah's cousin Scott faced toward the east, shook up a bottle of Diet Pepsi, and sprayed it into the void.

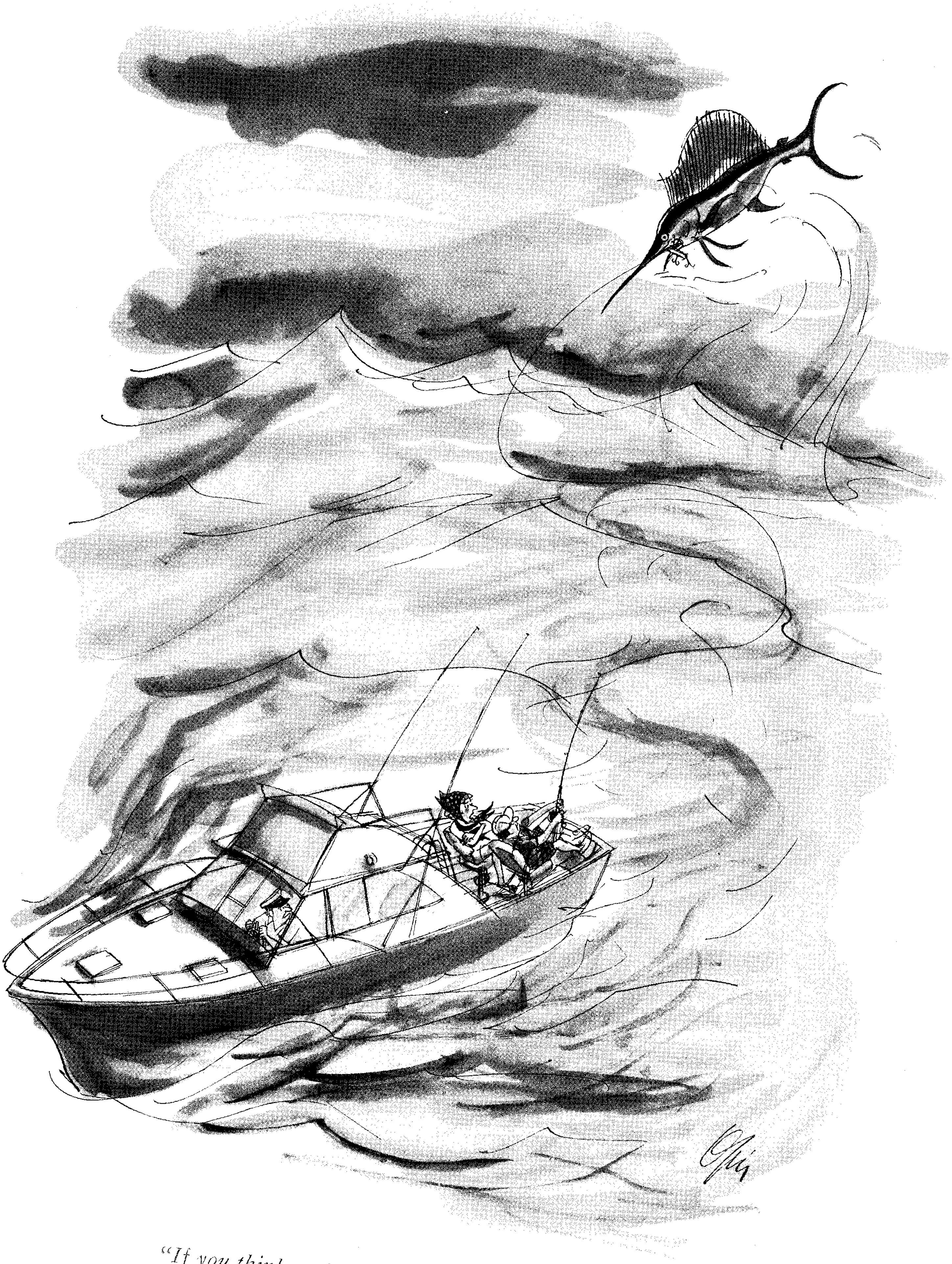
THE WORST WAY TO SKIN A CAT—There is more than one way, as we know, but the worst is to bore a tiny hole into the tip of the cat's tail, through which one attempts to extract the inner animal with a vacuum cleaner.

THE WORST TOASTER—A Sushi Incenderu owned by Mr. and Mrs. Osai Kanusi, of Nagoya, Japan. It toasts one slice at a time, on one side only. After six and a half minutes, the spring rises two centimetres, so that a fork or chopstick must be inserted to extract the bread. Mr. Kanusi, who makes windup razors, is rather adept at this, but Mrs. Kanusi often shorts herself out.

THE WORST HOUSEPLANT—The bruised tuber (*Amanuensis sudor*). This ghastly succulent grows one inch biannually but nevertheless requires weekly repotting and swills thirty gallons of water every day. Its gummy tendrils harbor silverfish.

THE WORST PAINTING—"Three Cherubs Embracing a Knish" (1813), by Gustave Manqué. The nadir of Manqué's Androgynous Period. The central *putto* is afflicted with what look suspiciously like zits, and the others stare at him in disbelief. The provenance of the painting is clouded. It now hangs in the Goodyear Tire Museum, which claims to have acquired it from a private collector in exchange for three rubber bathtub toys.

—CHARLES McGRATH AND DANIEL MENAKER



"If you think you're going to put it over the fireplace, you've got another think coming!"

SODOM AND GOMORRAH

WHEN I entered medical school in 1920, Vienna was suffering from the aftereffects of the war. The former residential capital of an empire of sixty million people had been reduced to being the capital city of a small country of six and a half million. Deprived of its hinterland—grain-producing Hungary and the coal mines of Silesia—Vienna was a starving and freezing city in that rigorous winter of 1920-21. We students attended lectures in unheated auditoriums, and in anatomy laboratories dissected with freezing fingers. Who among my generation of Viennese doctors does not remember the breakfast that the American Quakers served at the aula of the university—large bowls of hot chocolate and thick slices of bread, given out by those white-haired ladies, always with a smile and kind words for us in their atrocious accents. Without that nourishing breakfast we would hardly have been able to start our day in school.

The ingredients for our other meals also came from America. The Jewish Joint Distribution Committee rented a dilapidated building on the Zimmermannplatz, near the boulevard that separated Vienna proper from its suburbs, and adapted it to a student cafeteria—the Mensa Academica. Hundreds of young men and women sat around unpolished tables in that giant dining room, devouring their meals. Unshaded bulbs hung from the ceiling, and the room was far from comfortable, but it was well heated and served its purpose. We spent our free time there, studying and discussing events. In a corner was a blackboard on which notices were chalked up: meetings, lost-and-found articles, part-time jobs. There one day I discovered an advertisement for a French tutor for two children. My knowledge of French was skimpy, but I was in dire need of money. (My parents lived in Baden bei Wien, a half hour's train ride from Vienna. We were refugees from Fascist Hungary, and I could not expect help from home.) I went to Hietzing, the villa suburb of the wealthy, and introduced myself to Herr and Frau Stieglbauer. Fortunately, they did not speak French at all, and I was accepted. Three times weekly for a year and a half, I taught a ten-year-old boy and his eight-year-old sister the language of Molière, and while teaching it I learned it better myself. In addition to the three schillings' tutoring fee, I received an afternoon *Jause:* coffee with *Schlagobers* and buttered rolls. I was more than sorry when in May of 1922, on arriving at the villa, I was told by the weeping Frau Stieglbauer that my services were no longer required. Her husband's business had deteriorated to such a degree that the chauffeur, the gardener, two maids, the *Kinderfräulein,* and I all lost our jobs.

What made this more regrettable was that it occurred just before summer vacation. At the Mensa, I looked in vain for another position. But then one day there was a note on the blackboard: jobs for thirty people; the Sascha Film Company was hiring extras. The only requirement was minimal training in acting, and the fee was tremendous—five schillings (one dollar) per session!

Next morning at six, I travelled by trolley car one hour to the Laaerberg, where the film company had its studios. A long line of applicants was already waiting—mostly students of theatrical schools, I learned from the talk, and I thought my chances were slim indeed. But there I was, and I settled down and read from the anatomy book I had brought with me. I read for two hours. Then we were all called into a room, obviously the office, where behind a desk a man of about thirty with a great crop of hair sat chain-smoking. With a quick wave of the hand, he indicated that we were to walk past him. He rejected one after another. Finally, I arrived at the desk and stood facing him. His squinting eyes rested on me. Five seconds passed, and five more—I was still not rejected.

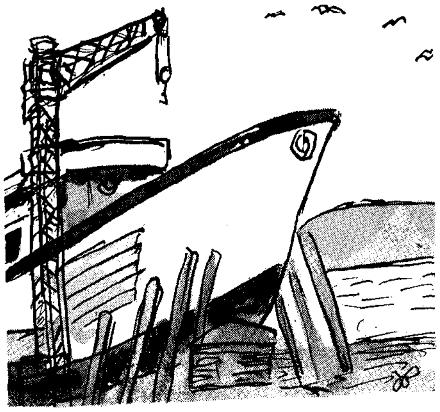
"Any training in acting?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said.

"Tell me more."

"A couple of roles in Shakespeare. I also played Franz Moor in 'Die Räuber.' "

The man's eyes brightened. Franz Moor in the Schiller drama was a major role. "In what theatre?" he asked.



"In *Gymnasium.*"

This was greeted by a roar of laughter. The man smiled. "How exciting!" he said. Then he turned to two men standing with him. "Too bad," he said, amused. "The fellow has a Biblical face. It reminds me of Nebuchadnezzar in a mural I saw recently."

Again there was a salvo of mocking laughter, and I felt myself grow hot with rage. I had noticed that though he spoke good German, like a Hungarian he emphasized the first syllable of each word. "Someday I hope to meet you when we are alone!" I shouted at him in Hungarian.

The man got up and walked around the desk toward me. He raised his right hand, and I was preparing for a fistfight, but he placed his hand gently on my shoulder. "We Hungarians have a terrible temper, haven't we?" he said, and laughed.

He had a terrible temper, Michael Kertész, the director for the Sascha Film Company. He shouted, screamed on all occasions. But I was one of the thirty extras. "Hurry up!" he said impatiently as he conducted us to the dressing room. There we exchanged our street clothes for white gowns. Soon we learned what they signified.

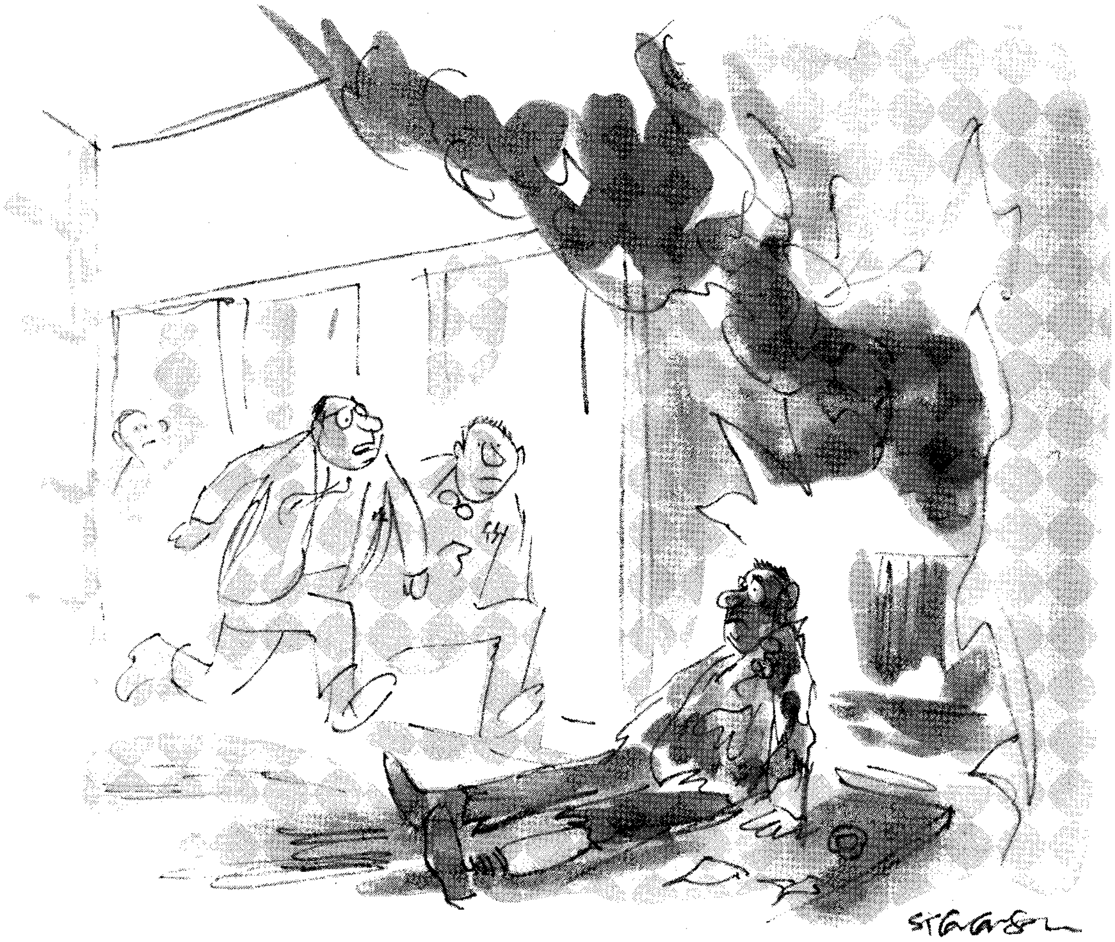
It was a sunny morning but brisk, as it is in late May in Vienna. We marched to the open-air studios (the sun was the only source of light for filmmaking in those days). Kertész, sitting high on a ladder, was yelling at the stagehands, who carried papier-mâché buildings from a warehouse. At one side stood a small group of men and women in white gowns like ours. I recognized them all: well-known actors and actresses of the legitimate theatre. At last, the stage was set, the technicians disappeared, and the cameraman came out from the office building.

"Let's begin!" Kertész shouted from his height. "Ladies and gentlemen of the cast. Our production is the Biblical drama 'Sodom and Gomorrah.' " He took a tattered book from his pocket. "This is the Book of Genesis. Should I read the chapter that deals with our subject?"

"No!" we boomed in unison. We were freezing in our Biblical costumes.

"Very well," Kertész said. "Then we shall begin." I could see that he had prepared himself for a speech.

DURING the next two months, the mass scenes of the movie were filmed; the sinning population of the



"I heard von Schleflin yell 'Eureka,' and then kerblam!*"*

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doomed towns committed crimes against God and their fellow-men. Hour after hour, day after day, the thirty of us attacked Lot's house, only to be stopped by two corpulent angels. Kertész screamed at us, "Fools! You stroll as if you were on the Kärntner Strasse. *Attack*, you sons of bitches! Again! Again, you . . ." until he gave a sign to the cameraman, a middle-aged, dour-faced man with gypsy-black hair, to start shooting the scene. Often when we arrived in the morning, the sun hid behind clouds, and those days, with a grim face, Kertész handed us our five schillings at the gate. It was always he who paid our salaries.

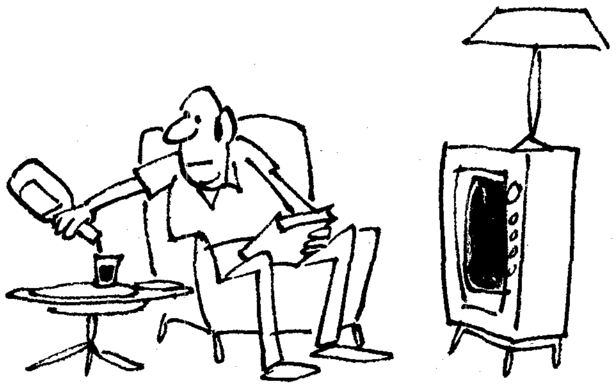
Not everything I had expected when I entered the world of glamour materialized in the hysterical atmosphere, the hustle and bustle, the dreariness of the papier-mâché houses. But the five schillings reconciled me to the shortcomings of the job. My living standard improved. I bought a much needed suit and a pair of shoes. I ate better, and my mother's eyes rested on me with satisfaction. I could even help my parents and my brothers, who were still in the *Gymnasium*. Food was rationed, and low in calories. Mother obviously did not divide it evenly; when I came home for the weekends, I found her face smaller and smaller. But everything could be bought on the black market, and on my visits now I carried in my briefcase bread, meat, shortenings. Father did not know—he would have resented it bitterly.

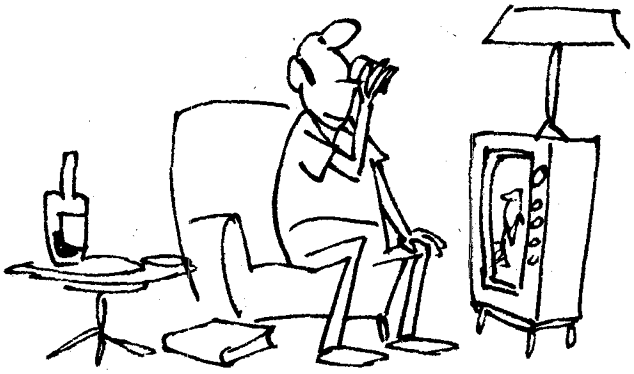
Father was in his mid-forties. He had been a pioneer in the welfare program of the workers in western Hungary—a high official in the social-security and sick-benefit foundation—and he could not find an equal job as a refugee in Austria. In the small positions he did find here and there, he earned too much to die but not enough to live decently. Still, he was too proud to accept support from anyone—especially from a son. He knew of my job at the Sascha Film Company, of course, but he had no interest in it; it was an emergency solution. Father was not a doctor himself, but he came from a family of doctors, and all his life medicine was the essence of his existence.

Mother, on the other hand, was curious about my new career. "Tell me more," she would say, making sure that Father was not around. Her own interests included the arts: theatre, movies, music. She had a warm, pleasant voice. Before I opened my eyes mornings, I would hear her singing as she moved about the apartment preparing breakfast, checking Father's clothes for the day. "*Leise flehen meine Lieder*"—she loved Schubert. She wanted to know everything about the picture-making, but when I had finished telling her she would always say, "Yes, it is interesting. But Richard, do not neglect your studies."

Those I neglected indeed. The hours of my lectures often conflicted with the time I spent on the Laaerberg. In anatomy lab, I was behind the others; the leg that had been assigned to me for dissection was only half done. One afternoon, the anatomy instructor warned me that if I didn't finish in time I would flunk. Next day, I asked for an interview with Kertész to request time off. As always when a subject didn't interest him, he listened with only one ear. Then he said that he would try to work something out. That was the last I heard of the matter. So I explained my predicament to the instructor and arranged with him to dissect during the evening hours.

Out on the Laaerberg, Kertész was pushing those scenes that required a large personnel. The payroll with the extras weighed heavily on his meagre budget. (Often, sombre-looking strangers—the men who financed the venture—watched the shooting, while Kertész smoked more than usual.) Little by little, one extra after another was given notice, until only a few of us remained. Then, one day when I arrived for work, the doorman told me I must report immediately at Kertész' office. Walking through the anteroom, all I could think of was the blackboard at the Mensa, with its chalked-up notices of jobs. But Kertész received me cordially, offered me a seat and a cigarette. He asked me how things were going, and I thought he was even paying attention as I answered. He rose and walked up and down, taking side glances at me. He stopped in front of





me. "D'you want to continue with us?" he asked.

It took a few seconds to collect myself. "I just told you," I said. "I'm behind in anatomy lab—"

"O.K.," he interrupted. "We can talk about that, too. Now, listen." He switched to Hungarian. "I've been watching you, and I want to be fair. You're no Conrad Veidt yet, but maybe something can be made of you—maybe. What I need immediately is someone to take over the part of Lot. Herr Schwendtner complains of chest pains—he's not going to be able to continue."

I protested. "But medical students are forbidden to take part in extracurricular activities. The university—"

"They needn't know. We'll use a pseudonym." Kertész narrowed his eyes. "Your fee will be *fifty* schillings a session! *Te marha.*" ("You blockhead.") He looked at me sternly.

I HAD a hard time. The rehearsals were agony. Kertész interrupted me steadily with abuse. "You *are* Lot, you stupid son of a bitch! The only one in those goddam towns who was selected by the Almighty! Don't you understand? Why the hell did I ever think you could do it!" Moaning, he tore at his hair. At last, still moaning, he gave the sign to the cameraman. And then we would move to the next scene, and new abuses. I often was close to pulling off my Biblical costume and walking out.

Otherwise, Kertész kept his word; he accepted the demands of medical school and allowed me time for lectures. Still, it often happened that while I was in the midst of lab work I was called out and in the corridor one of Kertész' messengers would be waiting.

In November, the filming was completed, and during the winter months Kertész edited the film. I stood by while he explained to me the technical business of cutting and splicing. In April, 1923, "Sodom and Gomorrah" was shown in the movie theatres of Vienna. It was a smash hit in the city. But I flunked anatomy lab.

My father was furious. He turned on Mother. "I warned you!" he shouted. "It is your fault!"

Mother tried to appease him.

"All right, all right," he said finally. "But now the hocus-pocus is over. *Verstanden!*"

I told Kertész and he was furious, too. "Your petit-bourgeois father! He cannot grasp what his son has achieved! A career! Fame!"

Soon I noticed it myself. At first, I thought it was only accidental. While sitting with Kertész in the Café Arkaden, a student café located near the university, I would see people point at us and whisper. Kertész had a considerable reputation, and I was not surprised at the public attention he was given. But once when I was waiting for him a young lady approached me and asked for an autograph. I must have looked blank as I signed my name, and the girl looked quite disappointed. "I thought you were Lot," she said. Happily, I signed my pseudonym, and other visitors of the café came crowding round. The same thing happened when I was sitting on a bench of the Votivpark, near the university. And if I had needed an additional confirmation of my popularity, I received it soon.

The *Studentenkrawalle*, anti-Semitic student demonstrations, were a biannual occurrence at registration time, when nationalist students attempted to prevent Jewish students from entering the university—a kind of carnival watched by hundreds of Viennese outside the university building. When I went up the outside steps of that building to register for the summer semester, I was immediately stopped by a long-legged student wearing the fraternity cap of a nationalist student society. He asked me if I was Jewish, and I answered that it was none of his business. A brawl ensued, and the proctor's men who were on duty came over and conducted the two of us to the dean's office.

The dean, a professor of pharmacology, had a beard enveloping most of his face. He asked who had initiated the fight.

I said it was I.

"Don't you know that disturbances in these halls are prohibited?" he thundered at me.

I told him the circumstances, and added that certainly I had a right to register.

"You should have complained," the dean said.

"To whom?"

"To the proctor's men—don't you know that?"

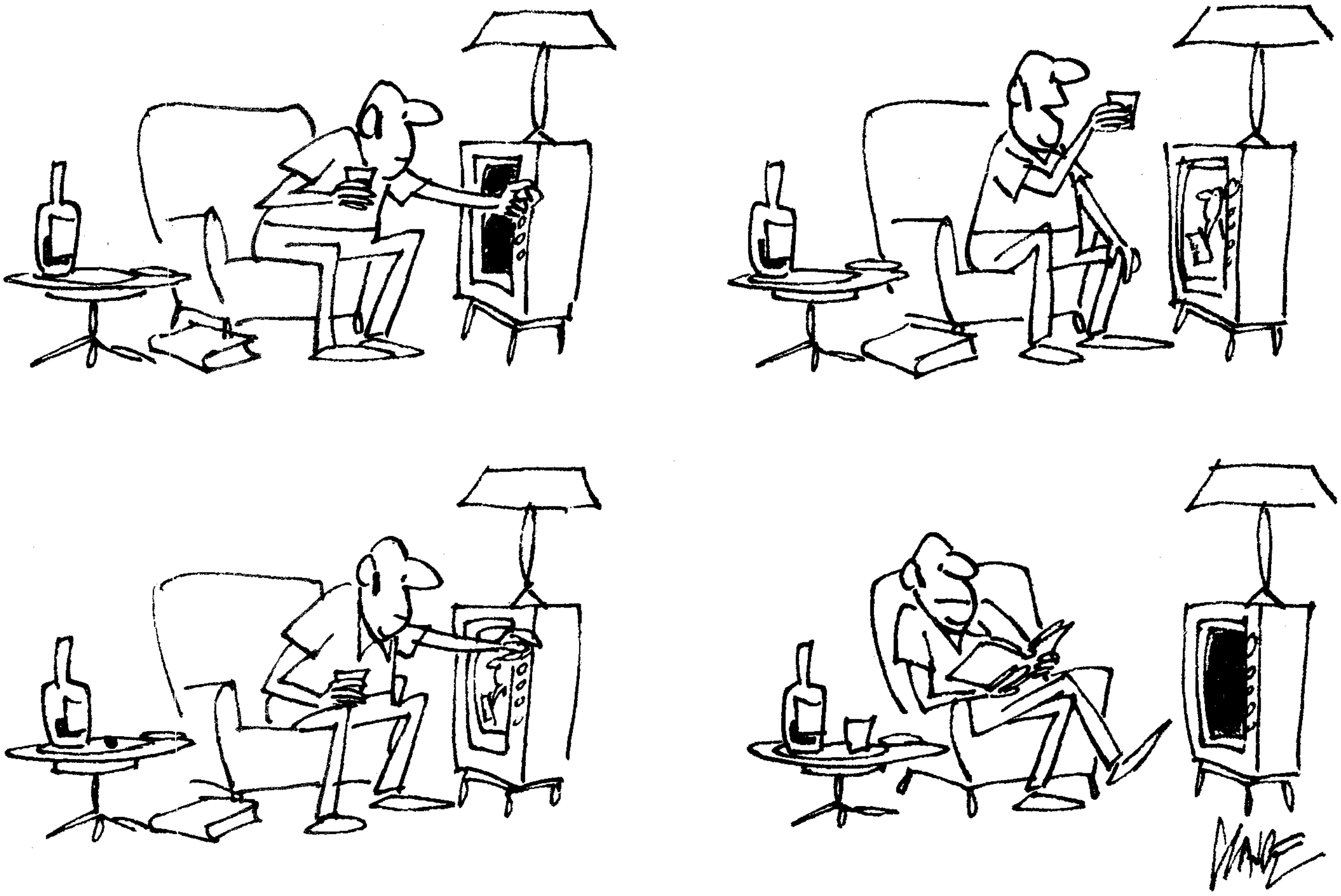
"They arrived only after that brute—"

"Don't use such expressions. I suspend you for the coming semester."

"But *Herr Dekan*," I protested.

The dean took off his eyeglasses and wiped them with great care. After putting them back on his nose, he studied my face. Then, around his fleshy lips, partly hidden by his beard, a smile appeared. "Are you by any chance Lot?" he said.

More trouble, I thought, for I had



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broken university regulations. But I had no other choice than to answer yes.

"Sentence suspended," the dean said.

MY summer vacation was ruined; I had to prepare for the anatomy exam in the fall. The lab remained open during the summer and I had much to make up. I met often with Kertész at the Café Arkaden. "Sodom and Gomorrah," in spite of its critical success, was not doing well at the box office. Vienna, the proverbial capital of music and the arts, had not established a reputation in moviemaking. The Pathé Frères of France, UFA (Universum-Film-Aktiengesellschaft) of Berlin, Hollywood, and even little Denmark were more recognized on the world market. I half listened to Kertész explaining why while I read about heart valves, and muscles and their innervations.

One night, Kertész arrived at the café earlier than usual. He moved around on his chair uneasily. "I've an idea. Listen," he said.

I looked up from my book.

"It's raining incessantly, but the payroll goes on. I'm fed up with the Laaerberg. I've decided to shoot a couple of films at Lake Como. Eternal sun . . ."

"And what has that to do with me?" I asked.

"A couple of Ferenc Molnár comedies. Would you come along?"

"Out of the question!" I pointed at my book.

"You wouldn't have to work all the time. You could study, too."

"I am staying right here!" I pounded the table.

"Hundred schillings!" Kertész narrowed his eyes.

Money was no longer a temptation to me. The fortunes of my family had changed. The peace treaty of Saint-Germain, concluded in 1919 between Austria and the victorious Allied powers, ceded parts of western Hungary to Austria and established a new province, the Burgenland. In 1923, Father had regained his old position, and I was now fully supported from home. I told Kertész so.

"It's not the money," he said apologetically. "I meant it only [illegible] token of appreciation." He smiled. "Aren't you flattered, you blockhead? Well, think it over. Lake Como instead of this terrible Vienna. Look out the window. Brrr."

And he went on talking about his plans. The perfect pied piper, I thought, unmoved. But then, little by little, he pulled me once again into his sphere. After all—couldn't I take part in those movies and at the same time study for my exam?

I travelled to Sauerbrunn, a little watering place, now the temporary capital of Burgenland. It was not hard to persuade Mother, but how to win over Father? My parents lived in a spacious apartment on the second floor of a building whose first floor was taken up by Father's offices. On the veranda overlooking a garden with apple, pear, cherry, and walnut trees, Mother and I discussed stratagems till late at night, while Father still worked in his office. I looked tired, Mother said, and Father would certainly not object to my taking a vacation in the sunny south. That would be the best line to take. "But will you also study?" she asked anxiously.

THE movie productions at Lake Como proceeded according to plan. I was now an old hand. I played Hungarian cavalry officers and jealous husbands with skill. Even Kertész seemed to be satisfied, although he did not commend me; in business, he kept a proper distance between himself and the staff. During my free time, I swam in the azure-blue lake. Nights, I danced with Lot's younger daughter, again my partner, in spite of Kertész' explicit order that the cast must be in bed at ten. Once, he caught us and created a scandal in the presence of other guests at the bar, who knew us and enjoyed the scene. As a consequence, we were locked at nine in separate rooms. Now, finally, I studied anatomy.

At the end of August, the troupe

travelled home. Father and Mother were both pleased at the way I looked. "You have a good suntan," Father said. "But I hope you're ready for the exam." I assured Mother that everything had gone well—movie acting and also studying. We agreed that Father, who never went to the movies, would not find out about my escapade.

The first week of October, I passed anatomy and was through with the basic sciences. I was ready for the Allgemeines Krankenhaus—the teaching hospital. It was built at the order of Josef II, the enlightened Hapsburg emperor, in the seventeen-seventies. A few buildings had been added, but in my time it did not look very different from the day it had been erected: small buildings separated by seven courtyards, patches of green. The air always carried the smell of iodine and carbolic acid. In spring, when the acacia trees bloomed, their scent mingled with the smell of the medications.

My heart bumped when I first placed my stethoscope on the chest of a patient, when I watched the first operation, when I heard for the first time the cry of a newborn baby. I was proud to be a student of the venerable Vienna Medical School. During the day, I was fully occupied with attending lectures and work in the hospital, but when evening came I found myself in a trolley car travelling to the Laaerberg.

I was determined to stick to my medical studies and not to be swayed by any temptation. Even Kertész seemed reconciled to my decision. While he edited the rolls of film, swearing steadily about omissions either by the actors or by himself, he seemed to listen to my accounts of my day's work. Then, in the projection room, we watched the films, and, with a side glance at me, Kertész would often murmur that I had done a fine job. Later, settling down in the office, we drank Turkish coffee, often long after midnight. Next morning, I would wake up sleepy and tired. Once, in a lecture on gynecology (Professor Kermauner, a great scholar, was an unstimulating lecturer), I was awakened by the Professor himself. Shamed before my laughing colleagues, I apologized and swore to myself that from here on I would be in bed early. I kept my promise for a few days. Then I travelled again to the Laaerberg.

MEMORIES OF LOWER FIFTH

1

I loved them once, those towering hotels
On lower Fifth, where I imagined lives
Far richer than those lives turned out to be:
Snow linen and the corollary warmth
Of fires screened away from rare, old rugs,
The ping of knives, the smell of morning coffee,
Crystal, silk, polished mahogany—
The world cut off by plush and drapery.

2

I saw façades become the ruins they hid,
The usual drift of class, of style to none,
A genteel century of fireplaces
Teeter in the air, the wrecker's ball
Swing back in space to slam in once again
Against the dangling painting of a wall
To bring another room down to its floor,
Another floor down to another floor.

3

One snowy winter night, the traffic lights
Shed small circles every block or two
And made of bell-resounding streets a town
Blind faith constructed in a magic mirror.
Such were the slopes, the signs, the gradients
I rode into countries of the zodiac
Past the north scarps of French-speaking mountains
Onto stopped carpets of an English square.

—Howard Moss

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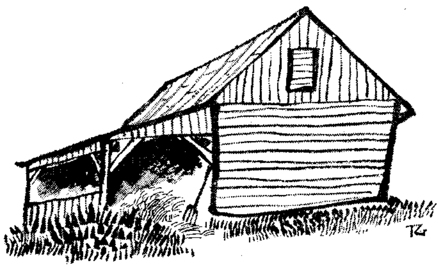
In April, arriving at the dormitory from a lecture, I was called to the telephone. It was Mother. She sounded despondent. Father had found out about my summer excursion. How? He had been congratulated about his "great actor son." Father was so angry he would not even speak to her. I should think what to say, she warned me; she had run out of all possible explanations.

I thought of not going home for the weekend, but then I decided I might as well face the inevitable. I arrived on the afternoon train, after lunch (lunch is the main meal in Central Europe), to have time to talk with Mother alone. Father had not changed, she said. He still refused to speak to her. But, in spite of her desperate mood, Mother could not repress her feelings: she had seen the movies and she thought I was very good. We did not have long to talk; the telephone rang and I was summoned to Father's office.

When I went in, he only nodded, sitting behind his desk, on which papers, letters, files were arranged in impeccable order. Unperturbed by my presence, he signed one paper after another. I waited for his wrath to fall on me. It never did. After a few minutes, he placed his pen on the desk and fixed me with his gray-green eyes. "If you go on as you are," he said without raising his voice, "you will be regarded as a fool. No one will ever take you seriously—neither medical school nor your movie people. No one can serve two masters [*Niemand kann zwei Herren dienen*]. You must make up your mind. You are already twenty-two."



SO I made up my mind: medicine. And the more I progressed in my studies, the more engrossed I became. My contact with Kertész did not cease—the contrary. We met more often than ever in the Café Arkaden, where we spoke about many things, including moviemaking. I even signed autographs—but my past achievements belonged to a closed past. Once, he said casually that he contemplated making a picture about a doctor's life, and I thought he was watching me from the corner of his eye.

One day, I was called out from a surgery lecture. A messenger was wait-

"About four months ago, he had a room added to the house, and I haven't laid eyes on him since."

• •

ing in the hall with a note. I should come immediately to the Laaerberg. I thought there was something physically wrong with Kertész and left at once.

He was waiting for me in his office, looking perfectly healthy and dressed in his gray checked holiday suit (ordinarily, at all seasons, he wore a short-sleeved black sweater). Without saying a word, he handed me a telegram. I read it. UFA had invited him to Berlin for a conference.

"Congratulations," I said. I was really happy for him.

"Come on," he said impatiently. "My car is waiting to take us to the station."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't ask questions." He pushed me ahead of him to the door.

"But I don't have even an extra shirt," I protested.

"You'll get it in Berlin."

The train ride lasted fourteen hours. We rode in a sleeper, Kertész in the upper berth. I scarcely closed my eyes the whole night. Kertész talked incessantly, climbing up and down the ladder—now for a glass of water, another time for a bottle of cognac; he never stopped smoking. I was glad when the first daylight filtered through the window curtains and I could get up. I was hungry—I realized that I hadn't eaten since lunch the previous day.

We arrived at the Potsdamer Bahnhof at five in the afternoon. There I sent a telegram to my parents to say where I was and that I would explain in a letter the circumstances of my trip. At the film company we were greeted by the *Regisseur*—the director—a tall, stout man. UFA was always searching for new talent, he said, and they had been watching Kertész' work in the Sascha Company with interest. However, the Sascha Company was small,

"You mustn't say things like that. Why, I'll bet you're even more fascinating now than you were in your prime."

• •

comparatively unknown. Before UFA could offer Kertész a contract, he would have to prove himself in Berlin. As a test, they would like him to direct the first part of a film with a Hungarian theme (it was called something like "Sunset on the Puszta"). He was to start immediately; in a neighboring room, half a dozen cameramen and technicians were waiting for him. Then the *Regisseur* turned to me and asked who I was. Kertész said that I was the pillar of the Sascha Company. He had thought they would want to meet me.

Without even taking time to wash up, Kertész went to work. At first he was jittery, but within a day or two he found himself—authoritative, abusive, ingenious. Only at night, when we had a nightcap together, did he have doubts. Would he get the contract? I wrote home assuring my parents that my Berlin excursion was no relapse into the movie world.

One night three weeks after our arrival in Berlin, Kertész stumbled into my room. His face was deadly pale and he was perspiring profusely. With trembling fingers, he took a sheet of paper from his pocket—his contract. It was high time for me to get back to medical school.

During the train ride back to Vienna, Kertész slept like a child, although as a precaution I took the upper berth. I could not sleep this time, either. Had I been honest with myself? The weeks in Berlin had wakened my dormant feelings for the world of the screen. Revolutionary changes were taking place—indoor ateliers, the first experiments with sound. The UFA people had been kind to me; I had been given a film test. Now I was going back to the dreary world of everyday—another year in medical school. And then? A doctor, one among thousands.

Kertész' contract with the Sascha Film Company had just expired, and he was winding up his affairs on the Laaerberg. We met daily until his departure. I went with him to the railway station to see him off for Berlin.

For several months after that, I had no news from Kertész. I knew that he did not believe in letter writing ("a petit-bourgeois habit," he would say). It was in June, 1925 (I remember the date, because the day before I had passed my pathology exam), that I received a telegram from him. It had been sent from Berlin, and I tore it open impatiently. I read: "YOUR CONTRACT READY STOP COME IMMEDIATELY STOP MICHAEL KERTÉSZ UFA."

I took the next train to Sauerbrunn. There was no question in my mind—I would go to Berlin. Father was not at home, and Mother was preparing dinner. I gave her the telegram, scrutinizing her face as she read it. She had aged. Her diabetes, recently discovered, had taken a great toll. She read the telegram again and again, her hands shaking.

"I understand, Richard," she said at last in her gentle voice. "It is a great honor. But"—she sighed deeply—"finish your studies first. A doctor can always become an actor, but an actor can never become a doctor."

Years passed, and decades. I did not hear from Kertész after I wrote explaining that I must finish my studies. But my early experience in the theatre haunted me. As a country doctor, I arranged amateur performances at country fairs. Later, on the Ivory Coast, where I was a colonial surgeon, I amazed my fellow-colons once when, with natives as actors, I produced a Ferenc Molnár comedy. Still later, in an American children's camp where I was camp doctor, I directed the children in a Sholom Aleichem play.

In the early forties, "Casablanca" was a much celebrated movie in America. It had been directed by a Michael Curtiz. One day, I saw his picture in a magazine—a late-middle-aged man, with a quizzical smile around the lips. Wasn't he my old director, Kertész? I wrote to him in Hollywood. No answer. I must have been mistaken, I thought. But years later, returning from a summer vacation, I found among the letters that had accumulated during my absence a note in Hungarian:

> Sorry I couldn't answer earlier. Always busy. Now, while visiting a playwright in New York, I called your number. No luck. You were away. I would have liked to meet you, talk about the old times, the Laaerberg, "Sodom and Gomorrah." Wasn't it good to be young? I was happy to hear that you have a family and a good practice. But I must say that you had talent—blockhead.

I was sorry to have missed him. Soon, I read in the papers that Michael Curtiz had died.

—Richard Berczeller

A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

I—SPRING NOTES

THE events of the past several months were without precedent in our national life. At the heart of it all was the question of whether our Constitutional form of government would continue. This was a new question. President Nixon's resignation appeared to be the decisive event, but it was not. What was decisive was the action taken by the thirty-eight members of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. It was these men and women who, by what they did, compelled the President to give up his office, established what Presidential conduct was intolerable, and handed down the tablets for the future. The President's sudden departure from office and his successor's sudden attempt to "shut and seal this book" with a pardon simply added importance to what they did. The committee carried out the only process by which the President was called to account for the conduct of his Administration. It was a process that was not an easy one for political beings to face, and was one that many politicians—to the end, and successfully—sought to avoid. In the course of reaching their conclusions, the elected representatives on the Judiciary Committee conducted the most fateful deliberations about the meaning of the Constitution since the document was drafted at the Philadelphia convention in 1787.

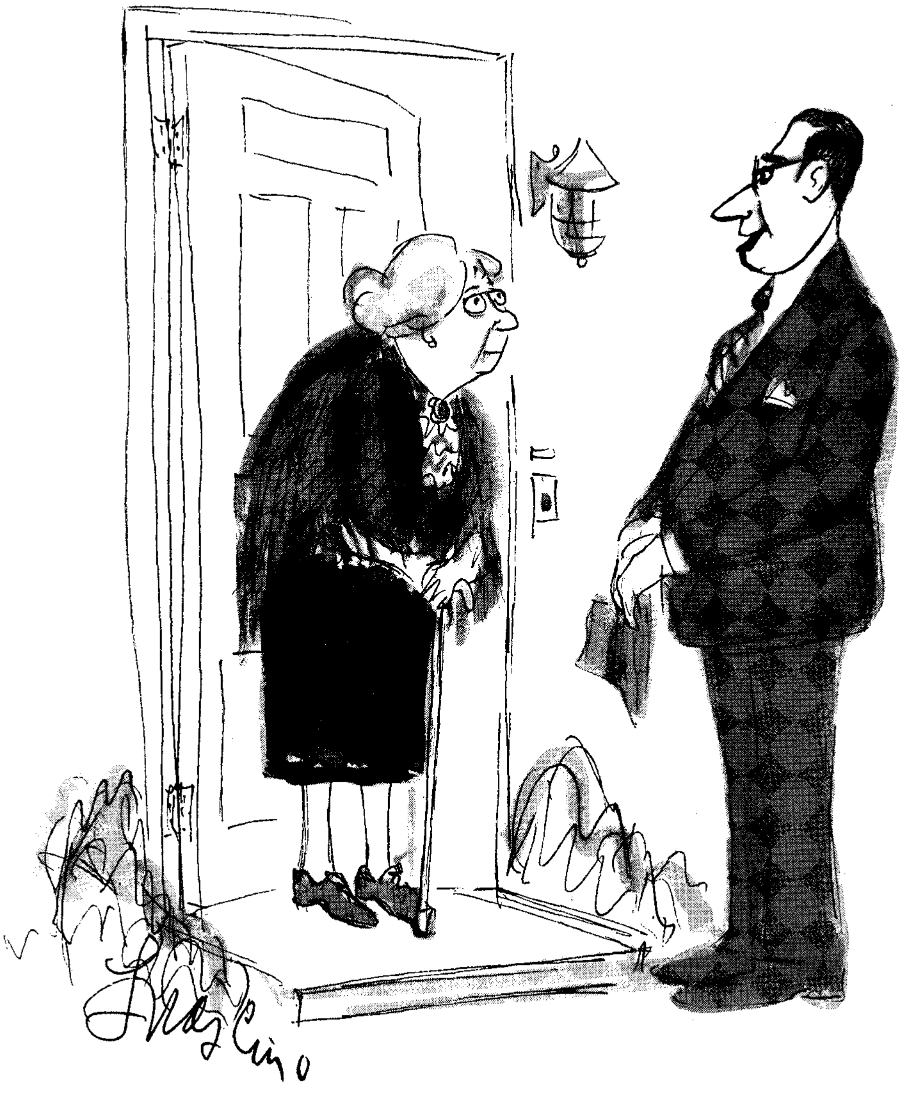
The President's rapid exit from office was all that prevented an overwhelming vote of impeachment in the House, which would have been only the second impeachment of a President in American history, and what appeared to be an inevitable conviction in the Senate, which would have been the first. When Mr. Nixon resigned, it was in fashion to say that "the institutions" had performed, that "the system" had worked, but even then this was not really so clear. The ending of the Nixon Administration was not as certain, or the series of events that preceded it as impersonal, as history may make them seem. The "institutions" and the "system" are not self-implementing. They can work only if there are enough people who are sufficiently concerned and wise—as well as in a position—to make them work. There were such people—in the Congress, in the Special Prosecutor's office, in the courts, and in the citizenry. But while we learned that the forces that can make our system of government work are powerful, so are the countervailing forces. There were several times during the year when there was reason to question which would prevail.

Living through this period here in Washington, one had an opportunity to watch and listen to the people who grappled with these great questions which were to define our nation's future. In following the events in Washington, there was a rare chance to observe the mixture of institutional and human behavior, of processes and personalities, of various motivations and ambitions which went into the decisions about what sort of country this was going to be. During this extraordinary time, I kept a journal. The following are some entries.

MARCH 1

IN cold print, and in stark language, the fifty-page indictment handed up by the Watergate grand jury today charges that seven former associates of the President "and other persons to the Grand Jury known and unknown, unlawfully, willfully, and knowingly did combine, conspire, confederate, and agree together and with each other to commit offenses against the United States." The first count charges that the conspiracy began on or about June 17, 1972, the date of the break-in at the Watergate, and continued "up to and including the date of the filing of this indictment."

The major attention today is not so much on the details of the indictment as on a sealed report handed to Judge John Sirica by the grand-jury foreman, Vladimir Pregelj, and on a locked briefcase handed to Sirica by Richard Ben-Veniste, Assistant Special Prosecutor. Immediately, the speculation was that it contained information about President Nixon and was intended for



"Remember me, Miss Burns? Alvin Downs. You were my eighth-grade English teacher, and did I ever raise Cain in your class! I didn't turn out so badly, now, did I?"

the House Judiciary Committee. We know already, as a result of a disclosure by the President at a press conference last week, that the grand jury sought to question him and he declined.

Among those named in the indictment today were John Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman, the President's two highest assistants; John Mitchell, his first Attorney General; and Charles Colson, also a high White House aide. Even though the indictment was expected, it came as a hammer blow. That keeps happening: the impact of the actual event is sharper and more disturbing than was anticipated. We can anticipate the facts but not their impact, their emotional reverberations. So we are unnerved when seven former Administration and reëlection-committee officials—including the President's closest associates, men who held great power—are indicted. The indictment is for conspiracy to cover up the Watergate break-in. The purpose of the coverup was to keep the public from finding out the extent of official involvement in the break-in and the surrounding activities and so prevent damage to the President's chances of reëlection. (John Mitchell told the Ervin committee last summer, speaking of the period following the discovery of the break-in, "I still believe that the most important thing to this country was the reëlection of Richard Nixon.") In that sense, the coverup worked.

There are those who believe that the coverup has proved far more damaging to the President than the discovery of what was being covered up would have. Many discussions have taken place here as to whether the President could have spared himself this agony, and, if so, when. But the problem for the White House, as we keep learning, was that there was so much to cover up. The break-in at the Watergate combined the elements of covert operations, espionage, secret funds, hidden contributions, and aggression against political opponents (real and perceived) which also characterized other activities carried out under the Administration. Perhaps the President was trapped all along.

One of the overt acts charged against Charles Colson is a conversation he had in November, 1972, with Howard Hunt, who was asking for additional payments for the Watergate defendants. It was in that conversation that Colson said to Hunt, according to a transcript released by the Ervin committee last fall, "The less specifics I know, the better off I am . . . we are, you are." John Mitchell is charged with "knowingly" making "false material declarations" to the grand jury on September 14, 1972, when, upon being asked whether he knew of any plans to spy on the Democrats, he said, "Certainly not, because, if there had been, I would have shut it off as being entirely nonproductive at that particular time of the campaign." Nonproductive at that particular time. Haldeman is charged with lying to the Ervin committee when he said that in a meeting on March 21, 1973, at which the raising of money to buy the silence of the Watergate defendants was discussed, the President said, "It would be wrong."

PARAMETERS

Two stones of staunchly variant origin
Were tumbling in a belly of the brook,
Had been the last hour, and maybe had been
When the magnolia's gray reptilian skin
Was such rough compromise of heart and weather,
As rough as a poet's heart wrapped in leather,
As to be incomprehensible as an old book
To a baby, to the bright garnet kernel
On the creek-bank in the streaming, diurnal
Leaf-light of a long-gone dappled spring
That made the rippling creek a leopard's hide.
The two stones rolled and sometimes clicked together,
Both buff-colored and worn smooth by the sting
Of wind-blown sands and torrent-driven sands,
Of season after season side by side,
So no one coming on their homely tumble—
A dance less than fate, more than circumstance,
For all its chancy loose parameters,
Not so impressive as the linked-wrist prance
Of ponderous double stars down universe,
But too sprightly to be thought of as humble—
No one coming by so preoccupied
His mind can't notice what it registers
Would notice one was quartz, one common stone
That children crack in driveways for the rose
Still lustrous in its core's annealed, swirled flows,
The memory of some extinct volcanic cone.

—Jack Butler

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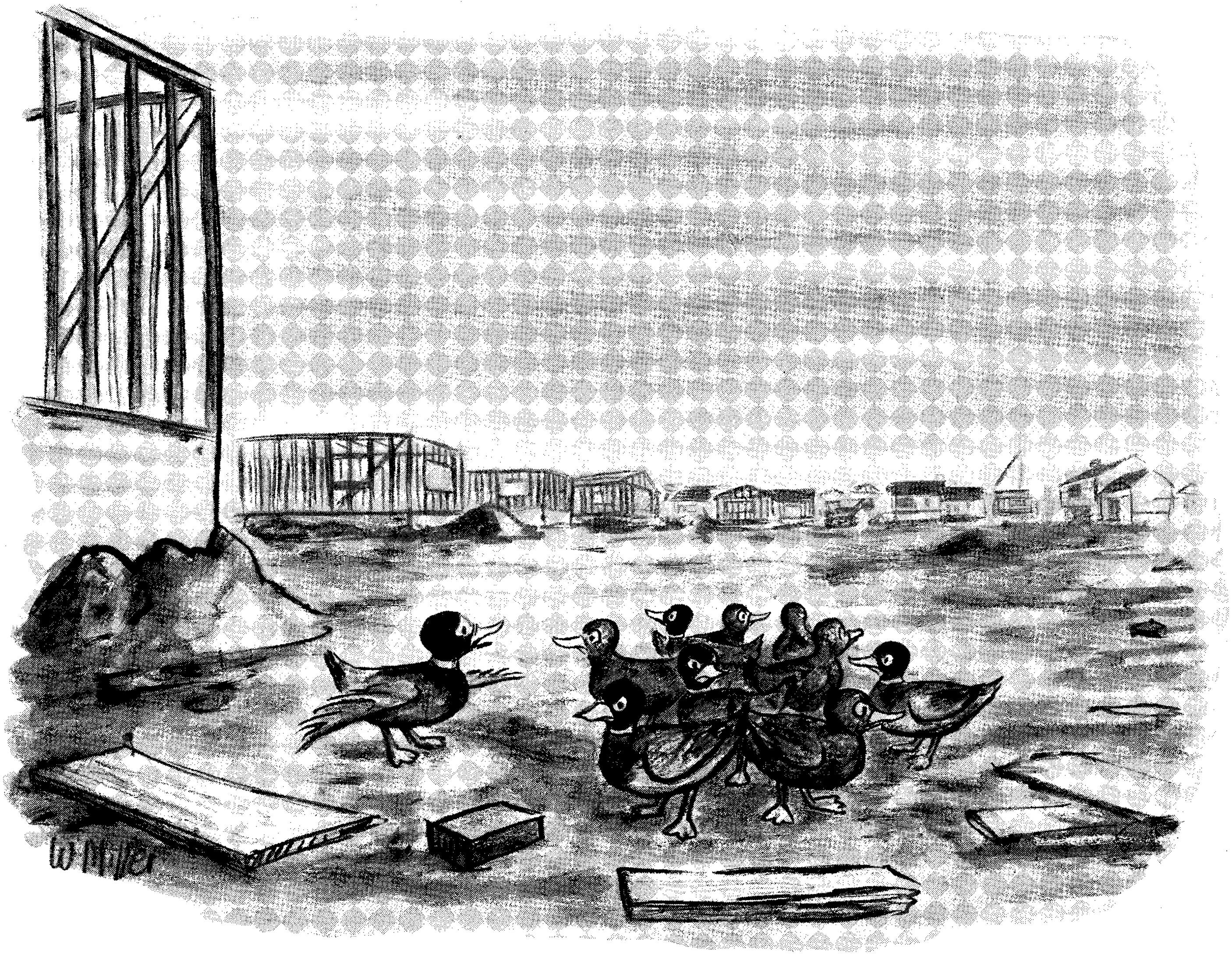
THE White House has issued a statement, approved by the President, that the President hopes the country "will join him in recognizing that those indicted are presumed innocent unless proof of guilt is established in the courts."

•

A POLL commissioned by Republicans which was conducted last month showed that seventy-three per cent of the voters in Vice-President Gerald Ford's former congressional district thought Watergate the most important issue in the recent election there. On February 18th, Ford's seat, which he had held for twenty-five years, and which Republicans had held for sixty-four, was won by a Democrat. Though much was made of the fact that the victor, Richard F. Vander Veen, had called for the President's resignation, it is also true that he had pointed out that the resignation would make Gerald Ford President. (Ford, once an obscure House Minority Leader, now leads all Republicans—and Democrats—in polls for the Presidency in 1976.) The Michigan election was the second of two special elections held so far this year. On February 5th, in Pennsylvania, a Democrat narrowly defeated a Republican in an election to fill a seat that had been held by a Republican who died.

•

RICHARD COHEN writes in the Washington *Post* that as of now charges have been brought against twenty-eight persons formerly associated with the White House or the President's reëlection campaign. "In addition," he writes, "ten corporations or their officers, or both, have been accused of making illegal contributions," eight of them to the Nixon campaign. And six people are now in jail for Watergate-related crimes: three of the seven original co-conspirators for the break-in; two who were sentenced for "dirty tricks" in the campaign; and



"Gosh, I'm sorry. I could have sworn this area was all wetlands last year."

• •

Egil Krogh. In January, Krogh, a former White House aide and director of "the plumbers," having pleaded guilty to violating the civil rights of Dr. Lewis J. Fielding, Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, was sentenced to serve six months in prison. In February, Herbert Kalmbach, the President's personal attorney, pleaded guilty to charges of secret and illegal fundraising, and is now coöperating with investigators.

•

THERE is little to guide those who must design and direct the impeachment process. They virtually have to invent it. England, from which the framers of the Constitution borrowed the idea, hasn't used the impeachment procedure since 1805. Warren Hastings, whose trial on impeachment charges was taking place in London while the framers met in Philadelphia, in 1787, was an ex-Governor General of India—a situation not exactly analogous to that of a sitting President of the United States. Here there have been only a few impeachments of judges. The impeachment of Andrew Johnson, ostensibly for his removal of the Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton, in violation of an act of Congress—the Tenure of Office Act, which was itself later held un-Constitutional—was surrounded by post-Civil War bitterness and partisanship. It is not the sort of precedent that contemporary legislators wish to rely on.

It is the current impeachment proceeding that may be setting the precedents for future generations.

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THIS week, the White House issued a paper setting forth what it views as constituting an impeachable offense. The White House analysis concludes that the Constitutional definition of impeachment—"for treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors"—inherently requires not only a criminal offense but one "of a very serious nature committed in one's governmental capacity." It argues that "the use of a predetermined criminal standard for the impeachment of a President is also supported by history, logic, legal precedent, and a sound and sensible public policy which demands stability in our form of government." To hold otherwise, it says, would be to expose the executive branch to "political impeachments."

The staff of the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry, in a report issued in late February, rejects the argument that an impeachable offense must be a crime. "Impeachment is a Constitutional remedy addressed to serious offenses against the system of government," the report says. The report notes "three major Presidential duties of broad scope that are explicitly recited in the Constitution: to 'take care that the laws be faithfully executed,' to 'faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States,' and to 'preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.' " All three of these are in the Constitution, the second and third as parts of the oath of office which the Constitution prescribes. The report argues that "the duty to 'take care' is affirmative," and "so is the duty faithfully to 'execute the office.' " It says, "The duty of a President to 'preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution' to the best of his ability includes the duty not to abuse his powers or transgress their limits—not to violate the rights of citizens, such as those guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, and not to act in derogation of powers vested elsewhere by the Constitution." It argues that these duties cannot be precisely spelled out, nor can the limits on the President's exercise of power. "Some of the most grievous offenses against our Constitutional form of government may not entail violations of the criminal law," it says. The report also says, "Not all Presidential misconduct is sufficient to constitute grounds for impeachment," adding that there is the further requirement of "substantiality." "In deciding whether this further requirement has been met," it says, "the facts must be considered as a whole in the context of the office, not in terms of separate or isolated events."

The report points out that the framers of the Constitution debated the question of whether the requirement of standing for reëlection, if the incumbent should choose to run again, would serve as a sufficient check on the executive. One of the framers argued against impeachment on the ground that the executive "would periodically be tried for his behavior by his electors," and Gouverneur Morris suggested that an executive could "do no criminal act without coadjutors who may be punished." George Mason replied that no man should be "above justice," and that the principal as well as the coadjutors must be punished when great crimes are committed. James Madison, arguing in favor of an impeachment provision, said that it was "indispensable" in order to defend the people against "the incapacity, negligence, or perfidy of the chief magistrate." Madison argued that with a single executive, as opposed to a legislature, "loss of capacity or corruption was more within the compass of probable events, and either of them might be fatal to the Republic." The President "is not the King but the prime minister," said Gouverneur Morris at the Constitutional Convention. "The people are the King."

PHONE
WEBER

"You'll be all right, dear. When I get home, I'll move you into the sun. Now let me speak to the philodendron."

•

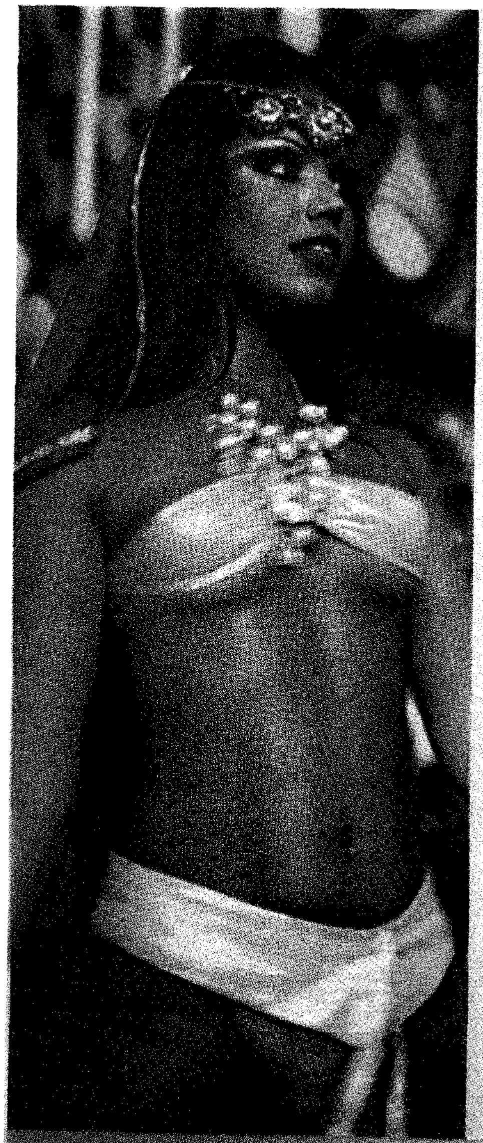
IN Federalist Paper No. 65, Alexander Hamilton wrote:

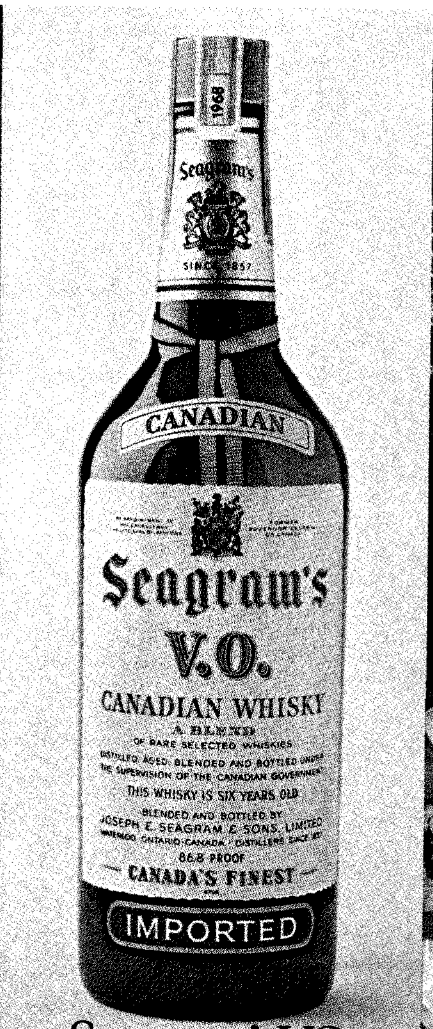
> A well-constituted court for the trial of impeachments is an object not more to be desired than difficult to be obtained in a government wholly elective. The subjects of its jurisdiction are those offenses which proceed from the misconduct of public men, or, in other words, from the abuse or violation of some public trust. They are of a nature which may with peculiar propriety be denominated POLITICAL, as they relate chiefly to injuries done immediately to the society itself. The prosecution of them, for this reason, will seldom fail to agitate the passions of the whole community, and to divide it into parties more or less friendly or inimical to the accused. In many cases it will connect itself with the pre-existing factions, and will enlist all their animosities, partialities, influence, and interest on one side or on the other; and in such cases there will always be the greatest danger that the decision will be regulated more by the comparative strength of parties than by the real demonstrations of innocence or guilt.

There is, inevitably, a certain selectivity with which arguments are marshalled for and against the various interpretations of the purpose and use of the impeachment process. For example, people who favor the broad interpretation of impeachment often quote the first part of Alexander Hamilton's statement about the political nature of impeachment but leave out the second part. In the end, therefore, the arguments have to come down to some root meanings of what this country is about and how democracy is supposed to work, and to common sense. And in the end political beings have to make "POLITICAL" judgments. As of now, and more than ever, the Congress seems to dread that prospect.

The White House paper is widely dismissed as taking a predictably narrow view of impeachment, but it does suggest some questions worth considering. If the grounds for impeachment need not be criminal, how is it to be decided whether noncriminal grounds that are chosen have been chosen "responsibly"? If the grounds for impeachment must be criminal, what is to be done about abuse of the public trust or failure to carry out Constitutional duties? What if by the next election it might be too late? It stands to

In Rio, Only V.O. is V.O.

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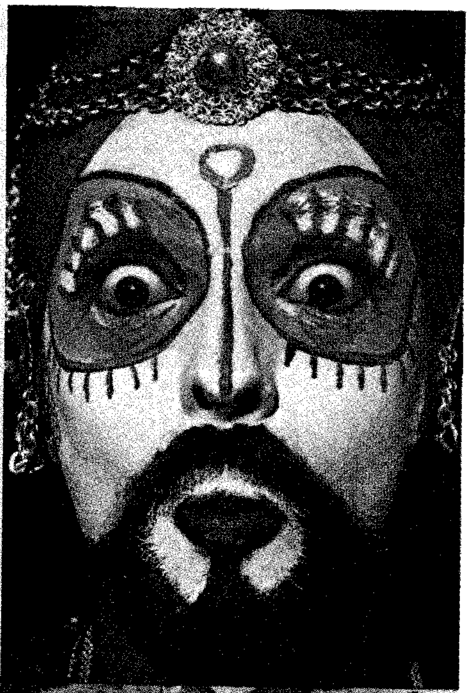

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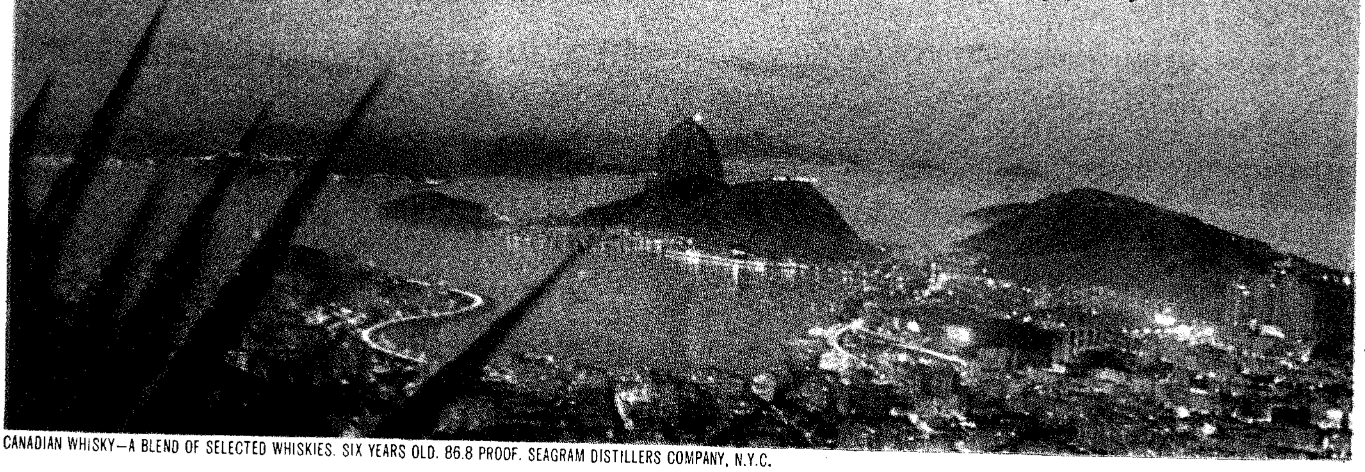
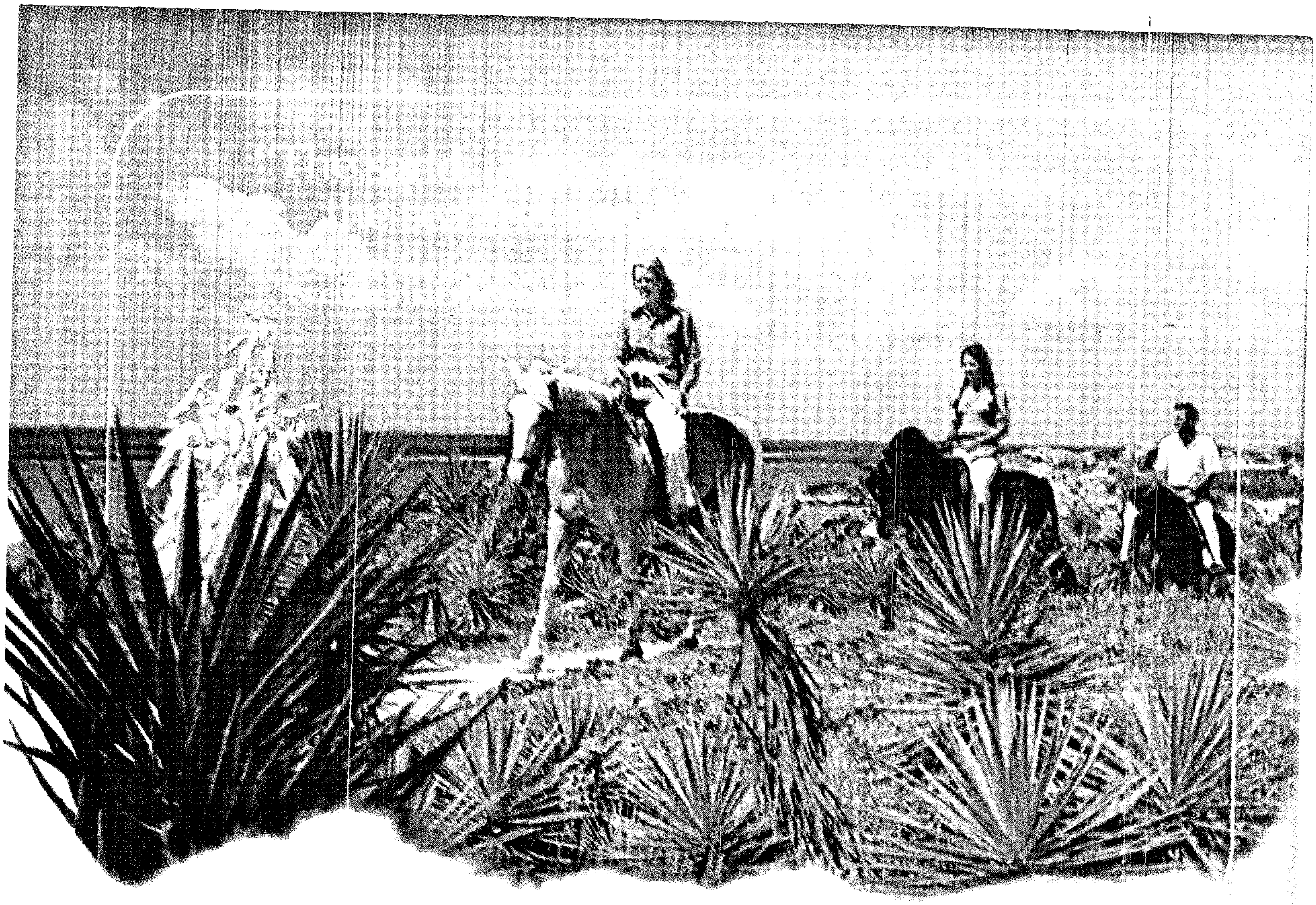
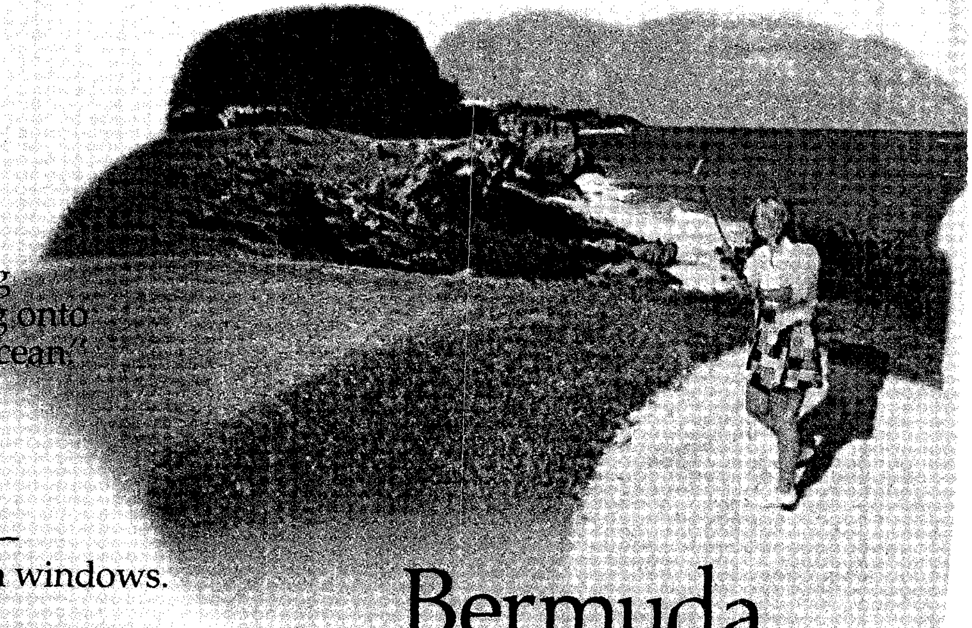


CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



"I used to hunt Easter eggs here.
Mum and Dad hid them everywhere –
in the trees, between the little rocks."



"It's great to be on this big
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that blue ocean."

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reason that grounds for impeachment cannot be confined to the items in the criminal statutes. There is no chapter in the criminal code covering the activities of Presidents. This is another example—there have been so many examples recently—of how not everything can be codified. In the end, the Constitutional system will always rest on the reasonableness and the sense of responsibility of those to whom it was entrusted. Depending on one's view of human nature—of the ultimate wisdom of man—one can decide how firm or how precarious a base that is.

•

AFTER the staff report was released, Peter Rodino, Democrat of New Jersey and chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, said, "It has been my view all along that grounds for impeachment need not arise out of criminal conduct." Edward Hutchinson, Republican of Michigan and the committee's ranking minority member, said, "There should be criminality involved," and added that he did not endorse the staff report.

•

AT a press conference last week, his first in four months, the President said, "You don't have to be a Constitutional lawyer to know that the Constitution is very precise in defining what is an impeachable offense. And in this respect it is the opinion of White House counsel and a number of other Constitutional lawyers, who are perhaps more up to date on this than I am at this time, that a criminal offense on the part of the President is the requirement for impeachment." At the press conference, too, for the first time in our lives, we watched and heard a President say, "I do not expect to be impeached."

MARCH 3

ONE senses today, instead of excitement, a subdued atmosphere. Perhaps it is an atmosphere of foreboding. Things are quieter, and grimmer. Large and difficult events lie ahead. People seem to be digging in, getting ready—or trying to. But the rumors and the speculation still sweep through this city. They move along the familiar paths among the press corps, the members of Congress and their aides, interested onlookers (of whom there seem to be an unprecedented number), and even the Administration and former members thereof. They travel by word of mouth in the Congressional cloakrooms and gyms, by telephone throughout the city, and from table to table in the Senate and House dining rooms, the Federal City Club (patronized largely by journalists and Democratic lawyers), and the Sans Souci restaurant. A colleague calls and says that the information in the briefcase given to Judge Sirica is "very damaging" to the President. "It could be over in two weeks," the caller says. A Judiciary Committee member says that "what with the indictments and the mysterious documents, it could be over before April."

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THERE are press reports today that the grand jury considered indicting the President but did not indict him after Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski advised that the Constitution precluded the indictment of a President while he was in office.

•

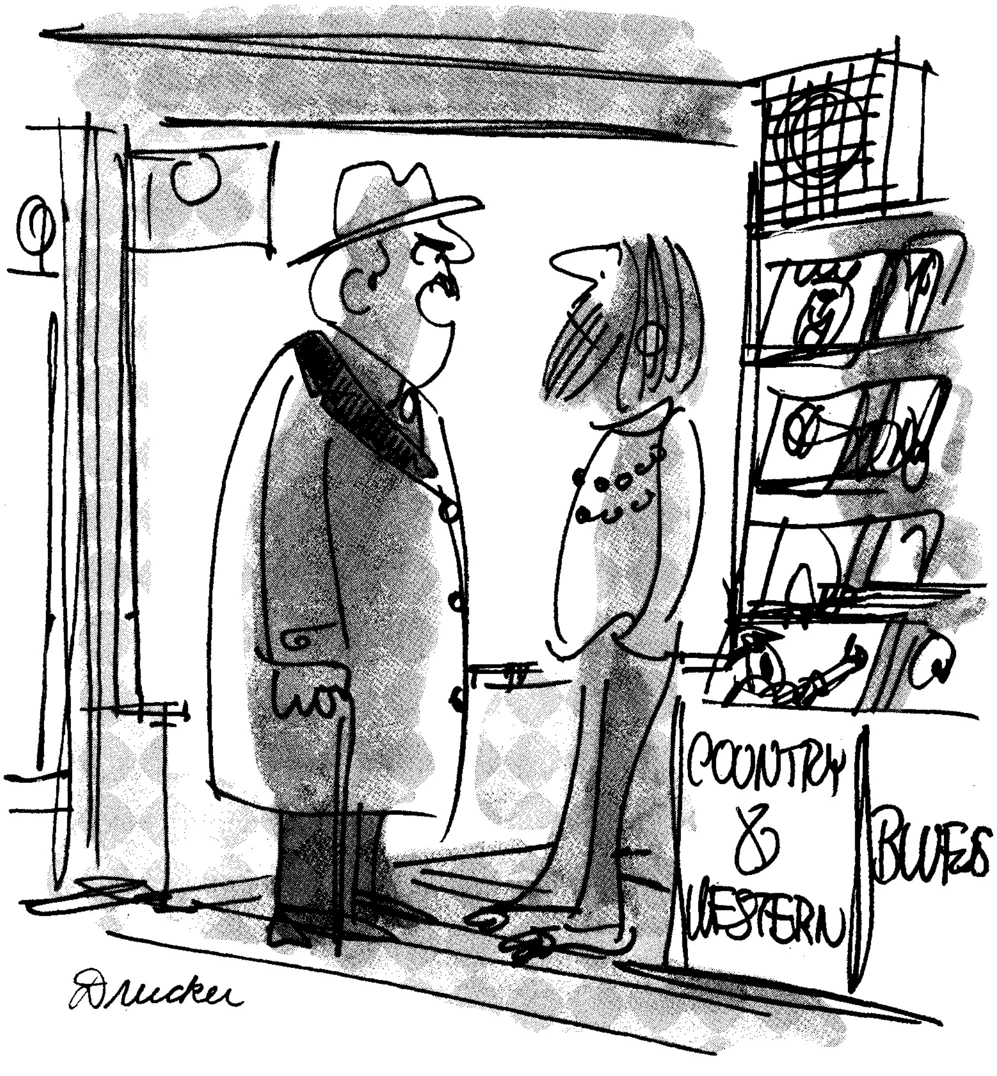
A GALLUP poll shows twenty-seven-per-cent approval of the way the President is handling his job. This figure has remained about the same since the beginning of the year. In January, a Harris poll found that only twenty-one per cent looked favorably on the way the Congress was doing its job.

•

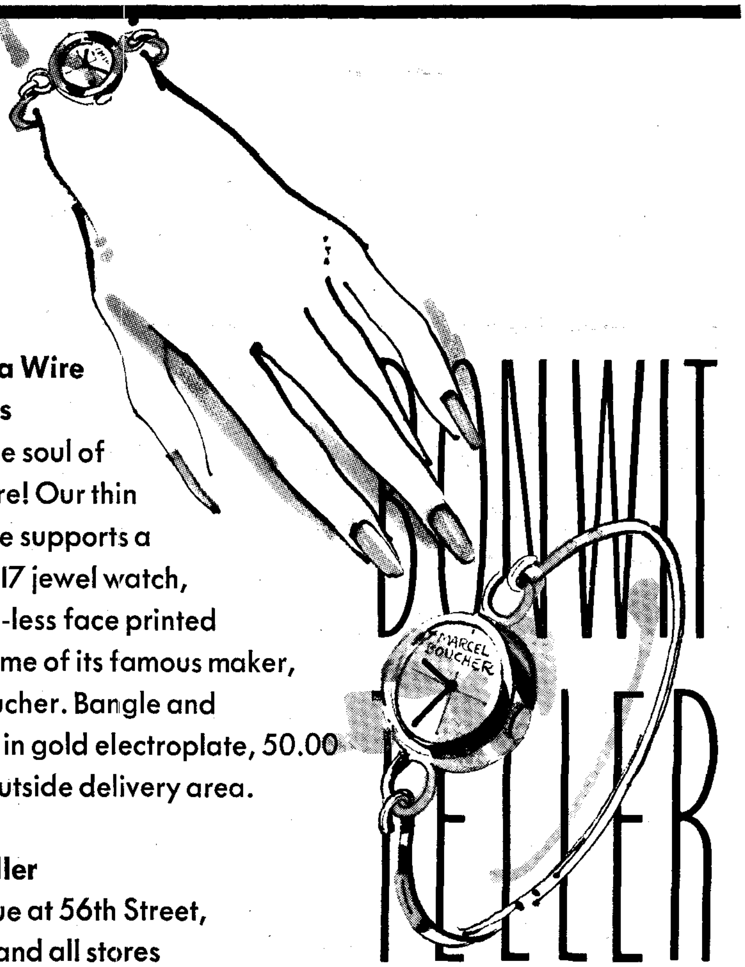
AS of early March, twenty-six members of the House—an unusually high number—had decided not to run for reëlection. Politics is getting harder on its practitioners.

•

THIS morning, Mike Mansfield, the Senate Majority Leader, told reporters that he was not giving any thought to a trial of the President in the Senate. This may have been Mansfield's idea of the proper thing to say at this moment, but thought about such a trial, accompanied by research, has been going on in the Senate since the beginning of this year. There were, in fact, several senators who believed as early as January that the case against the President was strong enough so that if it reached the Senate—and they believed it would—on the basis of the evidence, and the momentum of the issue, the Senate would convict. But, out



"I'd like an album praising Management."



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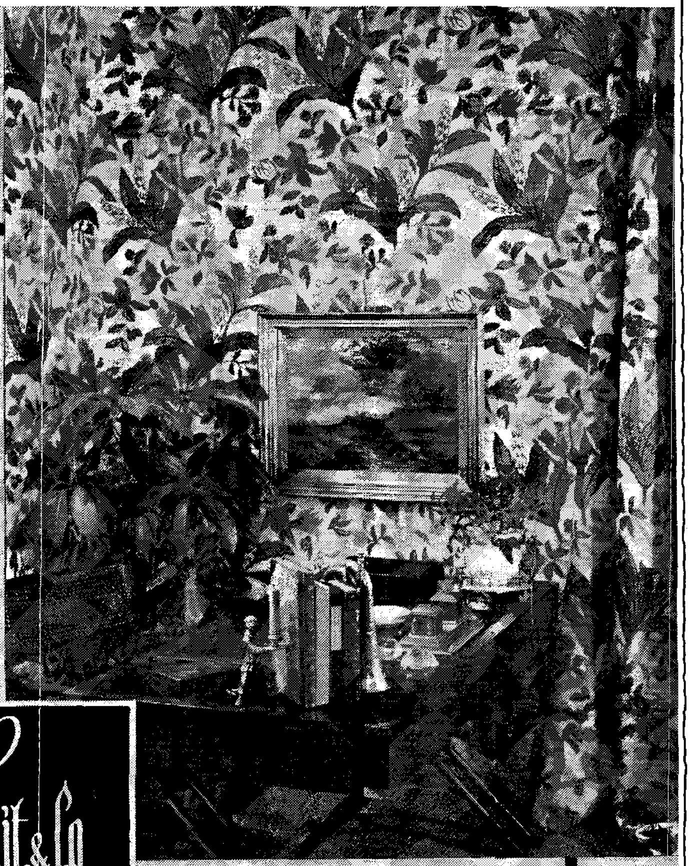

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of a sense of propriety and a desire to appear decorous, they, of course, would not speak this way for the record. They tried to convey the impression that they were preoccupied with other matters.

MARCH 6

THE Democrat, Thomas Luken, defeated the Republican, Willis Gradison, in a congressional election in Cincinnati yesterday. The district had gone Democratic only three times in this century. In California, a traditionally Republican seat was won by the Republican candidate, Robert Lagomarsino. On tonight's television news, Lagomarsino says that he won "in spite, perhaps, of what has happened in Washington." At a conference of governors here, Governor Francis Sargent, of Massachusetts, a Republican, said that the country would be better off if the President were out of office and were replaced by Ford.

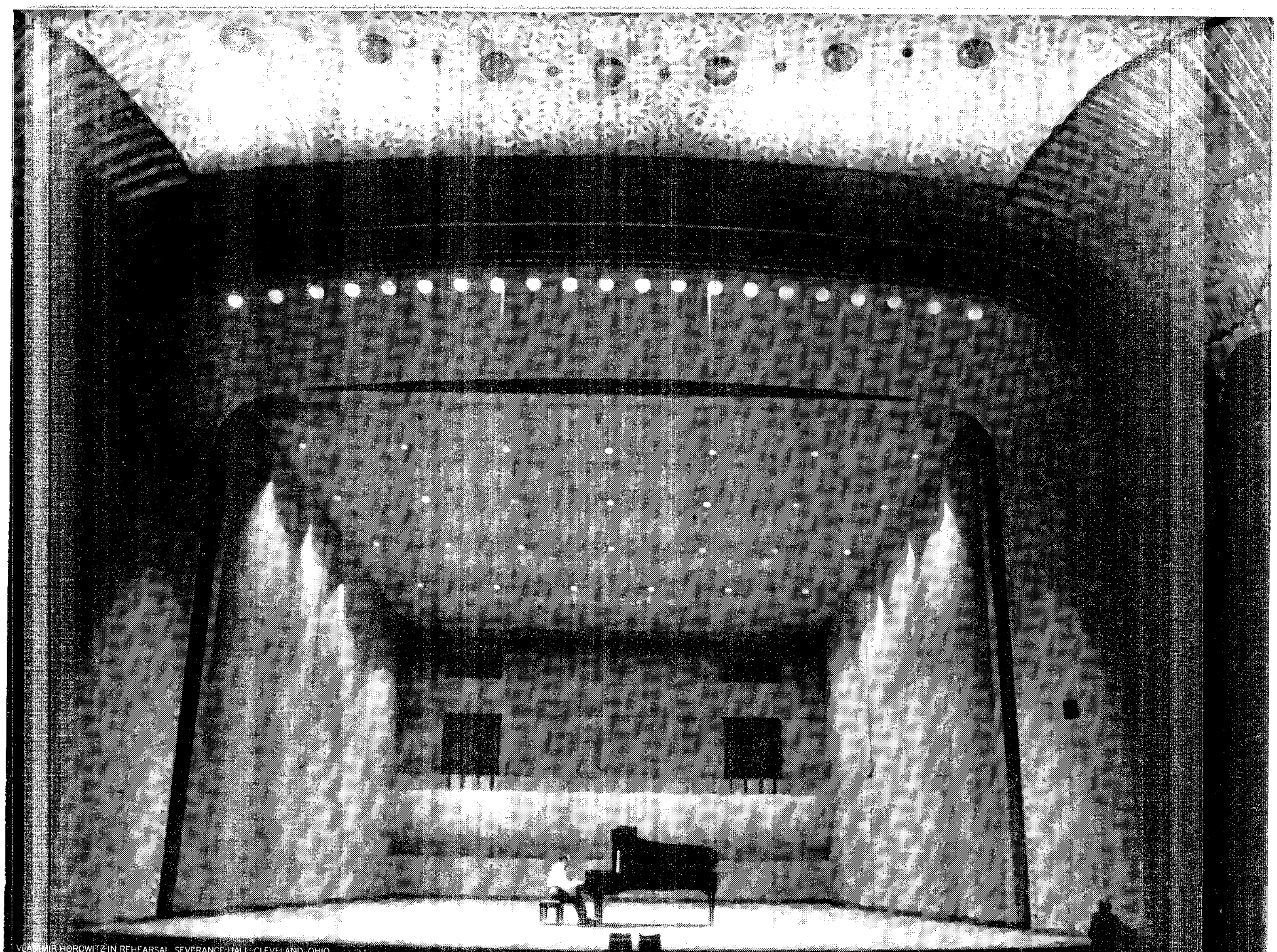
•

TWO days ago, Harold Wilson, the Labour Party leader, was asked to form a government in England after Edward Heath, the Conservative leader, failed to do so. Neither party won a majority in the recent election. The French government resigned last week and has been reorganized. Golda Meir announced today that she had managed to form a Cabinet in Israel, ending a stalemate of nine weeks. Italy has no government.

•

IN court today, James St. Clair, the President's attorney, announced that the President had decided to turn over to the House Judiciary Committee the nineteen tapes and seven hundred documents he had given to the Special Prosecutor. He said that the President would answer written questions from the committee and was willing to be interviewed by a few members of the committee. This offer of material is true to another pattern: When the President appears to be in serious trouble, when the net appears to be closing, he tosses out more tapes, documents, statements. But what he tosses out has never been enough. Moreover, the President has given the Special Prosecutor some items he did not want, and has not given him some items he did want.

St. Clair's announcement was made in the course of a hearing by Judge Sirica on what to do with the grand jury's sealed report and what has now come to be called "the bulging briefcase." In court, St. Clair took no posi-



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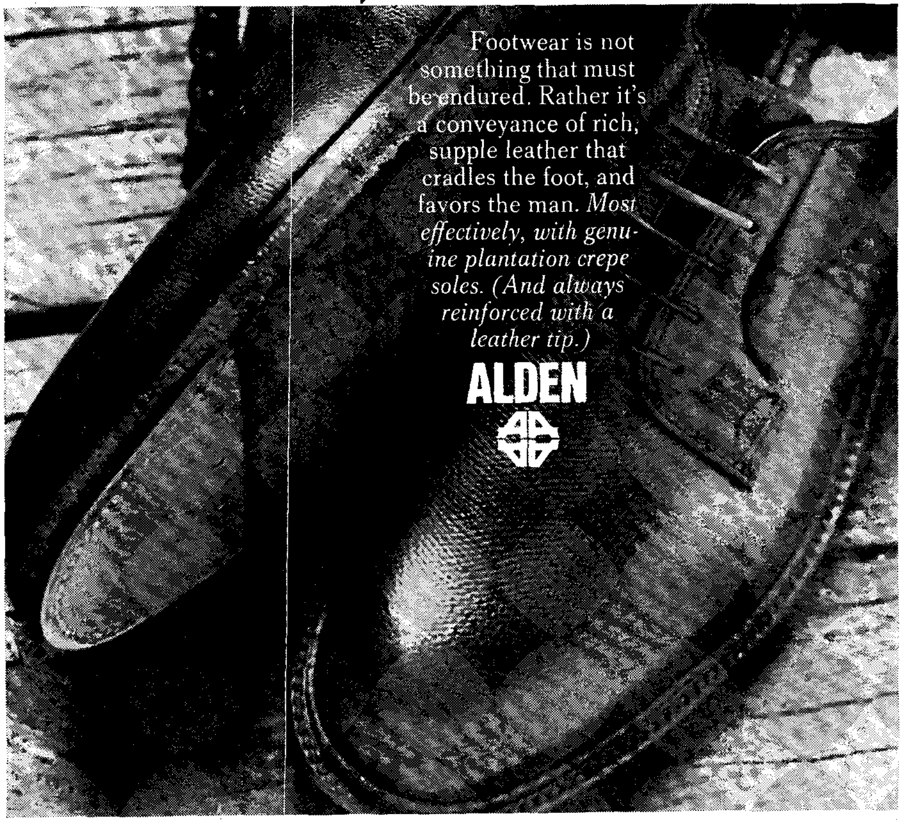

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tion on the question of referring the grand-jury report. Arguments against a referral to the committee were made by John J. Wilson, the lawyer for Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and by other defense counsel, on the ground that their clients might be harmed by pre-trial publicity. It is widely assumed that Wilson was carrying the argument for the White House, though Wilson denied this. On tonight's news, it is reported that although the White House said that the President spoke with Haldeman over the weekend to congratulate him on his wedding anniversary, the anniversary was actually some ten days earlier. Gerald Warren, the White House Deputy Press Secretary, speculated that perhaps the President had just been reminded of it. A prevalent theory is that the President may be acting to protect his former aides, who, in turn, are protecting him. There is even a theory that the aides are working collectively to keep him in office so that in the end, if it comes to that, he can give them Presidential pardons.

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AT his press conference tonight, attempting to confront the problem of Haldeman's indictment for perjury for telling the Ervin committee that the President had said "it would be wrong" to buy the silence of the Watergate defendants, Mr. Nixon said that John Dean told him "for the first time on March 21st" that payments were being made to the Watergate defendants "for the purpose of keeping them quiet, not simply for their defense." And, said the President, "if it was for the purpose of keeping them quiet . . . hush money, that of course would have been an obstruction of justice." In August, 1973, the President said he had been told only that the payments were for the defendants' lawyers and families, and said that Haldeman's testimony was "accurate." Tonight, describing the March 21st meeting with Haldeman and Dean, Mr. Nixon said, "We examined all of the options at great length during our discussion. . . . Then we came to what I considered to be the bottom line. I pointed out that raising the money, paying the money, was something that could be done. But I pointed out that that was linked to clemency; that no individual is simply going to stay in jail because people are taking care of his family or his counsel, as the case might be; and that unless a promise of clemency was made that the objective of so-called hush

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money would not be achieved. . . . I then said that to pay clemency was *wrong*. . . . I said, 'It is *wrong*; that is for sure.'. . . Now, when individuals read the entire transcript of the twenty-first meeting *or hear the entire tape* where we discussed all these options, they may reach different interpretations. But I know what I meant and I know also what I did. I meant that the whole transaction was wrong."

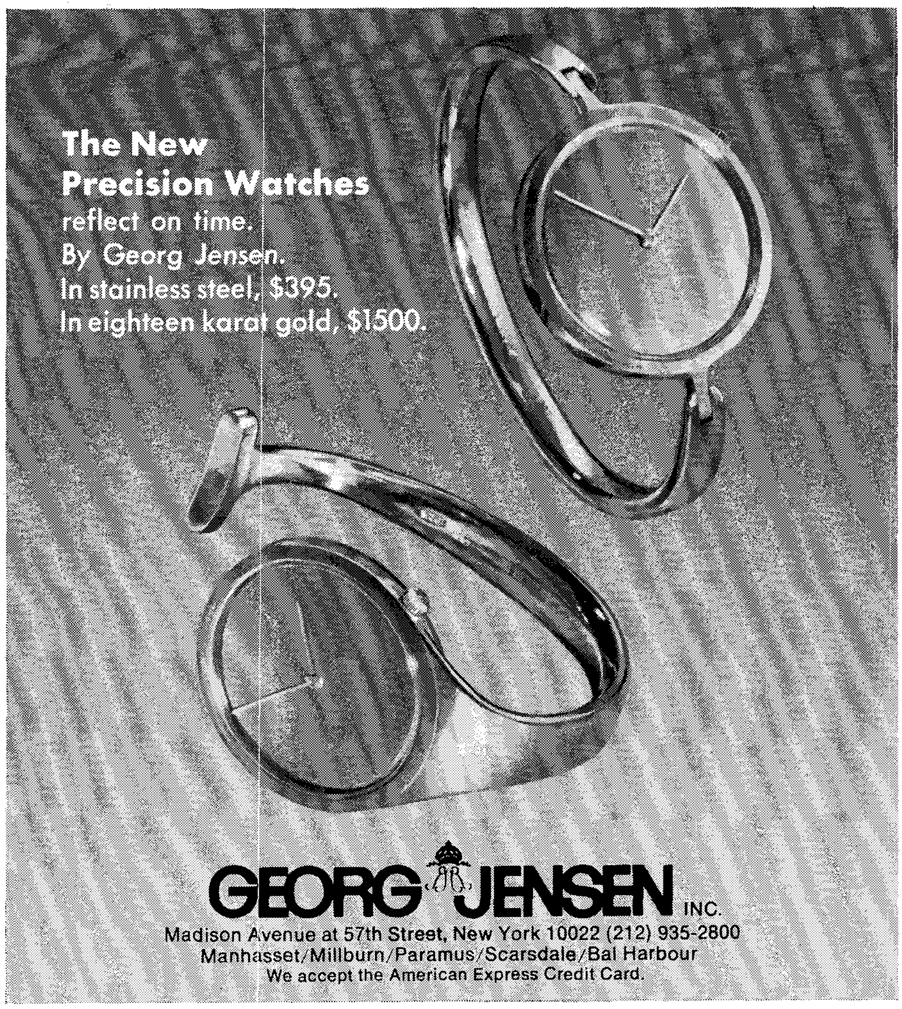
MARCH 7

JOHN EHRLICHMAN and Charles Colson were indicted today for conspiring to violate the civil rights of Dr. Fielding, Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, by arranging for the break-in at his office. The indictment says that the conspirators did "without legal process . . . covertly and unlawfully enter" Dr. Fielding's offices, "thereby injuring, oppressing, threatening, and intimidating Dr. Lewis J. Fielding in the free exercise and enjoyment of the right and privilege secured to him by the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States to be secure in his person, house, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures," and that they did "thereafter conceal such activities, so as to prevent Dr. Lewis J. Fielding from securing redress for the violation of such right and privileges." Henry Petersen, the Assistant Attorney General who was then in charge of the Watergate investigation, testified before the Ervin committee that when, in mid-April, he told the President that the prosecutors had just learned of such a break-in, the President said, "I know about that. That is a national-security matter. You stay out of that."

Following the return of the indictment today, a White House spokesman reread the statement that had been issued with the President's approval after the indictment of last Friday.

MARCH 8

THE President's latest challenge to the House Judiciary Committee is his most audacious yet. In a letter—released by the committee yesterday—from St. Clair to John Doar, special counsel to the committee's impeachment inquiry, St. Clair implied that the committee should limit its inquiry to the Watergate break-in and coverup. "In the President's opinion," St. Clair wrote, "the Watergate matter and widespread allegations of obstruction of justice in connection therewith are at the heart of this matter." In addition, his letter strongly implied that the President would not provide the tapes



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and documents that the committee requested on February 25th. In February, the House passed a resolution affirming the committee's authority to conduct the impeachment inquiry and to issue subpoenas—by a vote of 410–4. Rodino wants to move cautiously before issuing a subpoena—to appear patient, to exhaust other remedies, to have the broadest committee support behind him if he is forced into a confrontation with the President over materials for the inquiry.

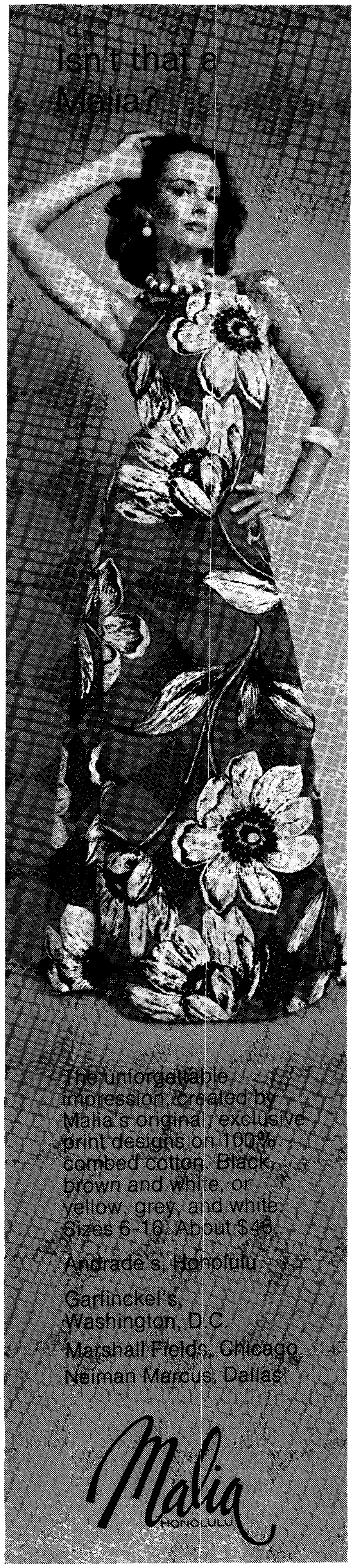
•

THE committee on which the responsibility for conducting the inquiry into the impeachment of the President landed last autumn was then largely an unknown quantity. With a few exceptions, little attention is paid in Washington to House members, much less to the particular characteristics of each House committee. But each committee does have its own characteristics, and in 1973 the Judiciary Committee's was in the midst of change. The committee had long been dominated by Emanuel Celler, a Democrat from Brooklyn, who had been its chairman (except for two years when the Republicans controlled the House) since 1948. But in 1972, at the age of eighty-four, Celler was defeated in a Democratic primary by Elizabeth Holtzman, who herself joined the Judiciary Committee. In 1973, Celler was replaced as chairman by the Democratic member next in seniority—an unknown figure named Peter Rodino, a Democrat from Newark, New Jersey. Celler had developed the practice of running the committee in tandem with the ranking minority member, William McCulloch, of Ohio, and, as it happened, McCulloch retired in 1972. He was replaced as ranking minority member by Edward Hutchinson, of Michigan, who was even less well known than Rodino. Furthermore, the committee started out in this Congress with an unusual number of new members—eleven.

The Republican side of the committee has a disproportionate number of conservatives, just as the Democratic side has a disproportionate number of liberals. Even the Southern Democrats on the committee—James Mann, of South Carolina; Walter Flowers, of Alabama; and Ray Thornton, of Arkansas—while they are no liberals, are less attached to the old order than their Southern predecessors on the committee were, or than many of their Southern colleagues in the House still are. The preponderance of liberals on the majority side stems partly from the fact that members interested in civil rights and civil liberties have gravitated toward the House Judiciary Committee. This follows a congressional pattern: members interested in promoting legislation that concerns them—members interested in protecting agriculture, say, or members from areas dependent on defense contracts—gravitate toward the committees with jurisdiction over their interests. The result is imbalances in the committee system: the Agriculture Committee is more interested than the House as a whole in protecting agricultural programs, and the Education and Labor Committee is more interested than the House as a whole in protecting education programs and the concerns of labor. The theory is that the House as a whole acts as an arbiter of these interests, usually by a process of mutual accommodation. The committees, therefore, are highly influential, often decisive, in the final actions of the House. But there was a question as to whether House traditions would apply when it came to the issue of impeaching the President.

It was, then, on an unformed and disparate group that there suddenly fell such issues as the confirmation of a Vice-President-designate, legislation to establish a Special Prosecutor, and the conduct of an inquiry into impeachment of the President. When the first biographical sketches of Peter Rodino appeared, the other committee members were surprised to learn that he was an amateur poet. Rodino had been "one of the boys;" he had been considered a man of unimpressive talents, and had been better liked than Celler, in part because he was less feared. As a member of the House, he had shown little creativity (he had interested himself mainly in immigration legislation) and almost no leadership (he was responsible for making Columbus Day a national holiday). So when responsibility for the impeachment inquiry fell upon Rodino, the widespread assumption was that he wasn't up to it. But gradually he began to find his style—low-key, easygoing, but firm—and as time went on he became increasingly adroit in working with other Democratic committee members. Even the committee Republicans began to sense that they would be ill-advised to criticize Rodino. The evolving impression of Rodino became self-confirming, as such things do in Washington: as he was perceived to be more of a leader, he was able to be more of a leader.

When Rodino named John Doar as special counsel in December, 1973, the Republicans also wanted someone of



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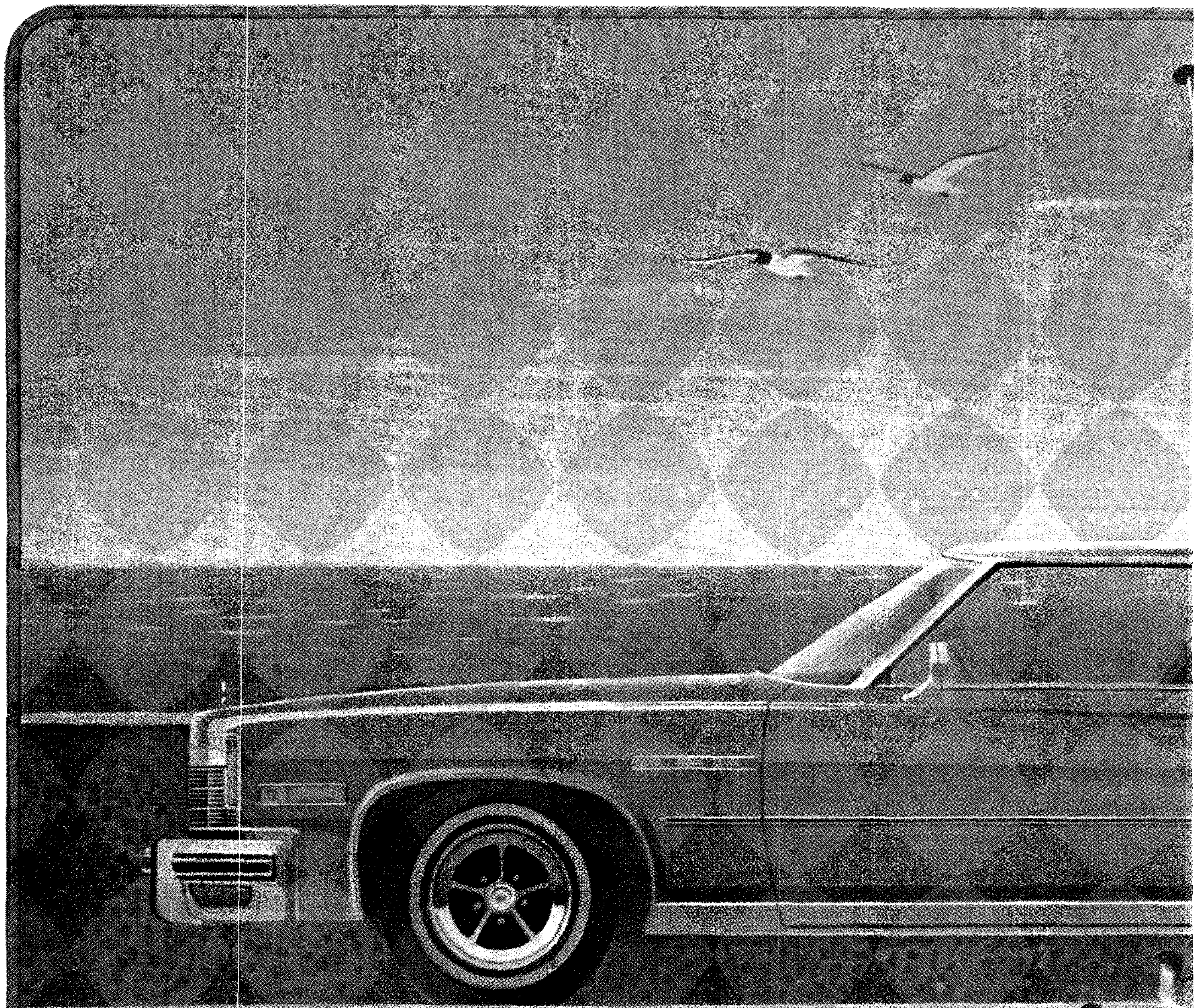

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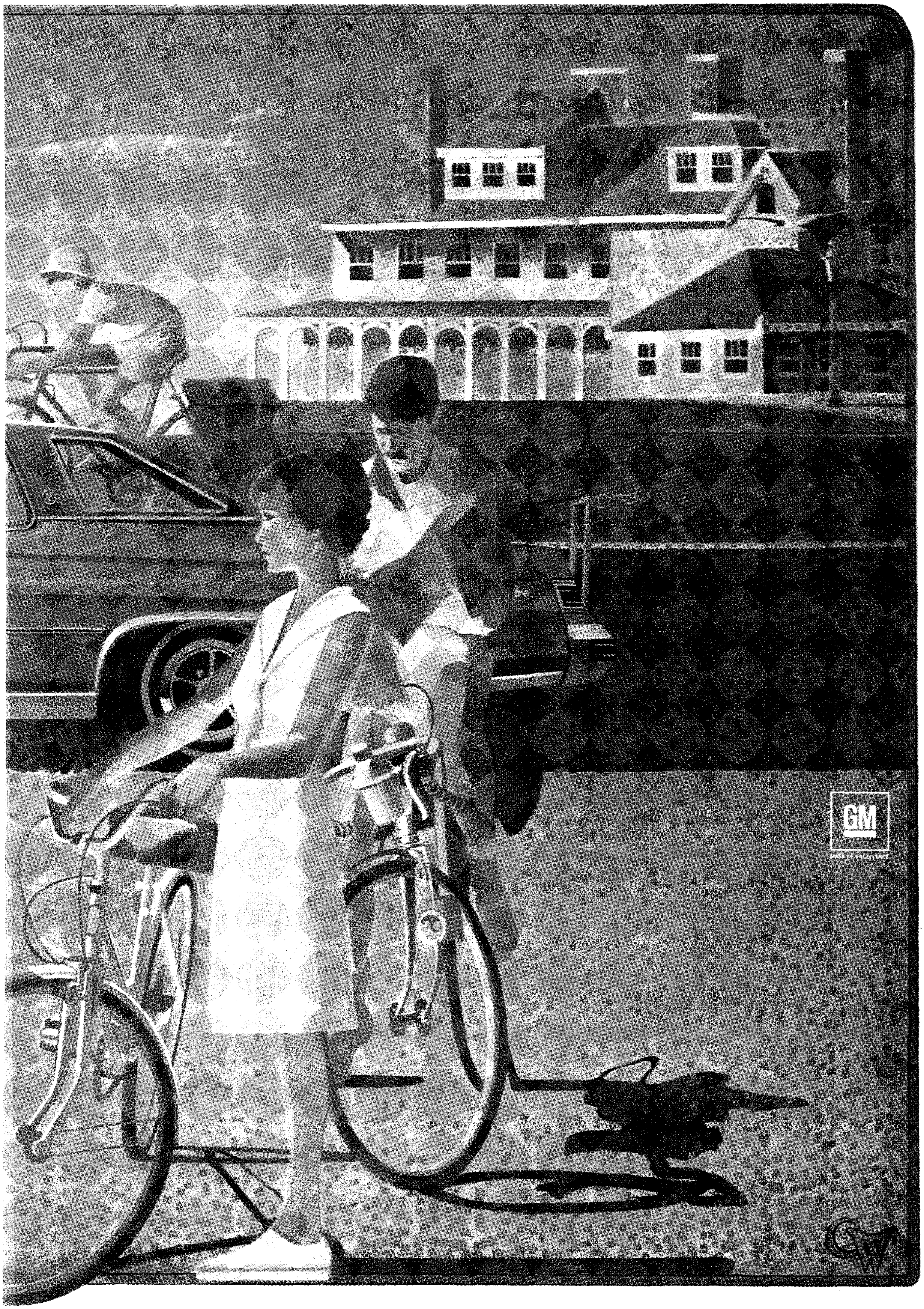
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note as minority counsel. At the importuning of Tom Railsback, an Illinois Republican on the committee, and with the approval of Robert McClory, the other committee Republican from Illinois, Albert Jenner, the prominent Chicago attorney, agreed, in January, to take the job of minority counsel. Doar, for at least the first month, had to spend much of his time selecting a staff and working out methods of procedure. By early March, the staff of the impeachment inquiry numbered a hundred and one, of whom forty-three were lawyers. The staff went to work on the second floor of the old Congressional Hotel—an office annex across the street from the House office buildings—under arrangements of maximum security. Doar rented an apartment a few blocks away, made it a point not to talk with the press, and fastidiously absented himself from Washington social life.

•

MOST of the talk one hears now and much of the press attention focus on what the President said at his latest press conference about the meeting of March 21st. There is speculation about whether the President may be guilty of misprision of a felony for not reporting to the appropriate authorities what Dean had told him about the payments to buy silence. While it is inevitably tempting to some to try to find a specific instance of wrongdoing on the part of the President—the "cookie-jar syndrome"—such an approach gets in the way of understanding the breadth and the depth of the issues and of dealing with them. Maybe it is easier to zero in (as we did just a few weeks ago) on a particular question like "Who erased the tape?" Our minds are getting tired. The focus shrinks into ever-smaller circles, until it lands on a tiny dot.

There is, moreover, a certain absurdity to the discourse about the March 21st meeting. (I held out for as long as possible against thinking of this mosaic of issues in terms of dates of meetings, but the dates have a way of forcing themselves into our minds and our discourse.) In order to talk of the meeting in terms of what the President says about it, one has to begin with a number of assumptions: that it *was* the first time he learned that money was being used to buy silence; that for almost a year after the break-in the President was either extraordinarily uninterested in what was going on or unable to inform himself about it; that Dean, an underling, could, unbeknownst to Haldeman and Ehrlich-

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man, have made the arrangements to buy silence; that Ehrlichman and Haldeman really believed that the money was going for a "legal-defense fund" for the Watergate defendants; and that, in some sudden access of compassion, those determined opponents of federal assistance to so many would have approved efforts to raise money for the families and the legal fees of the men indicted for the Watergate break-in. (Ehrlichman, in his testimony before the Ervin committee, likened this fund, with apparent retrospective approval, to defense funds that had been established for Daniel Ellsberg, Angela Davis, and the Berrigan brothers.) And there is a certain absurdity in assuming that the major question is whether, in the midst of all these misdeeds and frantic meetings, the President ever said, "It is wrong."

•

THE government announced yesterday that wholesale prices rose again in February. The rise put the index 20.3 per cent higher than it was a year earlier, and the consumer price index was rising in February, 1974, at an annual rate of 14 per cent.

MARCH 11

MONDAY. The seven men indicted for the coverup of the Watergate break-in pleaded not guilty Saturday. Their trial has been tentatively set for September 9th.

The question persists: What manner of men were these who once ran the Nixon Administration and the country? We, of course, do not yet know whether they are guilty as charged, but we already know much of what happened. If they are found not guilty in strictly legal terms, they nevertheless chose strangely conspiratorial subordinates and created an atmosphere of punitiveness wherein they tolerated or encouraged an array of misdeeds which is still hard to comprehend. They also seemed to take some pains to establish "deniability"—to not know the details of deeds that were done. We shall never know now where, if anywhere, it all might have led. What does all this mean for our country and our Constitution? Given that we entrust power to fallible human beings, how can we prevent things like this from happening again? We are not giving much thought to these questions now. Too much is going on. We are absorbing, one after another, events that outrun our imaginations, and trying to prepare ourselves for the months of bitter struggle to come. Someone close to the Admin-

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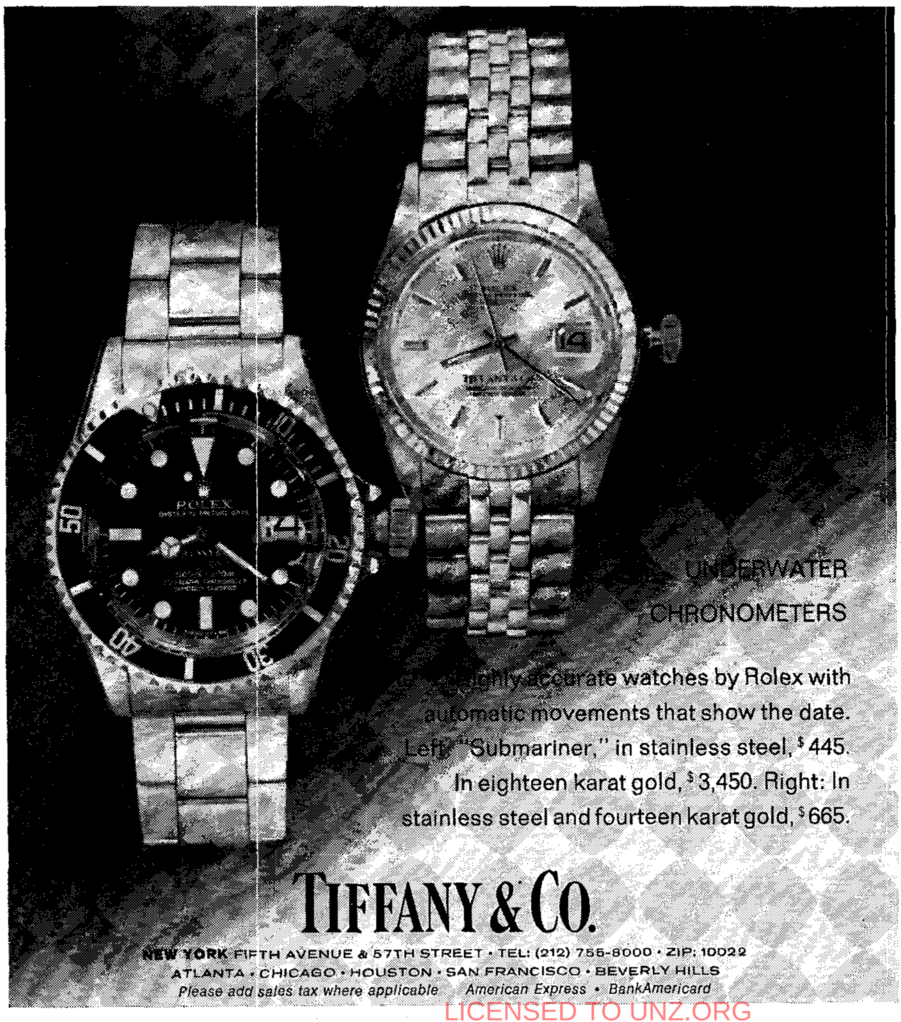

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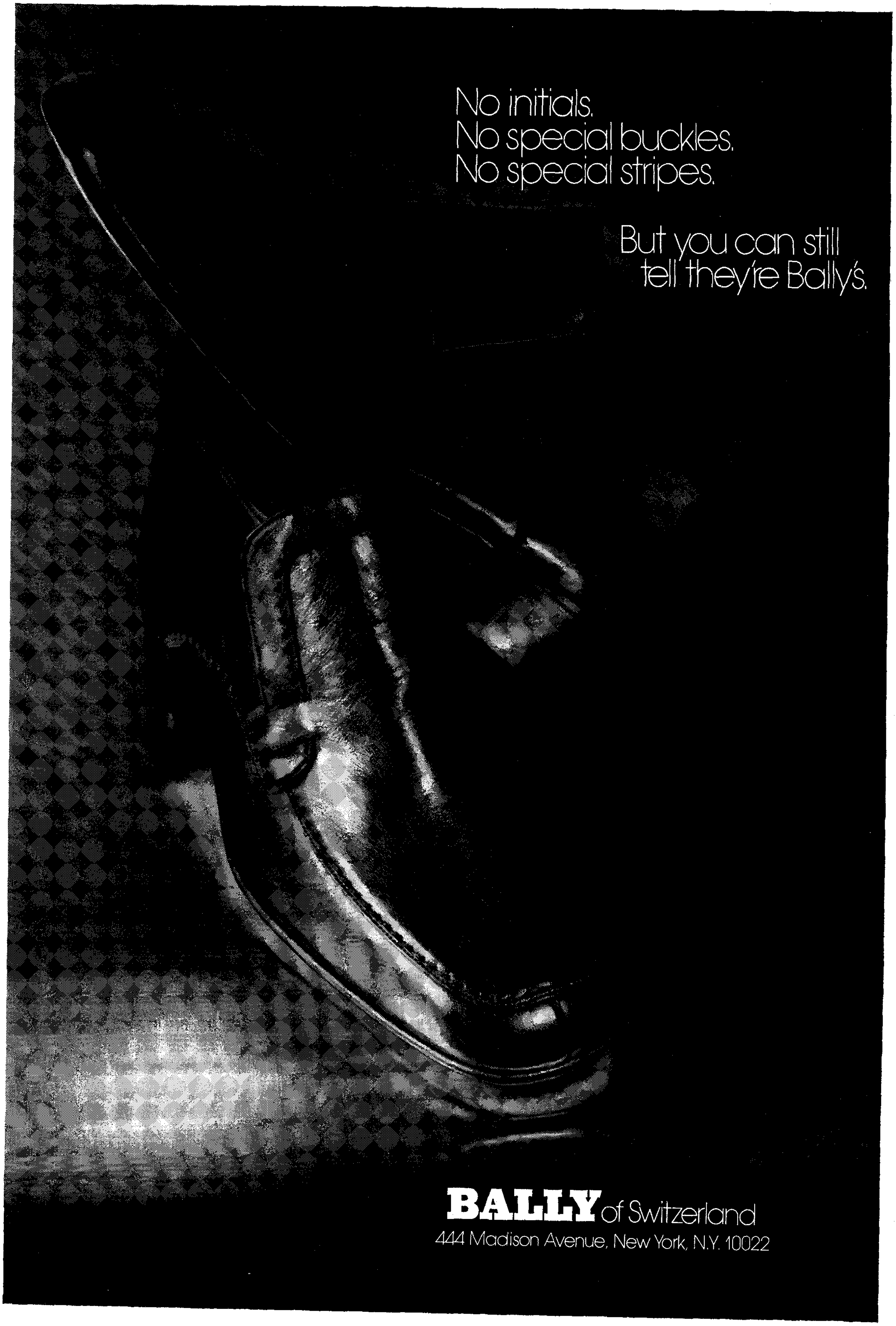
istration has said to me that the story of the Nixon Administration is one of people who were in over their heads. There may be something to that. But that does not explain it. There was a fanatic quality to some of the Nixon men, a weaving together of their public piety and their venom which may have deceived even them. And one cannot escape the thought that the President set the tone. Lonely and suspicious, a man with a striking lack of deep human connections, he seems to have gone through life as if in constant combat. He confused legitimate opposition with vendetta, and so did his staff. Most of us have what a friend of mine calls our "inner jury"—people whose judgment we trust and whose esteem matters to us and whom we count on to level with us. Nixon does not seem to have an inner jury. We used to be told that the man Nixon respected, the one who could get to him, was John Mitchell. Mitchell had some of the surface attributes that sometimes pass for wisdom: he puffed on a pipe and said little. But now we know that behind that smoke there was no judgment. The White House circle began as a relatively broad one, containing people with varying points of view. Then the circle grew narrower and narrower. The once highly touted policy debates vanished, and so did most of the people who engaged in them. When Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel was fired, in 1970, after complaining, in a letter to the President which was leaked to the press, that he could not get access to the President, it seemed that perhaps he was being theatrical. But he was being prophetic. Someone who went through those White House years has pointed out to me that when the President began to run into trouble—after the Senate defeated his nominations of Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court; after the war was extended into Cambodia and there were protests on the campuses—he drew closer to him those who spoke to his own suspicious nature: Haldeman and Mitchell. It was in 1970, after the student protests, that the Huston plan (a secret White House intelligence-gathering program) was drawn up, and one year later that the plumbers unit was established.

The unusual tough-guy talk of the President's aides was the very atmosphere of this White House. We have now seen it in their memos. We have seen it carried out in their deeds. And those who have heard the Presidential tapes have come away shaken. (One man who worked at the White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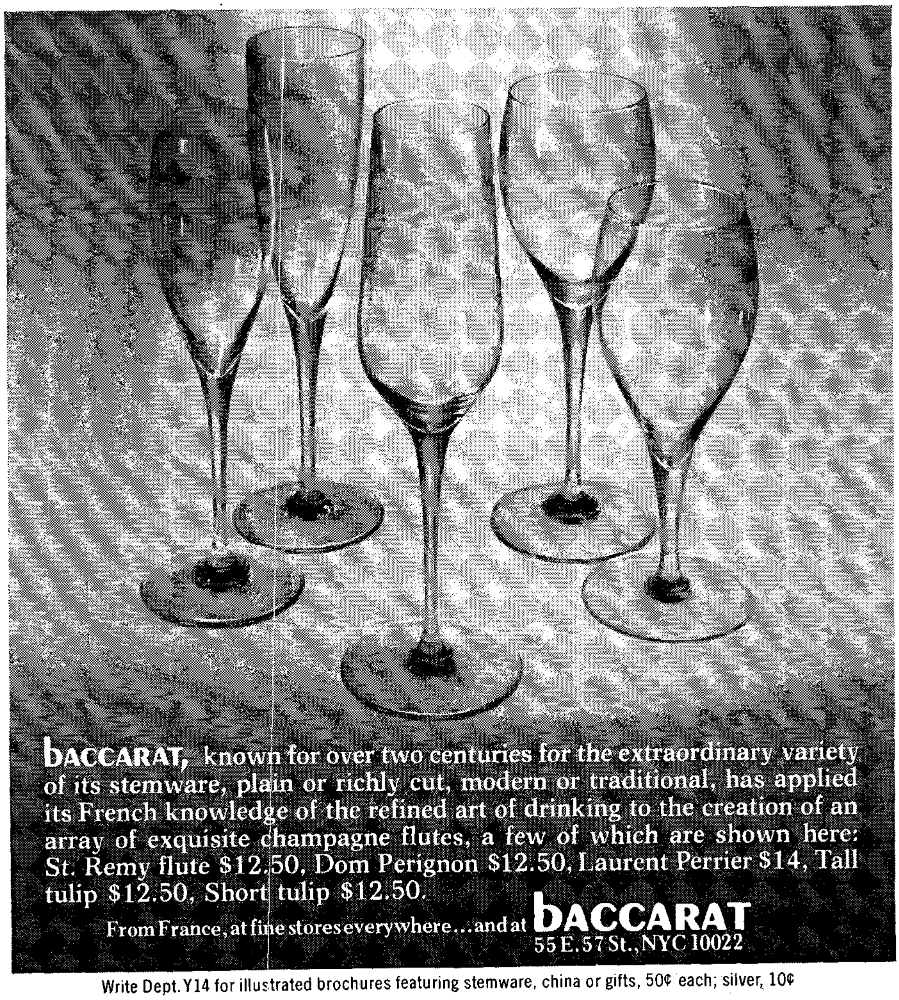

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House told me—perhaps without realizing what he was saying—that in an attempt to persuade the President to give him more responsibilities he had said, "I can do bad things, too.") These people seem to have understood little of what politics and government are supposed to be about. But they had power. And, as they compromised the public morality, they were not alone. There were those who aided and abetted: the businessmen who bought in, went along, and would not speak out; those politicians and members of the press who were truly frightened. Nixon and his aides were subjected to that process by which we impute authority to those in authority, give them power because they have power, accord them respectability because they are in positions to which we, for a variety of reasons, accord respect. This imputation process begins before these people attain power, because they might attain it. The "new Nixon," before he was elected in 1968. And before Spiro Agnew resigned in disgrace he was assumed by many politicians and political observers to be the next Republican candidate for President. One of the wisest people I know says that we must take care not to overcorrect for what has happened. He argues that the Nixon group was an accidental one, not likely to be replicated for perhaps a century. Perhaps this group was accidental, but we cannot count on that.

In the future, beyond all this, we cannot look to some leader to save us; that would be one of the wrong lessons to draw from this period. Nor can we put our faith in the Congress; the Congress almost failed us, or perhaps it did fail us. We cannot put our faith in new legislation; laws are not self-enforcing. We cannot put our faith in the private sector, because so much of the private sector bought in. We cannot put our faith in the press; the press almost failed us. Another wrong lesson to draw would be that the Presidency must be greatly weakened. That idea is enjoying some fashion now, but the Congress, by the nature of the institution, cannot manage foreign policy or economic policy or energy policy. The Presidency must be strong, but it must be accountable. That, after all, was the original idea. A friend of mine who has said that not everything can be codified is right. Democracy, like any noncoercive relationship, rests on a shared understanding of limits. Our recent experience has been with people in power who did not recognize limits.

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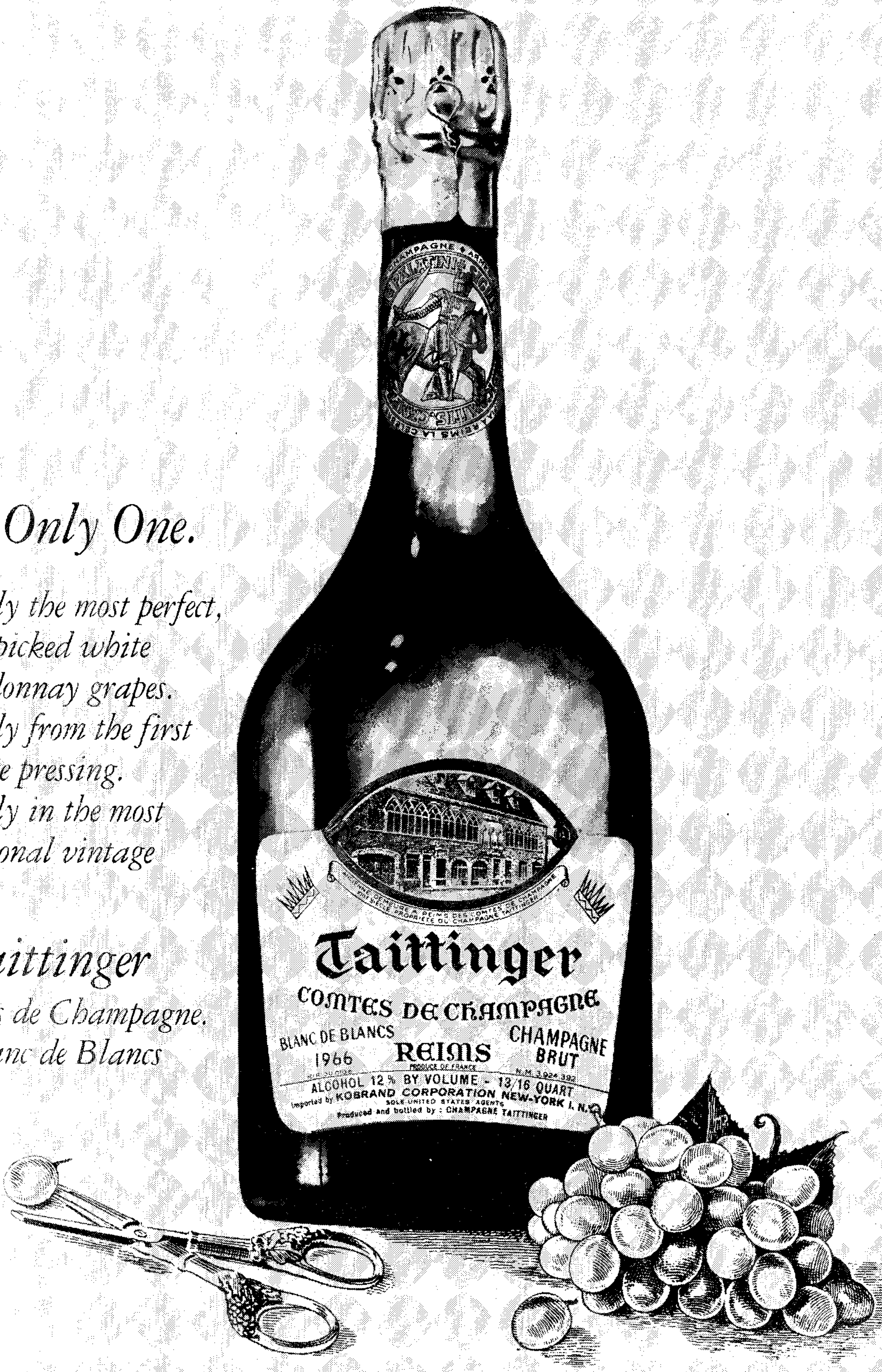
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a web of accountability around the Presidency, around the Congress. The problem is not power; it is unaccountable power. To begin with, we cannot hold institutions accountable if we do not know what is going on. We did not know that secret investigative and intelligence units had been established in the White House. We did not know that decisions had been taken which had the effect of suspending some of the guarantees in the Bill of Rights. We did not—and still do not—know the degree to which government was sold and to which there were attempts to use the instruments of government against citizens expressing legitimate opposition. Any President would want a responsive bureaucracy and a coöperative Cabinet, but we have now seen the dangers of an executive branch that is unaccountably responsive to an unaccountable White House. The only thing between us and that is us—and the Congress. The Congress may not be able, institutionally, to "manage" the complexities of society, but it can exercise "oversight." And the oversight functions can be rearranged so as to break up the sweetheart contracts between the Congress and the agencies it is supposed to oversee. The Congress can write curbs on lawless government and see to it that they are enforced. It can help to protect independence and integrity in the bureaucracy. It can open its own methods to scrutiny, so that we know more about what it is doing and to whom it is responding. Congress is the accessible branch. The executive branch can become remote and inaccessible and arrogant. The Supreme Court is remote and inaccessible, guided by canonical doctrine. The Congress responds to great outside pressures. So, in the end, it comes down to us.

MARCH 12

The crocuses are up, and the forsythia is in bloom. There is still a chill to the breeze. We often get one more snowstorm or cold spell here after the crocuses appear, as if winter wouldn't give up and let us have our spring. Spring in Washington is unlike anything I have seen anywhere else. When the azaleas finally reach full bloom, toward the end of April, the city has an astonishing, almost exotic look and feel.

•

At Key Biscayne this past weekend, a spokesman for the President said that the White House was aware of the "semantical differences" between the accounts of the March 21st meeting which the President gave last week and last August.

•

A Harris poll published yesterday showed that fifty-four per cent of those interviewed believed that "if President Nixon fails to turn over the information the House Judiciary Committee wants, that committee should vote to bring up impeachment charges against the President." By sixty-four per cent to seventeen per cent, the respondents said they did not believe that the President would turn over all the evidence to the committee. And by seventy-one per cent to eighteen per cent the respondents said they believed that the President had withheld important information. A Minnesota poll published two days ago showed that fifty-eight per cent believed that President Nixon had "broken his oath of office."

•

Gerald Ford is quoted in today's *Times* as having said yesterday that he is still convinced that President Nixon was not involved in Watergate or the coverup. "But time will tell," he added. In January, Hugh Scott, Republican of Pennsylvania and the Senate Minority Leader, said he had seen some "information" not made public by the White House which would "exculpate the President" on some specific items in the Watergate affair. A couple of days later, Ford said he had been offered an opportunity to examine this evidence but had chosen not to. A week before the Vice-President said this, he had made a speech in Atlantic City in which he said that "a few extreme partisans" were trying to drive the President from office. The speech caused an uproar, and Ford's allies let it be known that White House aides had written the speech.

•

In an interview with Lesley Oelsner which appeared in today's *Times*, St. Clair said that the President did not fail to tell law-enforcement authorities about the payment of money to buy silence, because "the President is the chief law-enforcement officer of the country."

•

The White House has leaked to the press a letter from John Doar to St. Clair requesting more information, the object of the leak being to show that the committee had asked for tapes of forty-two—some press reports say forty-three—conversations, rather

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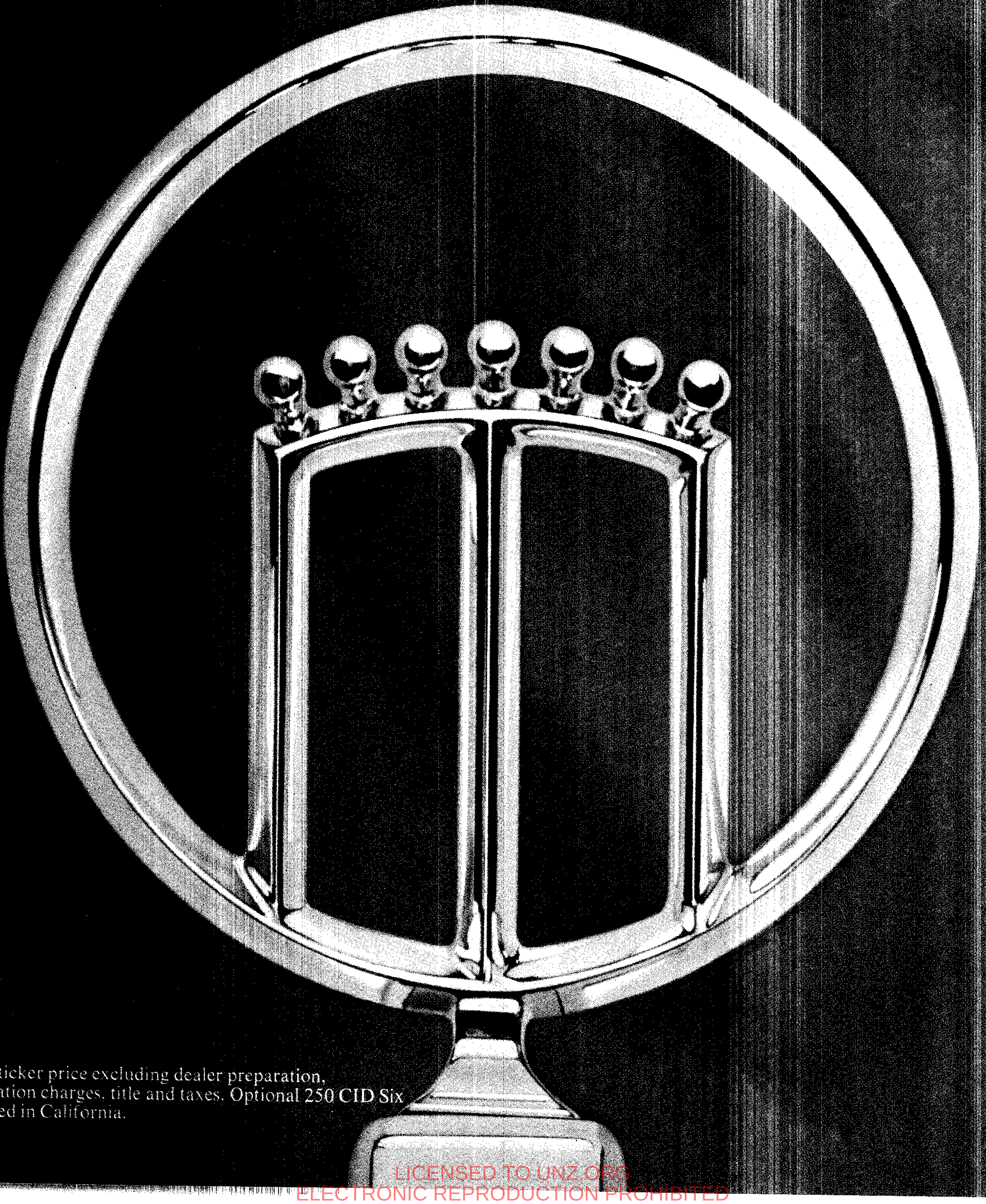

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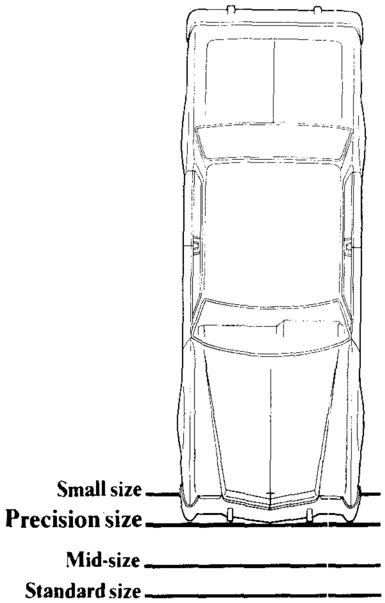
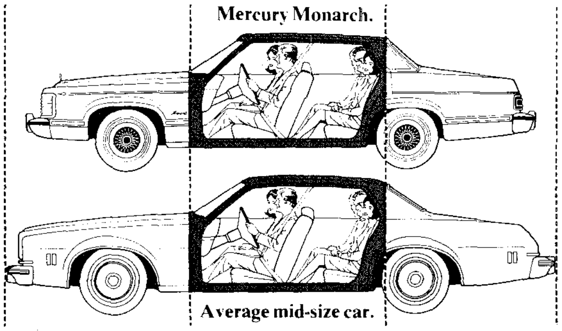
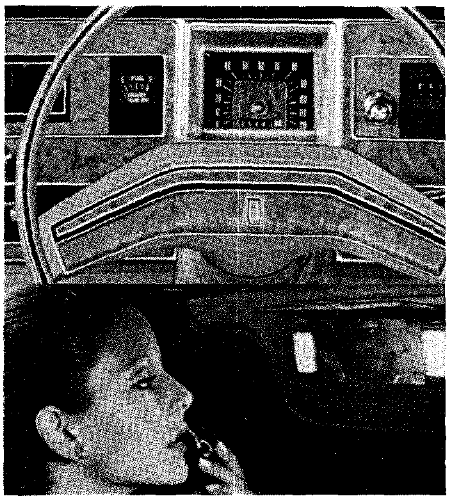
Monarch Ghia 4-door sedan. Comes equipped with precision cast 250 CID 6-cylinder engine, fully reclinable European style bucket seats, front disc brakes, solid state ignition, white side wall steel-belted radial-ply tires, 19.2 gallon fuel tank, high level ventilation, quartz crystal controlled digital timepiece, map pockets, carpeted luggage compartment, deeply grained vinyl roof, wire spoke wheel covers, body guard molding, foot-operated parking brake, flush mounted windows and door handles.





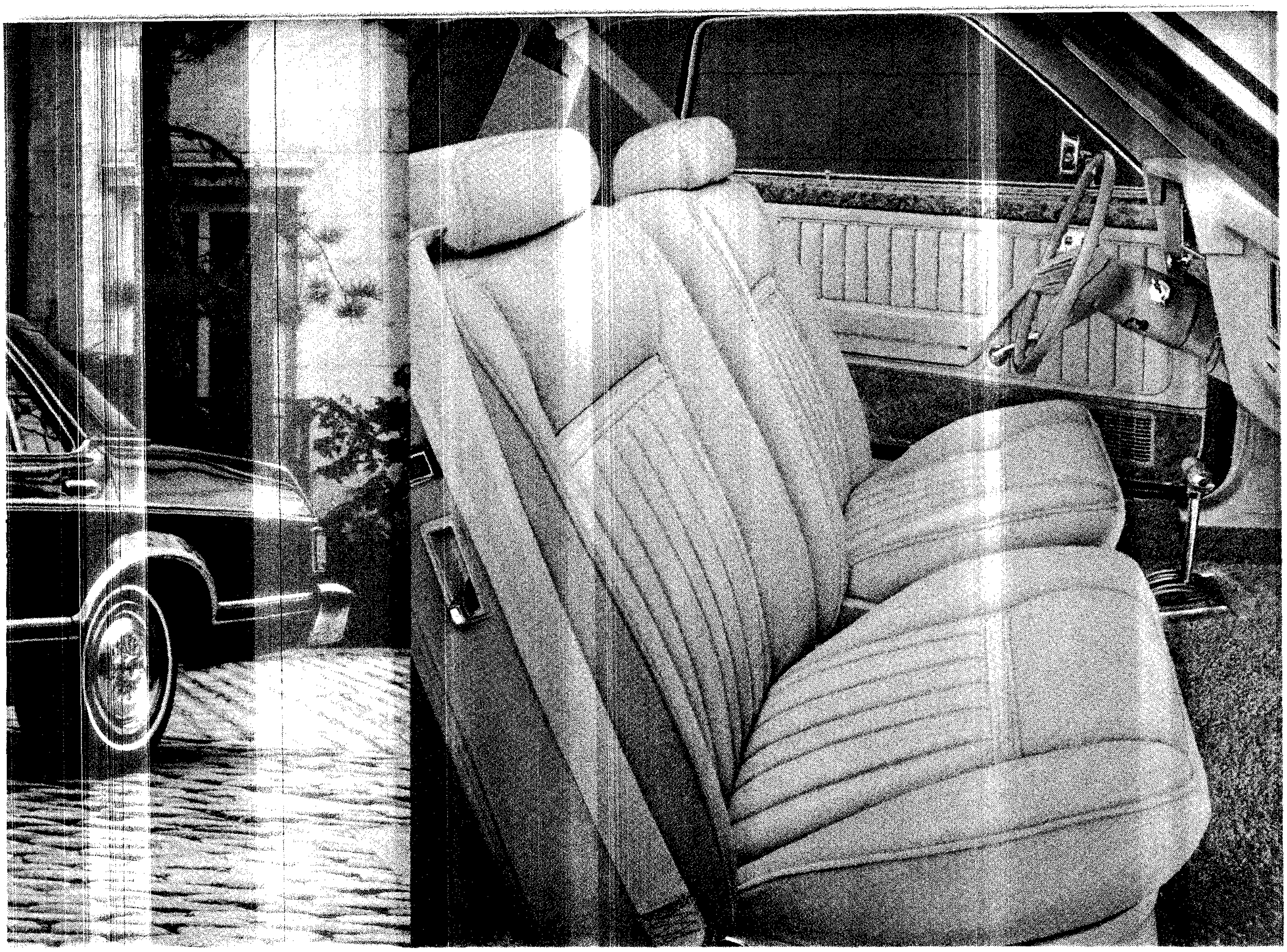
Precision size luxury. The precision size Monarch 4-door is over one foot shorter than last year's average mid-size car. Yet Monarch has more headroom, front and rear, and just 1.5 inches less legroom. The idea behind the new precision size Monarch is simple: design a moderately priced car trim enough to get good gas mileage. Yet roomy enough to seat 5 adults in comfort. It meant engineering a small car around people instead of crowding people into a car.

Monarch's high seat positioning and large window areas offer good road visibility. Its big 14.8 cu. ft. trunk can hold 8 assorted pieces of family luggage with room left over. Precision design, rather than excess weight, makes Monarch strong. And easy to handle. It maneuvers with slight effort through traffic and into small parking places. Monarch has the same type Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety Features as our biggest Mercury. And the snug fits and smooth finishes are designed to be of a quality you might not expect in a car of this size.

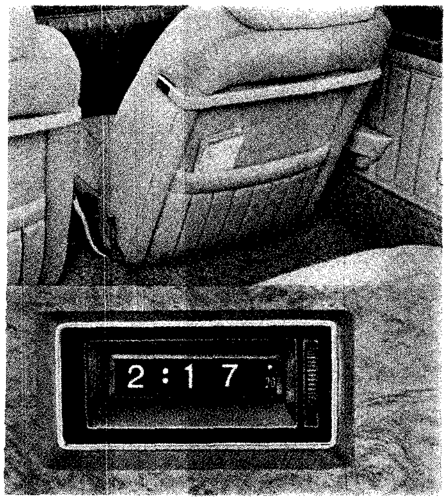


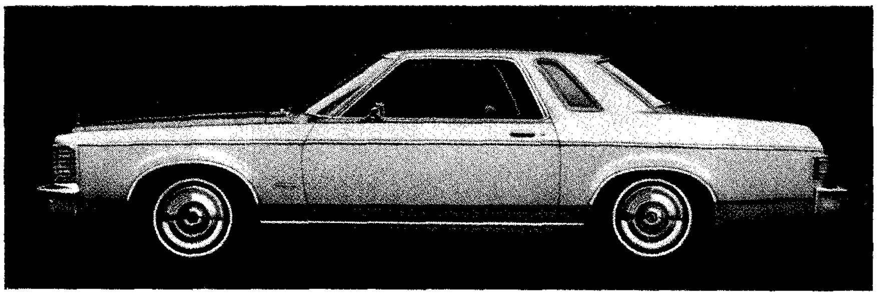
Functional luxury. Monarch's instrumentation is clustered for easy reading. Instrumentation in the Monarch Ghia includes a quartz crystal controlled digital timepiece. European style assist straps and grab handles are positioned strategically throughout its interior. Roomy map pockets are located behind each front seat in addition to a generous size glove box in the dash. An optional illuminated vanity mirror is available and is mounted on the passenger-side sun visor.

Gas mileage. 18 to 26 mpg under highway conditions, 14 to 18 mpg city conditions.



Practical luxury. Monarch Ghia's European style bucket seats are designed for long distance riding comfort. Each is individually reclinable and completely adjustable so you can set them to your own personal preference. Upper door edges are finished with the same woodgrain vinyl as the paneling along the dash.





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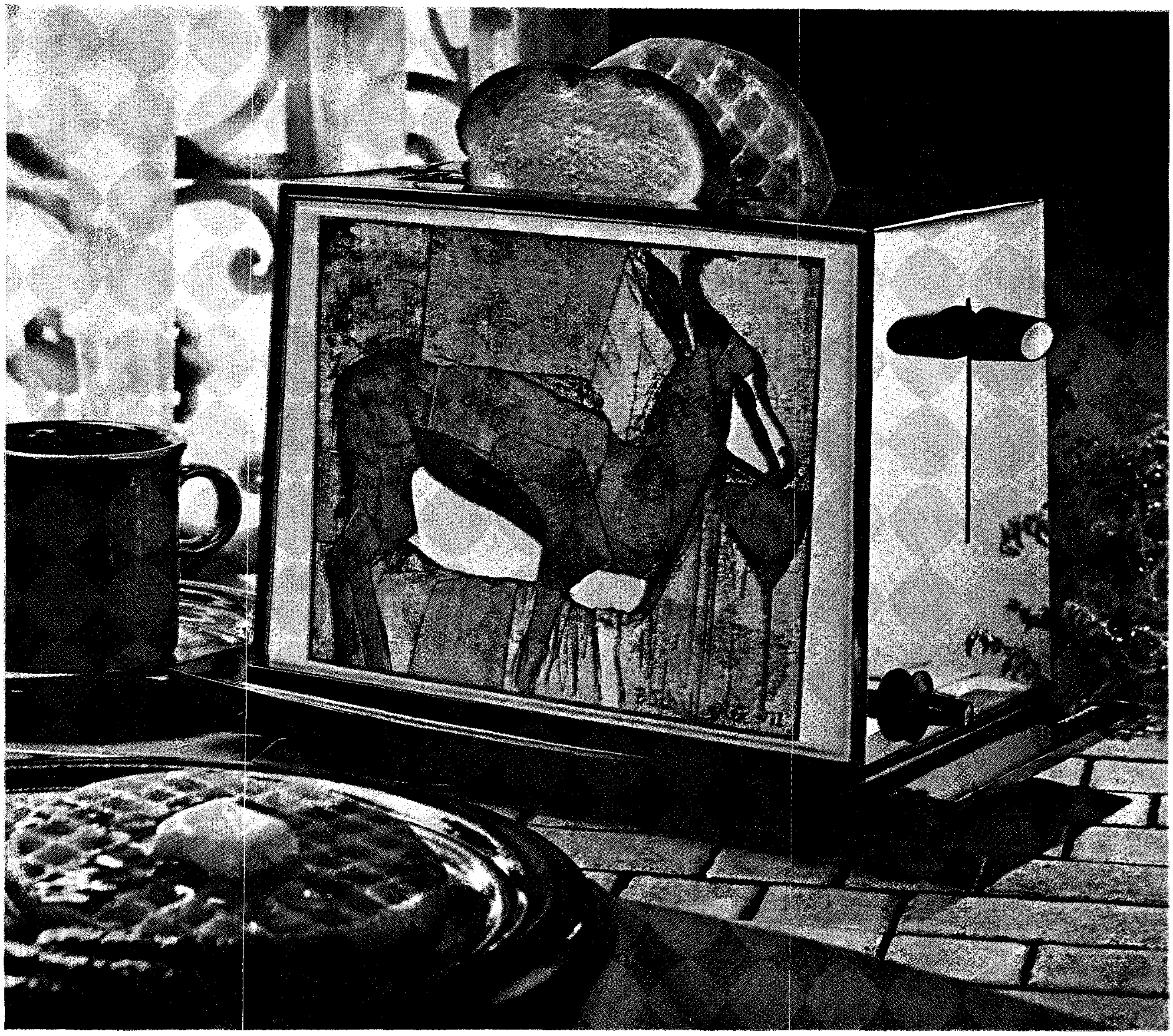
MERCURY MONARCH

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford



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than, as earlier reports had suggested, six. "Committee sources" explained to the press that they had been seeking conversations surrounding "six events." Committee members, meeting this morning, were furious that the White House had leaked Doar's letter. By the end of the day, anyone who was interested knew that it was Ken Clawson, communications director for the President, who had leaked the letter, and that he was the "official" who had said that Doar's letter showed that the committee wanted "carte blanche to rummage through every nook and cranny in the White House on a fishing expedition." He was referring to a request by Doar that arrangements be made for committee staff members to examine the files of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Colson, and Dean "for the purpose of selecting materials which, in our opinion, are necessary for the investigation."

•

IT is interesting to consider what this story would be like tapeless. (I have been told by someone whose word is to be trusted on this that destruction of the tapes was considered at the White House shortly after their existence was revealed.) A tapeless story would have left us with just the events that took place under the Administration, and a judgment would have had to be made on them. The talk of impeachment and resignation—a sense of the seriousness of what had happened—began several months before we heard about the tapes. There would still have been the question of one person's word against another's, and struggles over documents. These people wrote a lot down, too. And, despite the compulsive recording, not everything that the Nixon Administration said or did was committed to tape. Logically, the story should not be much different tapeless. But then this story is not burdened by a surfeit of logic. So we can never know what it would have been like without the tapes, which have produced, or have seemed to produce (even this is not entirely clear), some of the more spectacular events. We are as deeply entangled in the tapes now as is the President.

•

THIS afternoon, I went to see a Democratic Senate aide whom I think of as being in Capitol Hill's traffic patterns. We sat in the senators' dining room drinking tea. On the Senate floor, the senators were debating a bill to restore the death penalty. "It's

In 1945, this Chinese emperor's robe was seen in the "Costumes of the Forbidden City" exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Several hundred years prior, circa 1760, Ch'ien Lung period, it was seen on the Emperor at sacrificial ceremonies. It is silk satin in the Imperial color, yellow, embroidered with all 12 symbols as prescribed by the Law of 1759. It has the five-clawed nine dragons overall worked in gold thread, and at the hem, the five colored clouds. Condition, perfect; this plus the awe-inspiring workmanship and rarity of a robe of such calibre make it a superb acquisition at 5000.00. For additional information, call Mrs. Downing, 214 741-6911; or the robe may be seen in the Couture area in the Downtown Dallas store.

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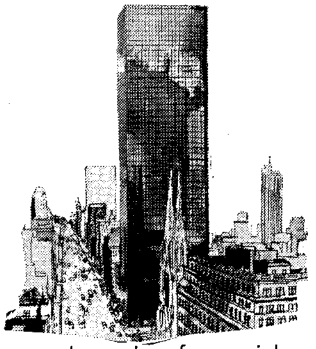

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all finally going to turn on him," said the Senate aide. "It's going to become clear that it's he who is bringing down the office of the Presidency—that if he left the office it would be restored. This wrapping of the Presidency around himself is going to militate against him. It's going to be seen that *he's* the problem—we still revere the office. An impeachment vote will be one to clear the air and bring the case to trial. I don't think he's going to stay. I think he's definitely going to get convicted. Who knows what would happen in a Senate trial? The senators are keeping quiet now and letting the House do its will. They're not going to stick their necks out until they have to. This is one time when cowardice is an act of statesmanship. All the stories that have been published showing that there are only about two dozen senators who would vote today to convict are meaningless. It's the classic case of how all these guys don't take a position on anything they don't have to take a position on: it might go away, he might resign, the House might not vote impeachment. But if it comes to a vote in the Senate it's an entirely different picture."

He said that we might be in for some very rough times before the process was over. "I'm not worried about the Russians," he said. "I'm worried about Nixon—the possibility of diversion. Remember the Middle East alert. It's very important to get him the hell out of there, yet the control of the speed is in his hands."

I asked him why he wanted Nixon out. One had to keep considering that way in there, unspoken, was the thought among Democrats that it might be politically advantageous for them to keep Nixon in office. What this man said would reflect the view of many Senate Democrats.

"The President sets the moral tone," he said. "His being there is eating away the whole notion of government. However atrocious the idea of six years of Gerald Ford is, it's better than this. It's not going to be easy. You just have to say that ten years from now you might look back and see that it was worth it all."

•

ON tonight's news, Ron Ziegler, the White House press secretary, says that what the Judiciary Committee is doing is like "backing a truck up to the White House." Ziegler says it would be "Constitutionally irresponsible" for the President to comply with the committee's request. He says the committee

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should study the material it has already received before asking for more.

March 13

TODAY, Attorney General William Saxbe said that the President was not different from "any other citizen" in his duty to report information about the commission of crimes.

•

IN this morning's *Times*, St. Clair is quoted as saying that he is representing "the office of the Presidency," not the occupant of the office "individually."

•

BRYCE HARLOW, a Presidential adviser, has told reporters, "The House committee is somewhat in the position of a lot of children in homes all over the United States. . . . When you are at meals and you want seconds, you have to clean up your plate first."

•

THE big Constitutional confrontation between the Congress and the President may be building—one for which we have no precedent. However this one is settled, crucial history will have been made. Mere mortals are feeling their way along, making history as they go, shaping our Constitutional future. This is now happening so frequently that one finds it difficult to realize that it is happening. Despite the fact that we have come to expect earthquakes, it seems unlikely that there will be anything like the events of last fall, when the President fired Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. That was unique, defined to some degree by the setting (the dark Saturday night) and the number of events—the immediate departure of two successive Attorneys General. Among the things that made that such a frightening time was that there appeared to be no processes. But the President's attempt to rid himself of one Special Prosecutor landed him with another one. The public outcry forced him to obey the courts. And now the real drama is taking place quietly, behind the scenes, in the work of the staffs of the House Judiciary Committee and the Special Prosecutor, and in the accumulation of events and facts that will eventually be put before the House of Representatives and the public for a judgment.

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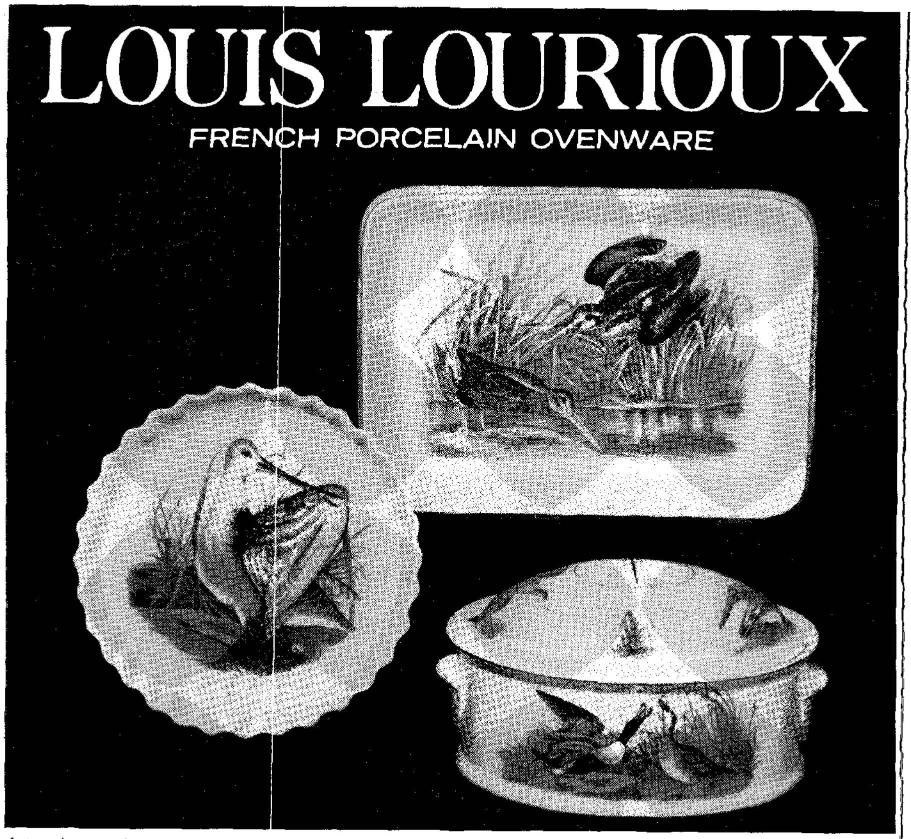
TOMORROW, the President begins another swing around the country—the first since what came to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Soaring Spirit

The Eagle Dance

On the fourth and last day of the healing ceremony in the Pueblo of Tesuque (tes-oo-kay) the Eagle Dance is performed. In recent times, the dancers are mostly the older men: the boys become too impatient with the demands of tradition to learn all that is required.

Diving, crouching and making sweeping gestures with their winged arms, this graceful, swooping dance requires incredible control and strength. It is one of the most beautiful and intricate of all Native American sacred dances.

All the white cloud eagles
Lift me up with your wings.
Take me to the entrance to the earth.
All you eagles
Lift me up with your wings.
Lift me high over the world.
Let no one see where you are taking me
far to the southwest
where our mothers and fathers have gone.
Take me there with your wings
Place me there with your wings.

— Pueblo song fragment

With kind permission of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

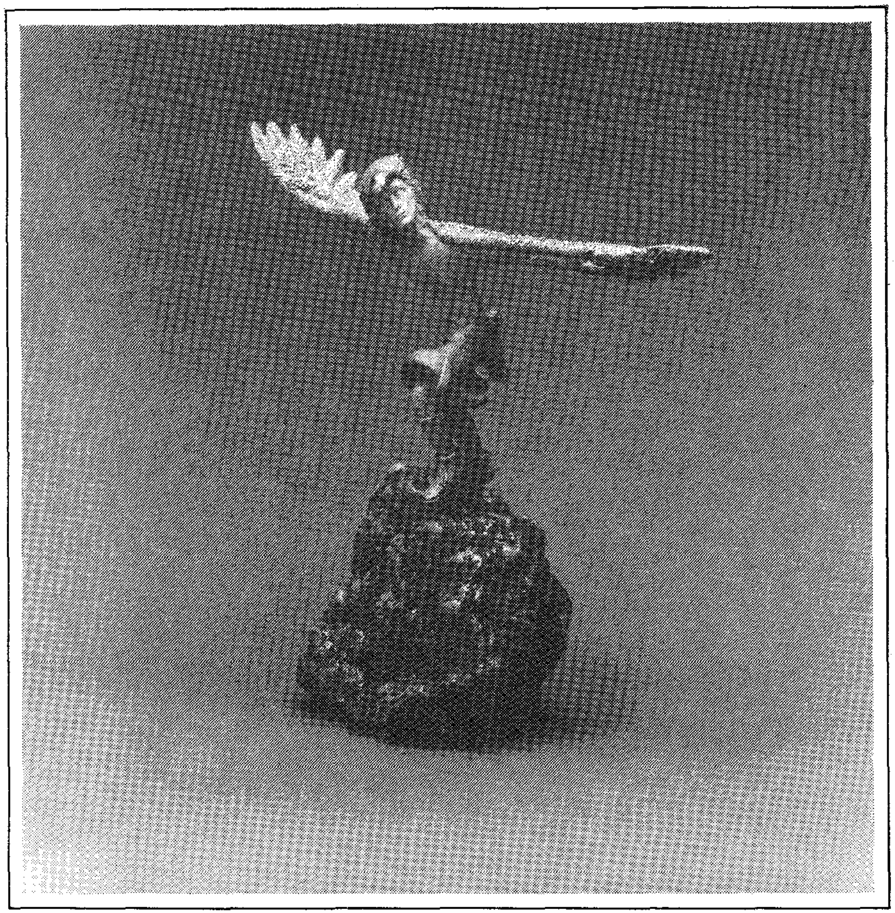
The Artist

To one born in the Indian country of northern Arizona, fascination with Southwestern Indian culture begins at an early age.

For Mikael Redman, imbued with such firsthand knowledge, it became a necessary artistic endeavor to apply the European tradition of superb craftsmanship to capture the mystique of the Original Americans. Thus his miniature sculptures in the lost wax process represent a unique blending of the New World with the Old.

In a demanding medium, he is a demanding artist. Up to six hundred hours of intricate work go into the production of each sculpture. So intricate that one is able to see the fringe on the moccasin of a figure whose overall height is less than two inches, or the tendons of a hand one or two millimeters across!

It is not surprising, then, that Redman Miniatures command prices of up to $8,000, and are found in many public and private collections. Other examples of Redman's sensitive and expressive art can be seen at his gallery at 7110 Fifth Avenue, Scottsdale, Arizona.



cast figure measures 2½" tall

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Turquoise and silver are traditionally utilized by Southwestern Indians in the creation of works of art of surpassing beauty. Even as the scarcity of these materials continues to grow, their beauty further enhances the current revival of interest in Native American culture. What better selection of materials, then, could there be for these unique sculptures?

For whatever reason one acquires a work of art: beautification of one's surroundings, the enrichment and preservation of history, or its value as an investment, a beautiful miniature of this quality will have an important niche in any collection. Purchasers of this piece will have the opportunity to reserve the same Edition Number on subsequent works in the series.

The Mikael Redman Galleries

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The Sculpture

"The Eagle Dancer" is the first in a series of eight Southwestern Indian figures by Mikael Redman. There are 885 sculptures in the edition available for sale, with an additional 15 reserved for museum collections. The figure is .999 fine silver, accented with 24 carat gold plate, rhodium-clad to prevent tarnishing and mounted on an uncut turquoise base of at least 250 carats. Presented in a suede-lined, oiled walnut case which may be hung as a shadow box. Individually numbered and signed. $265.00

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Ordering Information

These original sculptures are available only through The Mikael Redman Galleries. Address all inquiries to The Mikael Redman Galleries, 7110 Fifth Avenue, Scottsdale, Arizona 85251, attention: Mr. Scott.

American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge cardholders may expedite shipment of their purchase by calling Mr. Scott, toll free, at 1-800-528-7865 Extension 1400 be called Operation Candor, last November. The President is to leave for Chicago tomorrow. He will be back in Washington Friday evening, and will go to Nashville for the day on Saturday, and then, on Tuesday, to Houston. The President is in terrible trouble, and is trying to save himself. This is a desperate trip. I'm going along.

March 14

Andrews Air Force Base. Andrews, eleven miles southeast of Washington, toward the Eastern Shore of Maryland, is the point of departure for Presidential trips. In the flat, red brick air terminal this afternoon, military personnel lounge in the waiting room, hoping to "catch a hop" on one of the planes flying to another base. To judge from the map of those bases, one could make a grand tour of the United States on military planes. On the large airfield are about a dozen planes—what an Air Force officer explains to me are VC-137s, VC-135s, and VC-140s—all saying on them "United States of America," and all having the flag painted on the tail. This is part of the fleet of twenty-seven planes at the command of the President. The President's plane, named the Spirit of Seventy-six by Mr. Nixon (whatever Air Force plane the President rides in is referred to officially as Air Force One), is taxiing onto the field. It is a 707, white across the top and dark blue across the bottom. Its number, painted below the flag on the tail, is 27000. The interior of the Spirit of Seventy-six was redone a few months ago. The original interior arrangement, worked out by H. R. Haldeman when the new plane was bought, in early 1973, had not pleased Mrs. Nixon—her quarters constituted a passageway, and were separated by staff quarters from those of the President—and so, after several months, and Haldeman's departure, it was overhauled.

At noon tomorrow, the President is to appear for a question-and-answer session before the Executives' Club of Chicago. Bryce Harlow has said that on this trip the President can be seen by the people without "the filter" of the Washington press corps. The President has been telling Republican congressmen that the real issues in the November election will be peace and prosperity, and he is trying to make them the issues in another election—the one that is to take place in the House of Representatives.

When the President travels, the press, ostensibly along to cover him, inescapably becomes part of his entou-

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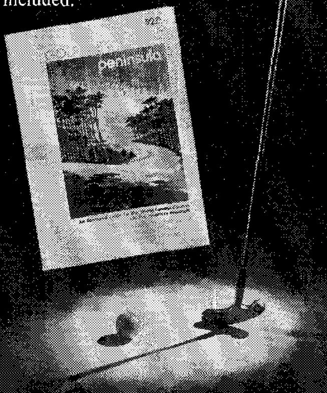

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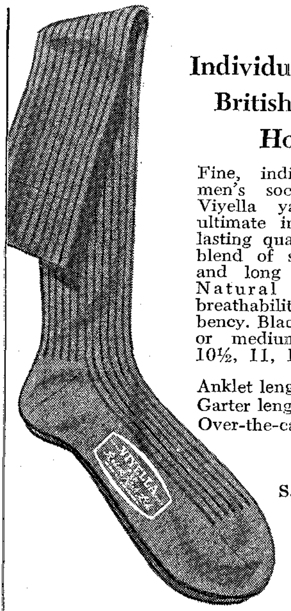

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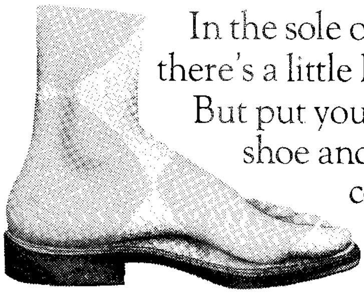

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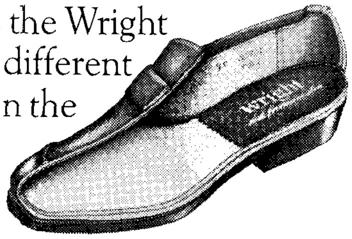

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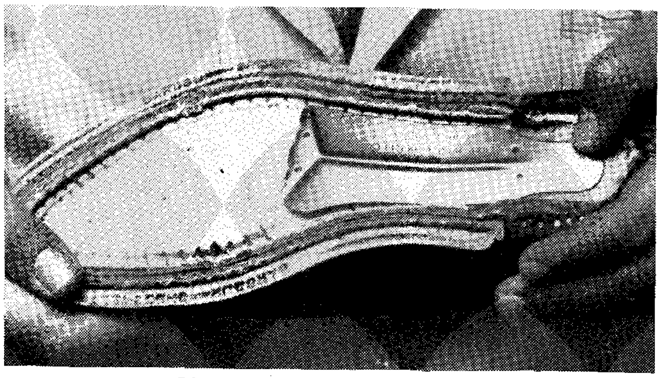

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rage, and so enhances the aura that surrounds him—and vice versa. The aura of the Presidency extends to the White House press corps. The reporters fly on a privately chartered plane, and their employers are billed for the trip. Ray Zook, a slight, bald, bespectacled man who appears to be constantly speaking into a walkie-talkie, sees to it that the proper arrangements are made for the press. At Andrews, one is given a hexagonal badge, of a specified color (Chicago: blue), which one strings around one's neck, along with the White House press pass. These badges serve as a signal to the Secret Service and the local police, and part the seas of crowds on Presidential trips. The airlines, aware that they are carrying national communicators, people close to power, lay on fine food, and as soon as one boards the plane the stewardesses proffer Bloody Marys, beer, champagne. Tonight, there will be shrimp cocktail and steak for dinner. The pilot welcomes us over the public-address system and says that the plane's crew will be with us for three days "on this junket."

There are sixty-five representatives of radio, television, and the press aboard this flight. Also aboard are representatives of the Army Signal Corps, who will record the President's words; a representative of the telephone company, to see that the phone connections at the airport and other spots are in order; and members of the White House press office, who must answer questions (or appear to), shepherd us around, and provide transcripts of the President's remarks as quickly as possible. The President's limousine and the Secret Service follow-up car, together with several Secret Service agents, have already been flown to Chicago. On Air Force One, five reporters serve as pool reporters for the rest of the press. In previous Administrations, pool reporting was a sought-after assignment; it could lead to conversations with the President, or, at least, with his closest aides. Now reporters are reluctant to do pool duty; the most that can be hoped for is a few crumbs from Ron Ziegler. Some of my colleagues say that the press plane for this Nixon trip has an unusually keyed-up atmosphere—somewhat like one of a political campaign. More and more, this trip is talked about as Nixon's "campaign for survival."

•

MANY of us had not seen the Conrad Hilton Hotel, corner of Michigan and Balbo, since the Democratic National Convention of 1968, when we watched the military jeeps with the large metal screens attached to the front, and we choked from the stink bombs and the tear gas, and heard the crowd in Grant Park, across the street, shout "Dump the Hump!" Someone points out the hotel bar whose plate-glass window had been smashed then. Tonight, the Chicago police are in their winter uniforms: dark-blue leather Eisenhower jackets, dark-blue trousers, dark-blue caps with a dark-blue-and-white checked band above the visor. Outside the hotel, there is a small crowd. Some carry signs saying "IMPEACH DICK" or "DOWN WITH NIXON." In the lobby, there is a small, friendly crowd to receive the President, and a bagpipe band called the Shannon Rovers is playing. (The Shannon Rovers are from the eleventh ward—Mayor Richard Daley's—and seem to be to him what the Marine Corps Band is to the President. Daley met Nixon at the airport tonight.) People are cheering, and some carry signs that say "DON'T GIVE UP" and "AMERICA NEEDS NIXON." The President is nowhere to be seen. The police are shouting, very excited, to clear an aisle. Perhaps for the Mayor. We don't know what is going on, and head for the pressroom, where our room keys are ready.

Those summer events in Chicago helped elect Nixon in 1968. But Chicago was also once the scene of his undoing—the site of his first "debate" with John Kennedy in 1960. Nixon wrote later, in "Six Crises," that he had not appeared sufficiently well and rested for that encounter: "I had concentrated too much on substance and not enough on appearance." Perhaps that is the answer to the puzzle of why the President came to Chicago tonight, so long in advance of his question-and-answer session tomorrow.

MARCH 15

THE Chicago *Daily News* reports this morning that the reception for the President in the lobby last night was arranged by Rabbi Baruch Korff, head of the National Citizens Committee for Fairness to the Presidency, and that Nixon introduced him to Daley as "my rabbi." It also carries a U.P.I. story about a story in the Washington *Post* (the President cannot escape the *Post* even here) saying that "informed sources" who have heard the tape of the March 21st meeting agree that the President used the word "wrong" but assert that the context in which he used it suggests

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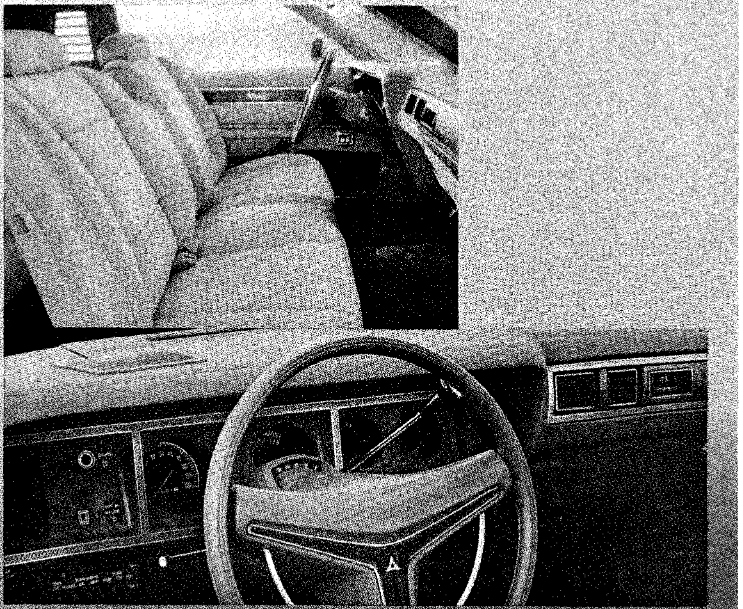

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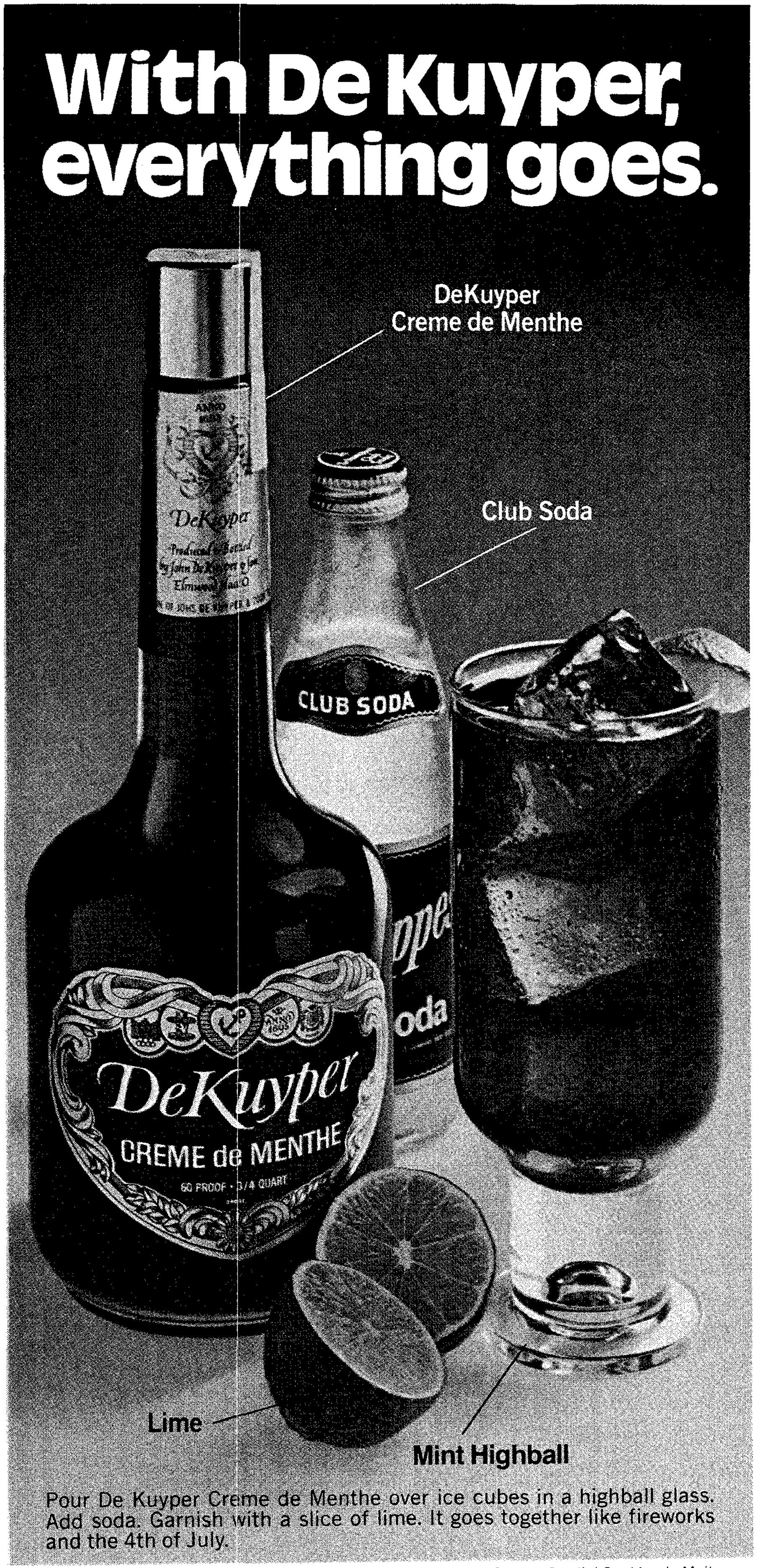

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that he meant only that the payments for silence would not work. The Washington *Post* story says, too, that the members of the Special Prosecutor's staff believe they have proof that the last payment of money to E. Howard Hunt was made about twelve hours after the meeting. There are several other stories in the Chicago papers about the President's problems. So much for the supposed lack of attention to the President's problems "out there."

Shortly after twelve-thirty, we are led, via a maze of back passageways, to the International Ballroom, a vast gold room whose front wall is of wood panelling on which gilt curlicues have been painted. We stand crowded together on one side of the room, cordoned off by a red ribbon. In front of us, at one of a hundred and ninety tables for ten, some men are eating crêpes stuffed with chicken or turkey (they aren't sure which), and boiled peas and carrots, and cherry pie. "It's not very good," one of the men says of the lunch. On the dais, the long head table is draped with a gold tablecloth, and there is a gold curtain behind it. Mayor Daley is at the head table, and so is W. Clement Stone, wearing a peach-colored shirt and a black bow tie. Stone, who gave the President two million dollars for his reëlection, is one of the more important members of the Executives' Club. He has a thick, dark mustache, matching his hair, which is combed straight back. At the microphone, a man is saying to the audience, "The indications are that you are being a little bit reticent about asking questions. Come on, now, don't be bashful." Stone is introduced, and he stands up and waves both hands in the air, Nixonlike. At one end of the dais is the regional commissioner of the I.R.S., which seems a bit surprising. When he is introduced, there are some laughs and boos. A man at the table in front of me says, "This is a conservative bunch." The average age of the crowd appears to be about fifty. There are few blacks and few women. One man has wandered over to a group of reporters for a quick briefing on the complexities of March 21st, and wandered away, confused.

Nixon, reaching the dais, looks tan and healthy. He is wearing a navy-blue suit. As he shakes hands with Daley, the applause increases. It is not clear for whom. The President takes a seat at the center of the head table. When the president of the club introduces Nixon, Clement Stone is the first to his feet to applaud. Nixon thanks the group for having invited him to appear when he was senator and when he was Vice-President and when he was out of office—"and that I appreciated *very* much." He says that he will come back after he has completed his term, "which I expect to do three years from now." He breaks into his characteristic sudden, brief laugh. The President is asked whether he would encourage young people to go into politics (he would), and he is asked about energy and the economy. He talks about America's having "won a peace," and the country's efforts to "keep the peace for a generation and longer abroad." The economy: "That future is good. It is going to be strong." Energy: The worst is over; he has been able to move allocations from heating fuels to gasoline. "As I told Mayor Daley driving in, in the car, Mr. Simon is watching the situation in Chicago very closely, in the Chicago area as well as other areas of the country. If shortages occur, we believe we will be able to handle them so that there will not be an undue problem for your constituents." Gasoline is the new public-works project.

The President points out that he has made "an unprecedented turnover of confidential materials"—the tapes, the documents, and also "case-loads of documents" from the executive branch. He says that Jaworski "said that he had what he considered to be the full story of Watergate, and we want the full story out." And then he says, "There are those who I think very logically would raise the question: Well, why not just give the members of the Judiciary Committee the right to come in and have all of the tapes of every Presidential conversation, a fishing license or complete right to go in and go through all of the Presidential files in order to find out whether or not there is a possibility that some action had been taken which might be and might result in an impeachable offense? The reason why we cannot go that far . . . it isn't a question that the President has something to hide." It is that he does not want to further weaken the Presidency. The argument, wrapped in the context he has given it, appears to make sense. Perhaps the President can put it across. If he does, he will have established the precedent that Presidents can set the terms of impeachment inquiries.

The President looks good today—as good as I have seen him look since this whole issue broke. He seems calmer and more in command than he has seemed in almost a year. He

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hunches over the lectern, his shoulders forming a curve up over his neck, but there are fewer nervous gestures. From time to time, his knees do pump into the rostrum. When he says, "One year of Watergate is enough," he gets applause, and when he says, "I will do nothing to weaken the office of the Presidency," he gets applause again. Whatever impression this is giving the television audience, it must be reinforcing to him—telling him that the approach is effective.

The President, not being asked about the March 21st meeting, works it into an answer to a question about whether it might not be better if he resigned. (Some of the audience hiss at the question, but the President assures them it is "a perfectly proper question.") Nixon refers to some "charges" that he says the audience has probably read "either in your news magazine, possibly in a newspaper, certainly heard on television and radio," and says that these charges "are all totally false, and the investigations will prove it." Then, sliding into the meeting of March 21st, he says, "Correcting what may have been a misapprehension when I spoke to the press on March 6th in Washington, it was alleged that the payments that had been made to defendants were made for the purpose of keeping them still. However, Mr. Ehrlichman, Mr. Haldeman, Mr. Mitchell have all denied that that was the case, and they certainly should be allowed the right in court to establish their innocence or guilt without our concluding that that was the case." Thus his "explanation" of the March 6th statement. The President went through the "charges" and this "explanation" so quickly that one had to put the mind in overdrive to keep up with him. There was a "misapprehension" connected with what he said—whose misapprehension he does not specify. Now "it was alleged" that the payments were made for silence.

The question of resignation is a good one from his point of view. "If the President resigned when he was not guilty of charges," he replies, "then every President in the future could be forced out of office by simply levelling some charges and getting the media to carry them and getting a few congressmen and senators who were on the other side to exploit them." That is not an exact description of what has been happening, but the President is circling an important issue. "Why doesn't the President resign because his popularity is low?" he asks, and he answers, "From a personal stand-

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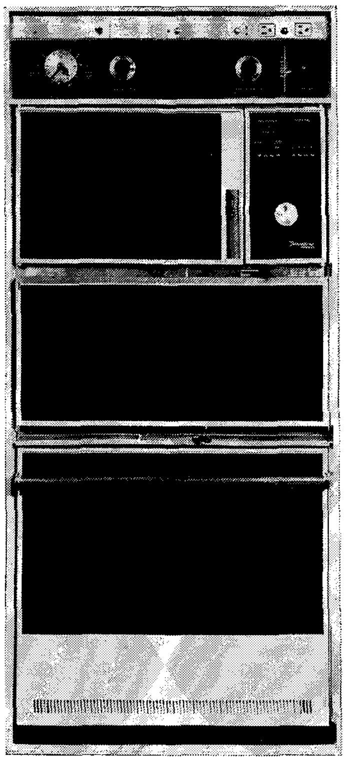

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point, resignation is an easy cop-out. But on the other hand, apart from the personal standpoint, resignation of this President on charges of which he is not guilty, resignation simply because he happened to be low in the polls, would forever change our form of government."

As the President is given a round of applause, he goes back to the dais to talk with and smile at Daley. Daley applauds but does not smile. Clement Stone is beaming and applauding. Nixon steers Daley to the rostrum. Daley does not appear pleased but goes along, his solid body propelled by Presidential command. The President says that though "at times" he may appear partisan, he does not intend to be. While the President greets some others on the dais, the president of the club thanks him for the "wonderfully interesting and informative and candid performance." Nixon goes back to the rostrum again. He seems not to want to leave the applause and the approval, and return to his limousine, his plane, and his troubles. "While I leave the podium," he says, "I don't expect to leave the Presidency until January the twentieth, 1971." And then he says, "I mean 1977."

Outside the hotel, it is chilly and raining. Near the door on Michigan Avenue are picketers with signs saying "IMPEACH NIXON," "NIXON PAY YOUR TAXES," "NIXON IS A CROOK." Someone in this group is playing a tuba. Across the street in Grant Park, demonstrators are carrying neatly lettered signs that say "GOD BLESS AMERICA" and "GOD LOVES NIXON." Many of them are also waving red-white-and-blue paper pennants that say "SUPPORT OUR PRESIDENT," "GOD LOVES AMERICA," and "GOD LOVES NIXON." A man, using a bullhorn, is leading them in a singsong chant: "God Loves America." They are followers of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, the evangelist from Seoul, Korea, whose trucks circled Lafayette Park blaring prayers for the President after he fired Archibald Cox, and whose followers have been turning up for the President—at a Christmas-tree lighting, at a prayer breakfast, at crucial moments—ever since. One of them, a young man in his twenties, tells me that the Reverend Moon has about three hundred and fifty followers in Chicago. He says that the man with the bullhorn came to Chicago from Washington to organize this demonstration. The man with the bullhorn, who appears to be in his mid-thirties, is staring intently at the Hilton and seems lost in

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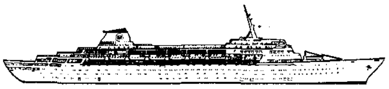

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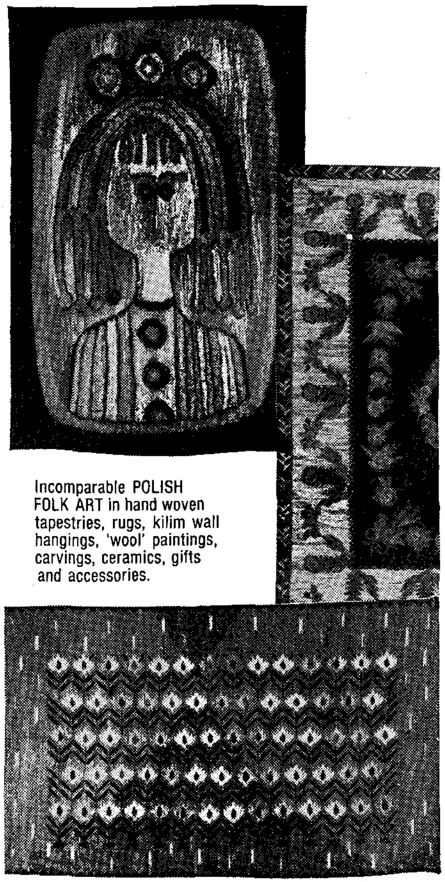

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his chant. He changes the chant to "Support the President."

•

WHERE are the definers? The politicians are reluctant to speak out—partly because of fear, and partly because they will have to vote on impeachment and possibly in a Senate trial and do not want to appear to be prejudging the case. There is an awareness now that the Andrew Johnson impeachment was an unattractive episode, and the politicians are becoming conscious that their behavior during these days and weeks will be the stuff of history. They have not been confronted with this kind of situation before. It is not an easy time for people to find their roles. Some are reluctant to speak out for fear of being painted as part of a "lynch mob," or as "out to get" the President. This is how the White House tries to paint those who call for his impeachment. By the White House definition, it is acceptable to speak out against the President's impeachment but not for it. As they define it, it is not proper to have come to a conclusion—an unfavorable one, at least—about the things that have happened and have been known for some time. Perhaps the members of the House Judiciary Committee will eventually be definers. But a battle for public opinion is going on now.

When the framers of the Constitution were searching for methods of constraining power, of holding the trustees of power accountable, it was a much simpler time. Now the arsenal of power is far, far greater: television networks, regulatory agencies, federal laws and federal grants to be selectively applied, large staffs, responsibility for economic management, a private fleet of planes, international diplomacy, and nuclear weapons. Somehow, Nixon seems to turn the fundamental idea of democracy on its head, saying, in effect, that the more powerful the President is, the less accountable he should be. It is a long way from Warren Hastings to this.

MARCH 16

THE NASHVILLE AIRPORT. A crowd has been gathered in an Air National Guard hangar. The advance men have done their work. Airplane hangars are very good for amplifying the cheers of a crowd. Little Girl Scouts, in their green uniforms, are shivering in the cold. People in the crowd are holding signs saying "AMERICA LOVES NIXON" and "WELCOME TO NASHVILLE." Across

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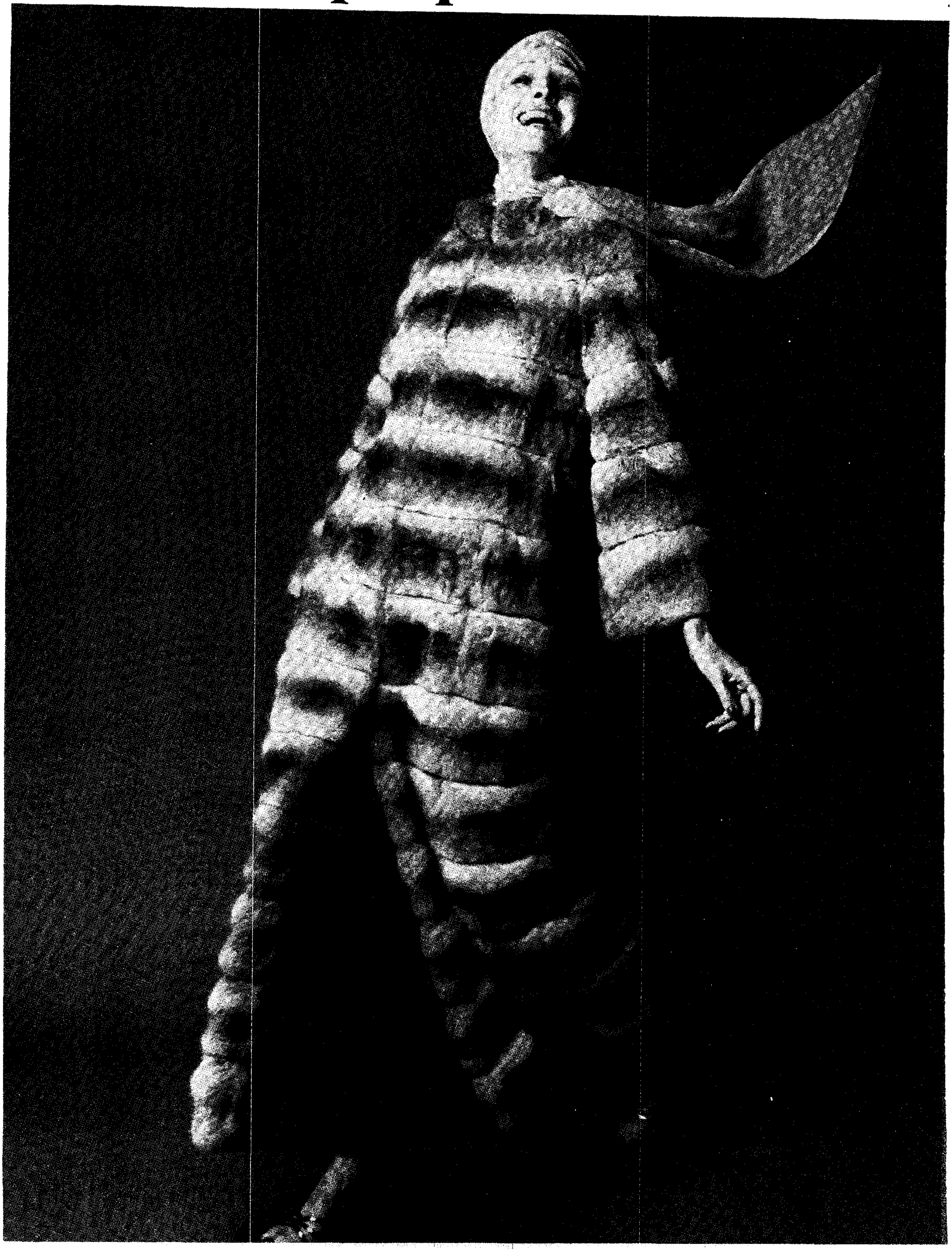
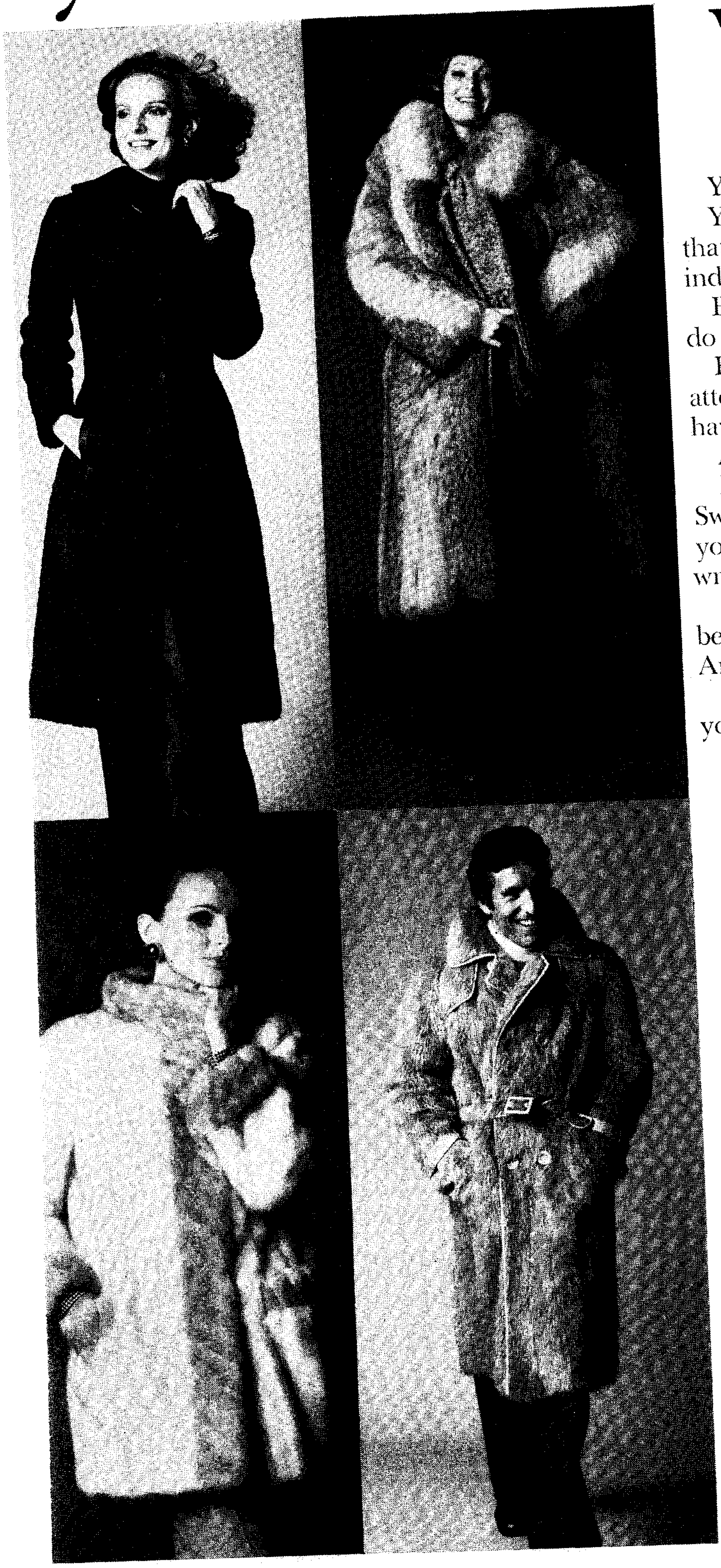


if you don't deserve one, who does?



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Furs Shown: Opposite page, Natural Beige Chinchilla. Top left: Swakara Broadtail Lamb. Top right: Canadian Lynx. Bottom left: Bleached White Mink Jacket; pastel mink trim. Bottom right: Unplucked Nutria. Prices range from $1,500 to $15,000. No furs used by The American Fur Industry belong to the endangered species and all are labeled as to country of origin. Available at fine retailers or write:

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the back of the hangar is a large sign that says, in block letters, "WELCOME HOME PAT." Many in the crowd are carrying miniature American flags. The flags are plastic. The Bellevue High School Band, dressed in red and black, rehearses "Ruffles and Flourishes" and "This Is My Country" and "Tennessee Waltz," the last of which it is having some inexplicable difficulty with. Another band, wearing tall black Beefeater hats, plays country music. Some reporters who got here earlier say that the crowd has been practicing cheers. A man named Fred Boyd has written, to the tune of "Okie from Muskogee," a song called "Stand Up and Cheer for Richard Nixon": "Now, I'm not from Muskogee, Oklahoma, But I believe in right and being free. And I'm sick of what I'm reading in the papers, I'm tired of all that trash that's on TV. . . . Stand up and cheer for Richard Nixon, For he's the President of our great land. With a little help and a lot less criticism, He well could be the best we ever had." What seems to be becoming a nation-wide sign contest is taking place here, too. Outside and to the left of the hangar there is another crowd. Among its signs are two that say, "RICHARD THE RAT" and "HE AIN'T COUNTRY, HE'S CROOKED." A truck has on it, in large white letters, "THROW THE BUM OUT."

Winfield Dunn, the Republican governor of Tennessee, and the Tennessee senators, Howard Baker and William Brock, both Republicans, approach the hangar. Dunn, who was a dentist until he was elected governor, in 1970, is handsome, with a thick shock of dark hair. He asks the crowd inside to be polite to "the beautiful and charming First Lady." It is not clear what he is worried about. Today is Mrs. Nixon's birthday. Dunn has been a strong supporter of the President. Senators Baker and Brock could obviously play an important role in deciding the President's fate. The politicians are here for the dedication of a new building for the Grand Ole Opry, and the President has landed in their midst. So they have come to the airport to greet him.

Eventually, the President's limousine pulls up outside the hangar, the President emerges, and the crowd cheers. The Bellevue High School Band plays "Hail to the Chief." I am standing on some bleachers, and can only occasionally glimpse—over the signs—the President, who is talking with the senators. The cheering crowd cannot possibly see him. But it cheers any-

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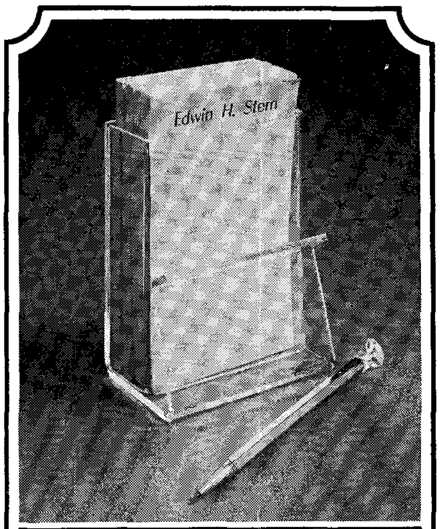

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The Backgame: a last resort. Byford and Tim Holland explain the strategy.

The Backgame is unquestionably the most exciting part of Backgammon. It is also the most complex. Since unsuccessful Backgames usually result in stringent penalties (either gammons or backgammons), one should attempt to play them only as a last resort and not by choice.

There are three prerequisites to the play of a Backgame:

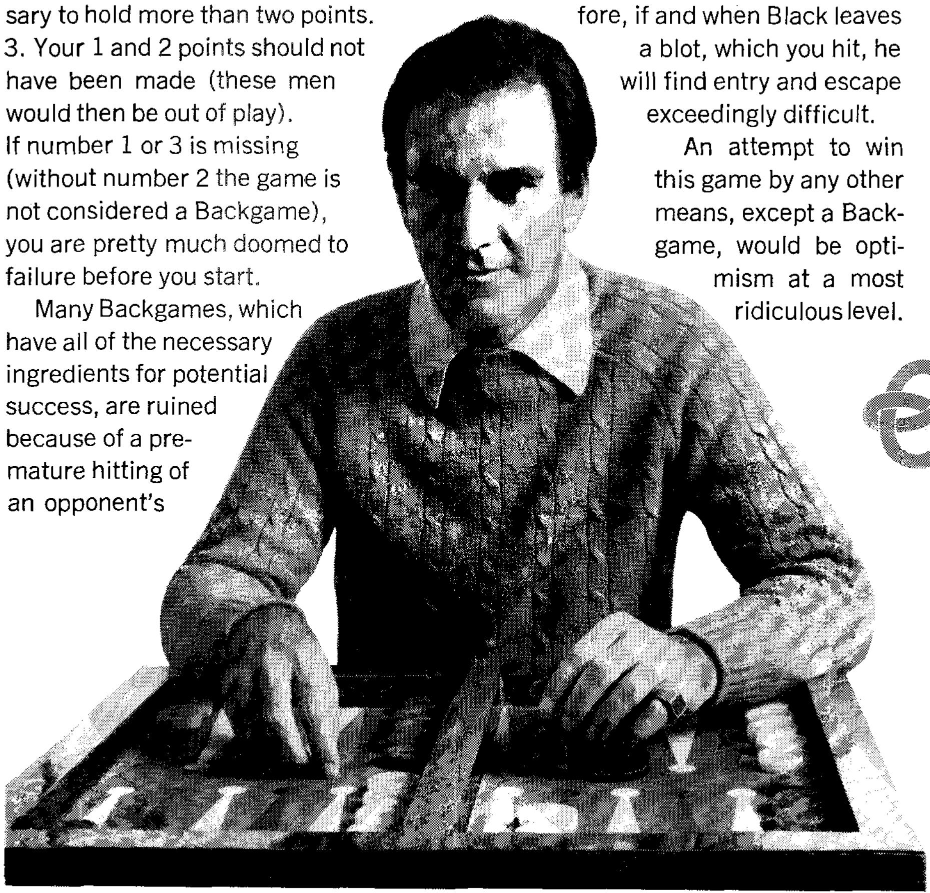
1. You must be far behind in the race (as a result of having had several of your men hit and/or your opponent's large doubles).
2. You must hold 2 (or more) points in your opponent's home board (preferably the low points—1 and 2, 1 and 3, 2 and 3 are the best). It is not necessary to hold more than two points.
3. Your 1 and 2 points should not have been made (these men would then be out of play).

If number 1 or 3 is missing (without number 2 the game is not considered a Backgame), you are pretty much doomed to failure before you start.

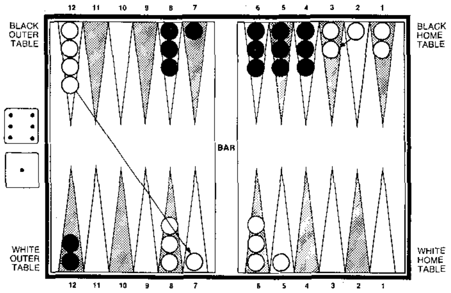
Many Backgames, which have all of the necessary ingredients for potential success, are ruined because of a premature hitting of an opponent's blot. As is true of most things in life, timing is everything, the Backgame is no exception.

In the problem at right, the correct play is to make Black's 3 point and move one man from Black's 12 point to White's bar point. You now have the necessary elements for a Backgame (To reiterate from above: 1. You've established two good points in your opponent's board; 2. You are well behind in the race; 3. You have no men out of play). Unless you roll extremely large numbers on your next several rolls, you should, by the time Black starts to bear his men off, have a good position on your side of the board (your 3, 4, 5, 6 and bar points—or close to it). Therefore, if and when Black leaves a blot, which you hit, he will find entry and escape exceedingly difficult.

An attempt to win this game by any other means, except a Backgame, would be optimism at a most ridiculous level. You would not only need to roll miracle numbers, but your opponent would have to be totally ineffective in his play. Thus the temptation to hit Black's blot on Black's bar point and make your five point must be resisted.



White rolls 6 and 1



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Tim Holland, three-time world champion, is the author of "Beginning Backgammon" and "Better Backgammon" (published by McKay), and the creator of Autobackgammon™ and a complete line of sets, all made by Reiss Games.

The next Byford Backgammon lesson will appear on October 28th.

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way. Then a plane numbered 26000, and also *blue and white, matching the* President's—the First Lady's plane—*taxis dramatically right up to the hangar.* Good theatre, and a remarkable piece of timing: she has flown in from Brasilia after a six-day tour of Latin America. The President, wearing a gray overcoat, springs up the ramp to her plane, and shortly emerges, holding Mrs. Nixon's arm and waving to the crowd. Mrs. Nixon is wearing a white raincoat and a bright-green scarf. The Bellevue High School Band plays "Happy Birthday." In the hangar, some hitherto hidden signs go up. One says, "IF IT WAS WRONG, WHY DID YOU DO IT?" Another lists the former Presidential aides who have been indicted. "This is truly a wonderful homecoming," says the First Lady. While she speaks, her plane is in the background, the dashing pilot watching from the controls. The President smiles and applauds. Dunn introduces "our beloved President." There are a few boos, but the cheers drown them out. There is an indistinguishable chant from the crowd outside the hangar. It holds up a huge white banner with, written on it in red, "IMPEACH." The President talks to the crowd of his wife's trips and his trips all over the world. "And when I come here to the heartland of America, just let me say two things," he says to the shivering Girl Scouts and others. "From a military standpoint, I know that in this great State of Tennessee, as indicated by the votes of your senators and your congressmen, the people of Tennessee support strongly my position that the United States must never become the second strongest nation in the world."

We run for the bus, and the motorcade begins. On the way into the city, we pass one group along the road holding a three-part sign that says "RES IPSA LOQUITUR."

•

THE auditorium of the new Grand Ole Opry building, a fifteen-million-dollar edifice, in a park called Opryland, U.S.A. The interior of the auditorium is a cross between an opera house and a tabernacle; the pews are upholstered in burnt-orange carpeting. The performers mill around the stage, just as they used to do at the Ryman Auditorium, a converted tabernacle and something of a national shrine, from which the Opry has moved. On a backdrop at the rear of the stage is painted a big red barn. When we arrive, the Grand Ole Opry radio program is on, and the announcer, in a

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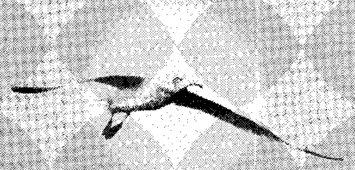

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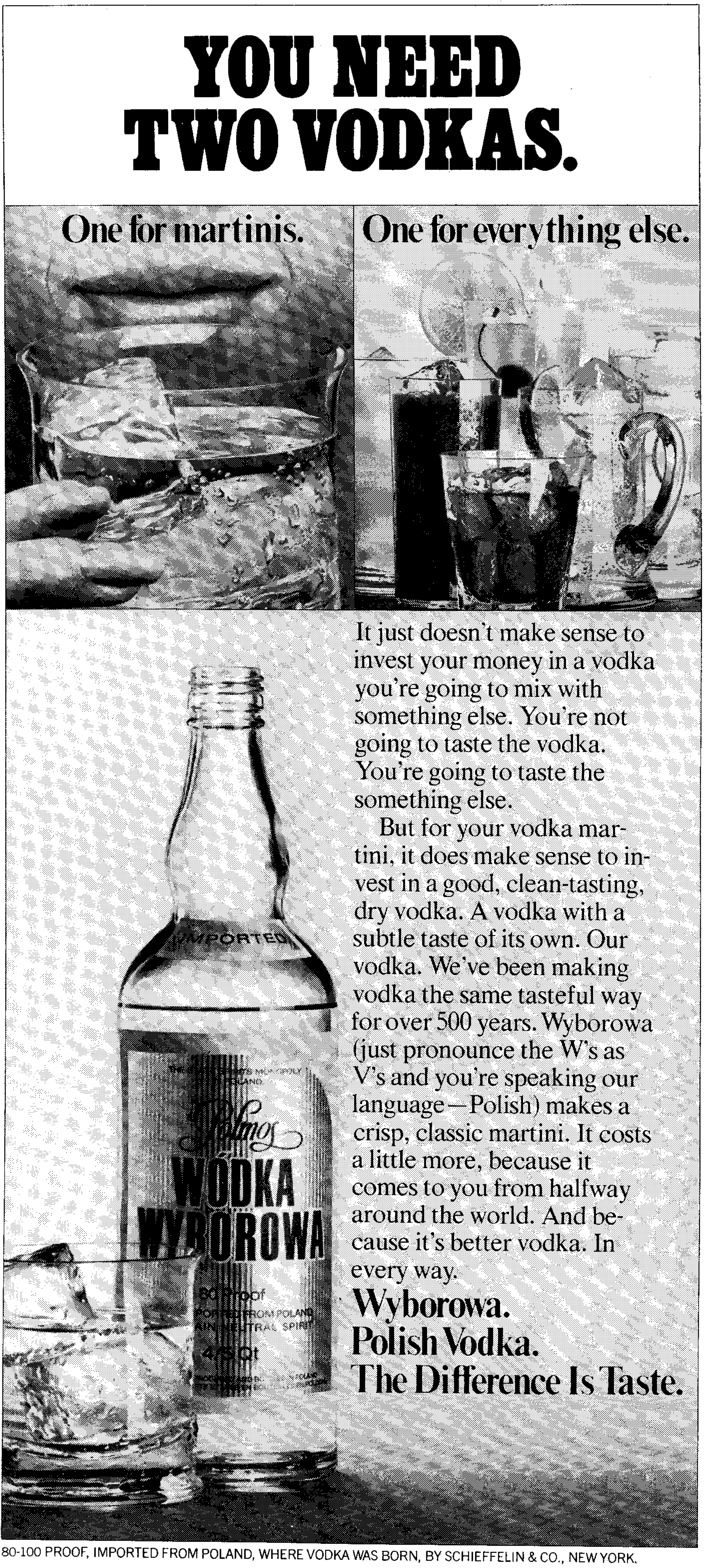
yellow suit, announces a break for a commercial. Then he proclaims "the Grand Ole Opry's finest hour in its forty-eight-year history," and Governor Dunn and Senators Baker and Brock come into the balcony just above the right-hand side of the stage. Spotlights are turned on them, and, after the applause, the politicians look at the people on the stage and the people on the stage look up at the politicians and there is dead silence—except for the sound of a popcorn machine on the other side of the auditorium, where some of us are standing. I think it is the loudest popcorn machine I have ever heard. No one had arranged this moment, and no one seems to know what to do about it. Then, mercifully, someone announces the President and Mrs. Nixon, and they file into the balcony. The President waves. The applause is polite but not exuberant. The announcer says that the show will continue, and the President of the United States, who is facing impeachment, sits, like a Roman emperor, in the balcony and watches while Roy Drusky sings "Satisfied Mind."

After the show has continued for a while, the President has faded into the audience, and so has George Wallace, who is also here. Nixon is turned in his seat and is talking at length with Howard Baker, seated behind him. Roy Acuff, the country singing star, in a dark-blue jacket, blue-and-white checked trousers, a red tie, and white shoes, and wearing glasses, is at the microphone. Roy Acuff, after saying he has "only been with the Opry since nineteen hundred and thirty-seven," says that tonight we have "the very first President to be here." He asks President and Mrs. Nixon "if they would mind honoring us" by coming onto the stage. The President would not mind in the least. As he comes onto the stage, "Hail to the Chief" is played country-music style. The audience applauds politely. The President and Mrs. Nixon are seated on the stage—he sitting stiffly, his hands folded on his right knee. Dorothy Ritter, Tex Ritter's widow, presents Mrs. Nixon with a dulcimer. Mrs. Nixon is in a bright-green dress with bone pumps. Roy Acuff suggests that we sing "Happy Birthday" to Mrs. Nixon, and asks if he would "be imposing should I ask, Mr. President, will you please play the piano for us." There is applause, and Nixon stands and briefly grasps the dulcimer, waves it in the air, and then suddenly pulls a yo-yo out of his pocket. He does it so quickly, saying "I haven't even learned to play



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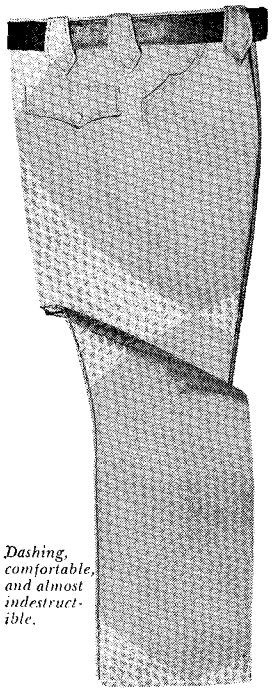

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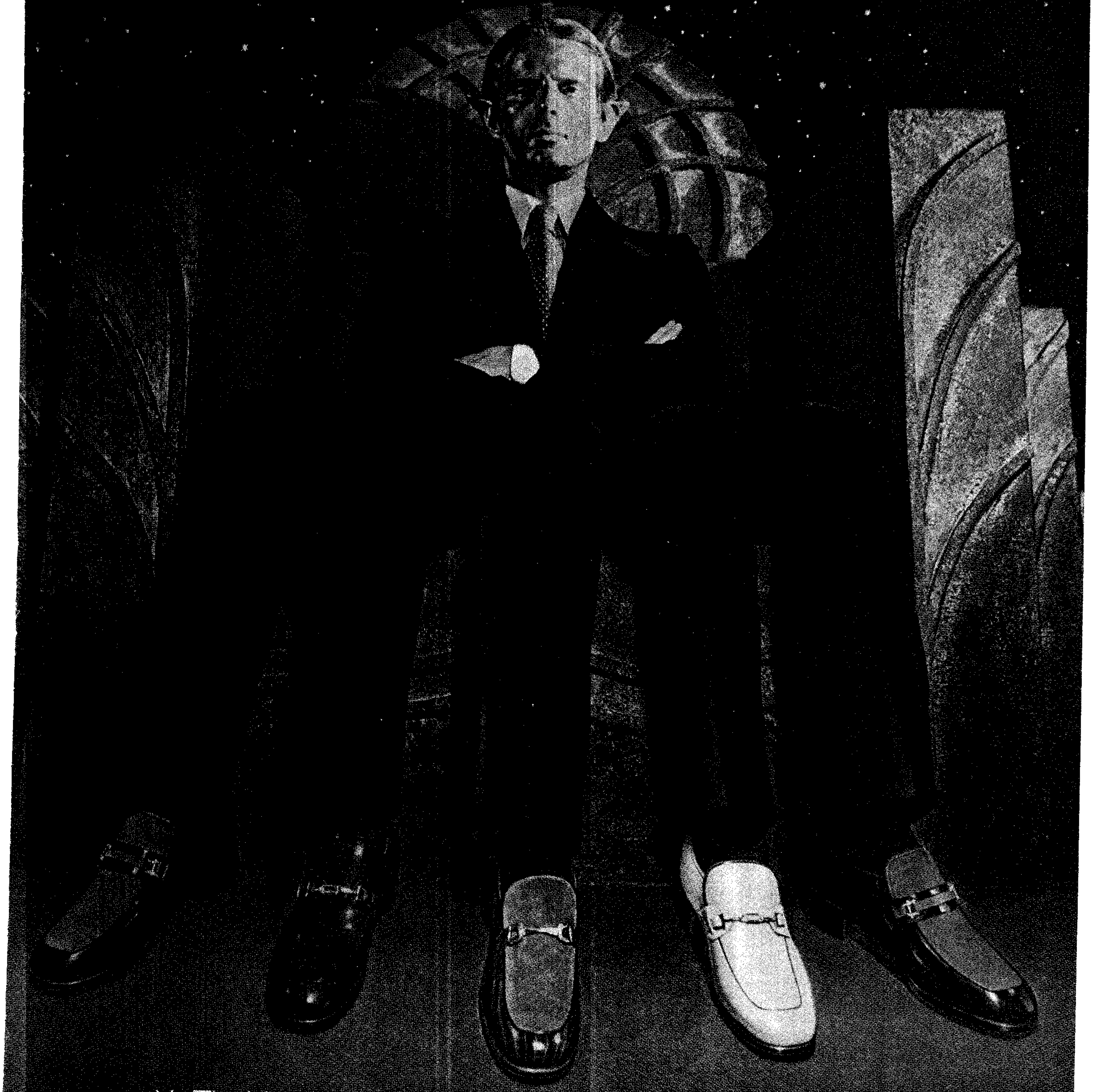
with this thing," that the incident—like his explanation of the March 21st meeting—is over almost before one realizes what has happened. The yo-yo is Roy Acuff's trademark, and the President has appropriated it. He grasps what he can—Mayor Daley, a dulcimer, senators, a yo-yo. The yo-yo hangs there loosely, and one watches, transfixed, sensing that one is seeing a moment that will be remembered. We are there, and at the same time we are visualizing pictures of this scene in *Time* and *Newsweek*. The President goes to the piano, announces, "In the key of G," and firmly bonks out "Happy Birthday." Back at the microphone, the President talks about his wife's birthday and suggests that the audience join him as he plays another song. Then, with exaggerated motions, hands pawing the air in front of him, the President creeps toward the piano as if to attack it. The clowning is strange; I have not seen it before. The emperor appears to be courting the favor of the audience. After playing "My Wild Irish Rose," the President makes some remarks to the audience. He points out that his wife has flown in from Brasilia for the occasion, and he makes a little joke about country music and country moonshine. He tells the audience that "country music is American" and that he has brought country music to the White House "on many occasions." He tells of the night in May, 1973, when they had a White House dinner for the returned prisoners of war, "the largest dinner ever held at the White House," and "we had some fine Hollywood stars, you know, singing some of the more modern music that is—well, it is a little hard to understand." He emphasizes the words "modern" and "understand," and manages to look baffled as he says them. And then he says that the biggest hit of that evening was Roy Acuff. (As he talked, my mind went back to that dinner. It was then that Watergate was breaking, and the President launched a brief overt attack on Daniel Ellsberg, saying that it was time to "quit making national heroes of those who steal secrets and publish them in the newspapers.") The President tells the audience that country music talks about family life and religion and patriotism—"those combinations which are so essential to America's character at a time that America needs character," because the peace of the world "for generations, maybe centuries, to come will depend not just on America's military might, which is the greatest in the world, or our wealth, which is the greatest in the world," but on our character and our willingness to wear the flag and stand up for the flag—and, coming miraculously full circle, he says, "And country music does that." Then Roy Acuff gives him a little lesson in how to use a yo-yo, and Nixon says, "I will stay here and try to learn how to use the yo-yo, and you go up and be President." Good line. Then Roy Acuff asks the audience to sing "Stay a Little Longer," and it does, and he asks the President to play the piano again, and the President plays "God Bless America," and the audience, standing, sings along.

MARCH 18

TODAY, I decided to spend some time talking with members of the House—preferably, members of the Judiciary Committee. William Cohen is a very youthful-looking man with dark-blond hair, blue eyes, and even, white teeth. He is thirty-three, a Republican from Maine, in his first term in the House. His district, reaching from the top of Maine down to a point south of Lewiston, is the largest in area east of the Mississippi. It is a "swing" district; Cohen won the seat, which was formerly held by a Democrat, by fifty-four per cent. Cohen is soft-spoken; his manner is earnest. He is aware that, as a member of the committee conducting an inquiry into the impeachment of the President, he is on display. Under ordinary circumstances, he might not have been heard of for years. Cohen and I had lunch at the far end of the House members' dining room, which has been newly refurbished in pale blue and white. There is a huge blue-and-gold chandelier in the center. On each table is a bud vase containing a fresh red carnation. There are blue-and-white paper placemats depicting George Washington at Yorktown. The dining room is noisy and crowded—there is never enough room for all the members of Congress who want to eat there—and the cuisine is, at its zenith, mediocre. But the congressmen have seen to it that it is inexpensive. And it is convenient: close enough to the House floor, one story above, for members to dash off to answer quorum calls or to vote.

"I've approached the entire impeachment question in terms of what the facts are and what the law is—the law being the Constitution," Cohen said. "I am determined to follow that course, regardless of political influence." This is rather what one would expect to hear, but I asked him to go

Is there intelligent life on Mars?



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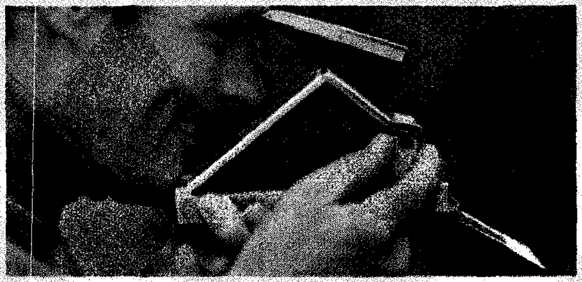

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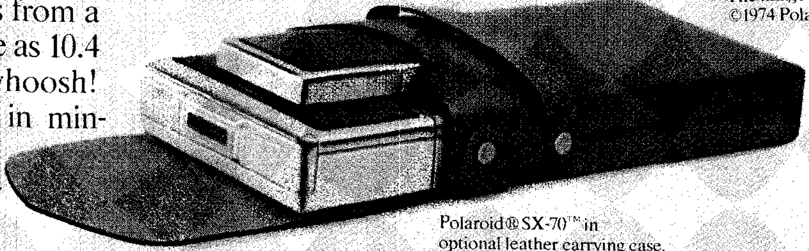

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on. I wanted to see what I could learn about how some members of the committee were thinking about the issue before them—or thinking that they should be talking about how they were thinking about it. "I solicit the opinions of my constituents," Cohen continued. "It's an ugly mood that's building out there—an anger coming from both sides. But it's really not a matter of nose counting. Ultimately, I'll have to cast a vote depending on what the evidence is. Even if sixty per cent of the people of this country were opposed, if the facts supported the allegations I would vote for it, and the converse is true. I, like most members, am going to get burned no matter what happens. These are forces beyond my control. All I can do is make a very careful, scrupulous examination of all the facts and then try to do the right thing, and then go back and try to explain to my state what I've done and why. If I can't, I don't belong down here."

I asked Cohen what kind of conduct he thought was impeachable.

"Do I think I have to find a specific link between the President and these acts? No. Do I think most of the committee members think so? Yes. I have a special problem with the issue of accountability for the acts of subordinates. The issue is so controversial that the staff report made only a quick reference to it. I happen to feel that if someone sets in motion an essentially illegal operation, without guidelines, restrictions, inhibition, and it results in the commission of a number of offenses, then the person who set the thing up might very well be held accountable. I don't believe that one should be able to set up situations or procedures in a way that gives one deniability. You may take a searchlight and look for the footprints and come to a dead end. Then you have to ask another question: Must it be a specific offense or do you come to a conclusion that—*in toto*—the rule of law and the Constitution have been subverted?"

Cohen went on, "I can see what's taking place in terms of strategies, but it's not going to affect my decision. From the President's point of view, his going public and St. Clair's strategy are very good moves. The President doesn't have many options. He's doing what he can to remain strong and viable in the eyes of the public. I think the short-term reaction will be to galvanize the support. But in terms of the committee it will be counterproductive. The committee will continue to search for the documents. We may

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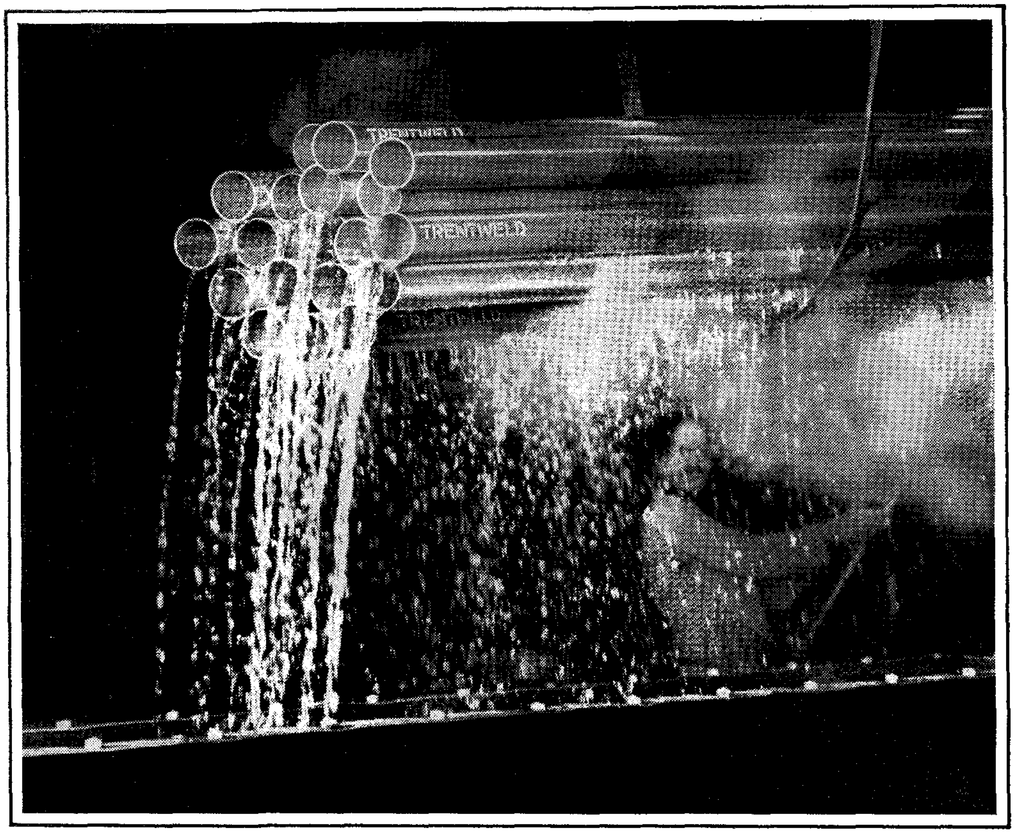

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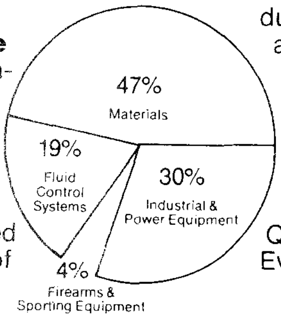

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go the subpoena route, but it is sort of an empty gesture. We're not about to send a sergeant-at-arms to arrest the President, and rent a room in the Rayburn Building to contain him. There are legal questions that can be raised about his refusal to supply documents. The President will be active, will shower the public with legislation—veterans, education, health insurance—to show that he is an active President and to seek the support of groups backing such things. I would anticipate a trip to the Soviet Union a week or ten days before we vote"—Cohen stops and smiles—"juxtaposed against the image of thirty-eight members of a committee dealing in 'small-minded unsubstantiated allegations.' Which will generate a great deal of pressure on the committee. We'd be living in a fool's paradise not to appreciate that. As for now, there is an attempt to blur the line between appearance and reality. The President took to television last week to tell the public he was coöperating with us, saying he's giving us the material he gave to Jaworski. Well, obviously you can't give material for an indictment but not for an impeachment. As for the offer to answer written questions, any trial lawyer worth his salt knows that written interrogatories aren't worth anything as far as discovery is concerned."

I asked him what would happen if the President should continue to withhold material.

"It's very difficult to compete with the President," he said. "We don't have the access to the media. We can't call a press conference any time we want. A member can get maybe forty seconds on television to say that what the President is saying is wrong. We can't counter the power of the Presidency. And people are becoming immune to shock. I don't think the next revelation will make that much difference. I don't see an issue so stirring up the public that it piles up on the Congress again. When the tax report comes out, we might also see Henry and Sadat and Golda toasting. So it's hard to predict what the evolution of this thing is going to be."

I asked Cohen if he had been under any pressure from the Party.

"Not much," he replied. "Three or four months ago, some members of the White House staff were asked to get together our statements. I had a visit from the Party state chairman and the state chairman of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. They came down here to find out what my thinking was. I made it clear that I

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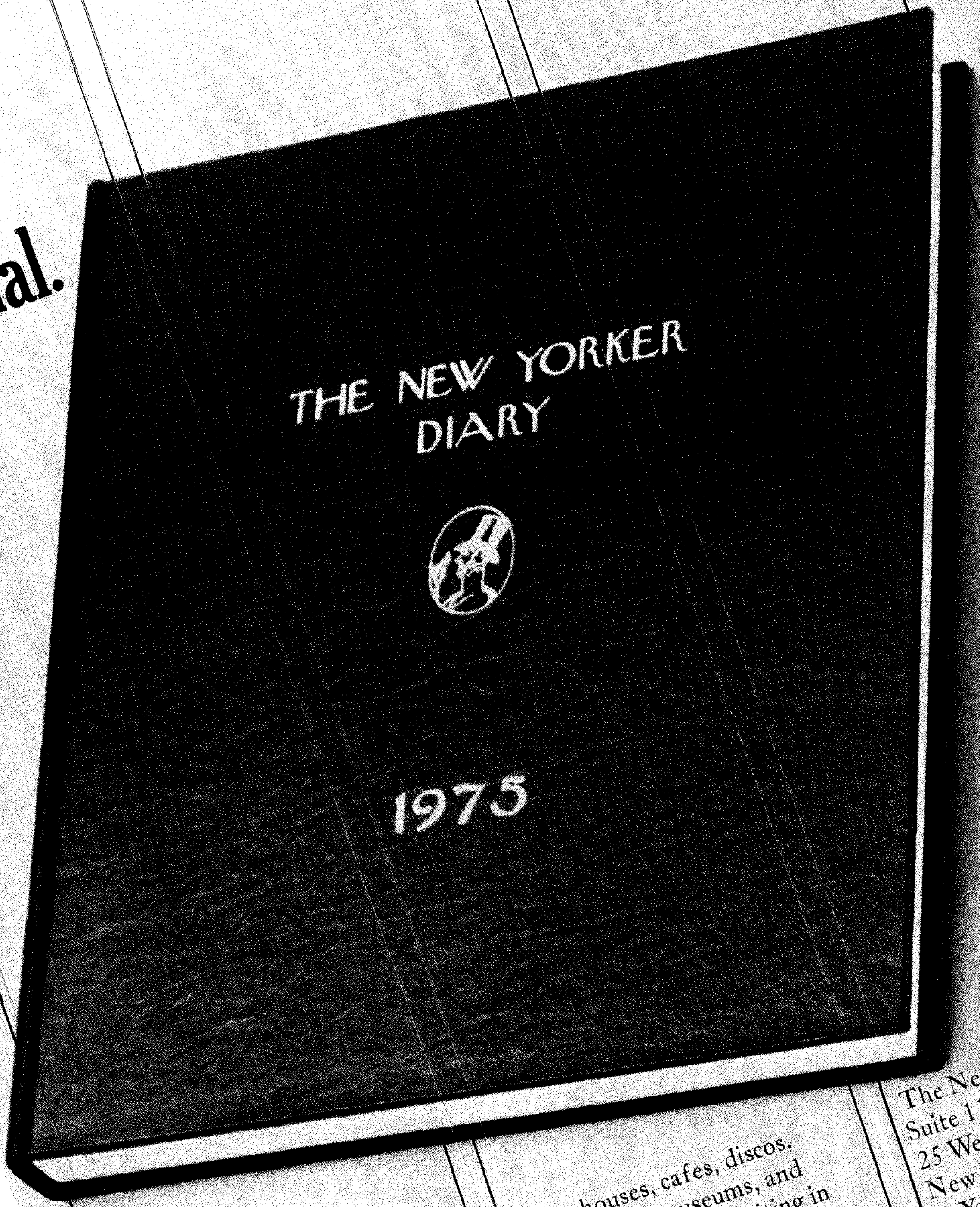

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was basing my decision on the facts."

I asked Cohen to describe the political problems of this issue for Republicans.

He replied, "There is that hard reality that twenty-five to thirty per cent of the Republicans don't want him removed or out, and see it as a Democratic-inspired move, aided and abetted by 'the Eastern-media conspiracy.' So there is a gnawing feeling among Republicans that they are going to lose that vote, and there would be very little reason for Democrats to cross over and vote for them. They—meaning we, I—are caught between the Scylla and Charybdis of American politics right now. I've been taking some steps to deal with this—to make the point that this has to be in perspective, that the country is going to survive with Nixon in office in 1976 or without him, that, in any event, in 1977 there is going to be another President, that we can't link one man with our destiny."

•

I THEN went to see a moderate Republican member of the House—who is not on the Judiciary Committee—with whom I had spoken on a number of occasions since last fall. When I saw him after the firing of Archibald Cox and asked him what, generally, he thought Republicans wanted the President's fate to be, he had replied, "We want him out." After the President's State of the Union message, he was talking as though he would oppose impeachment. This afternoon, he said, "I still find myself in a no-win situation at home. There's a certain number of people who, no matter how bad the President is, won't forgive a vote against him. Most Republicans are like me. They face the erosion of the Republican base or of the independents they need. So we stand between Scylla and Charybdis. [This was the second Republican to use that expression today—a sign that it is making the rounds of the cloakroom.] And, no matter how fast we vote, we'll still be looking down the throat of Watergate in November. It's clear even to those most favorable to the President that the White House is holding up evidence. Some of us are pretty discouraged. A lot of Republicans think they are going to get reëlected, but nobody comes to Congress to be a member of the minority, and it seems to a lot of us that we're never going to get out of that status."

I asked the Republican member of the House if he and other Republicans

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still wanted the President out of office.

"Even more so," he replied. "Republicans think the farther the Party gets from Nixon the better off it will be. But what's beginning to sink in is that we'll never get away from this. We'll be running against Nixon for a generation. When I first ran for office in my state, in the early nineteen-sixties, I had to run against Herbert Hoover. Now Democrats should say, 'Here's the Party of Nixon, someone who supported Nixon,' or, best, 'a Nixon rubber stamp.' Any Democrat who didn't campaign that way would be a dunce."

He continued, "I'd want to know beyond a reasonable doubt that he was directly involved in the commission of a serious crime. That's what I've been telling my people. Maybe they can make a case of enough association that is convincing, or of crimes committed after the President was aware of what was going on."

I asked him if Republicans still talked among themselves about the possibility of asking the President to resign.

"There were a couple of abortive attempts at that before Christmas, but no one could put the act together," he replied. "He has stomped on it so hard that I think the feeling of most Republicans is that that is a lost cause at the moment. And also, from the standpoint of a citizen, and not a Republican, I wouldn't like it. If he should be impeached, he should be impeached. The only way he would resign is if there were enough votes to impeach him, and if there were he should be impeached, and the word should be got out at a trial—for the good of the Republic."

◆

LATE in the afternoon, I went to see Tom Railsback, who is one of the Judiciary Committee members on whom attention is being focussed. Railsback, forty-two, has developed a reputation in the House as one of the next generation of leaders, and he is already instrumental in the reform movement. He is one of those representatives on whom the word "promising" has been conferred. The process by which someone becomes promising in Washington is somewhat mysterious—arising out of the mists of press attention and word of mouth. It is a fickle process, inflating reputations and then deflating them. And there are several members of Congress who have never been anything more than promising. Now Railsback is in a spot. It is believed that Railsback's position on impeachment will be persuasive to

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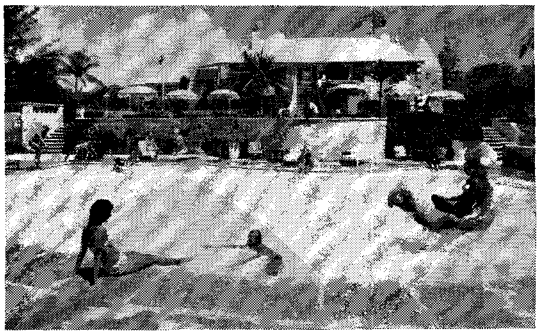

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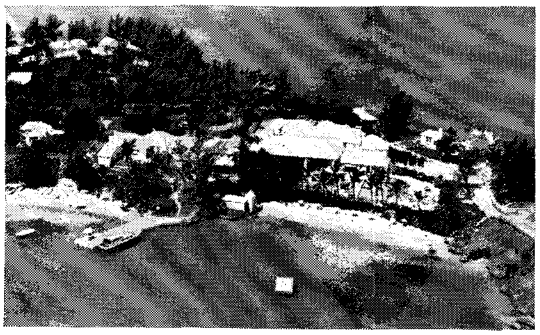

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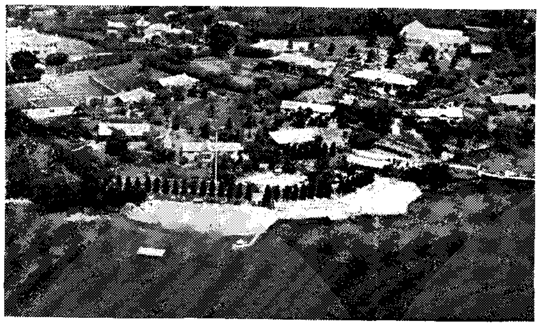

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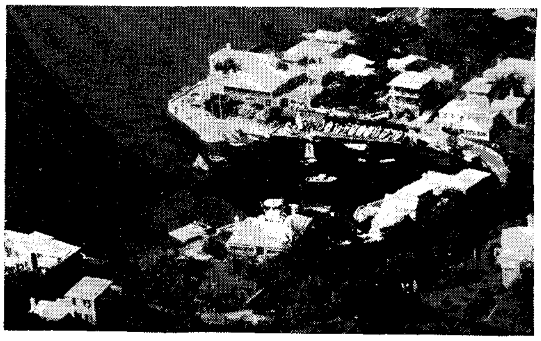

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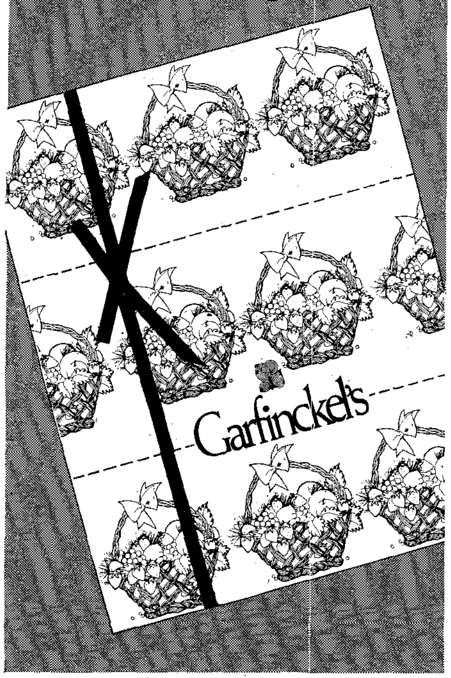

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other House Republicans—particularly the moderates. A vote by Railsback for impeachment would make such a vote by them more respectable, and safer. Railsback is a member of the Chowder and Marching Society—one of the House Republicans' informal clubs, an old-line and generally conservative one. (Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford were members when they were in the House, and remain lifetime members, as all members of the club do.) Railsback spends time in the House gym, where the traffic is thick, and where party and club affiliations give way to the commonality of human flesh and conversation is candid. He is friendly, is believed to have strong political instincts, and touches a lot of bases in the House. Tom—or Rails, as he is alternatively referred to—is one of the crowd and is watched carefully now. At this point, Railsback is considered unpredictable on the question of whether to vote for impeachment. The Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois, which Railsback represents, is made up of the area around Rock Island and Moline. In 1972, he ran unopposed. This year, he has a Democratic opponent. When I saw Railsback, he had just come from one of the occasional meetings between the Judiciary Committee Republicans and the House Republican leaders. This group is presided over by John J. Rhodes, of Arizona, the House Minority Leader. Railsback has blue eyes and thinning blond hair and a distinct Midwestern manner. He was wearing a brown-and-white plaid wool sports jacket and brown trousers. We sat in large black leather chairs in his office.

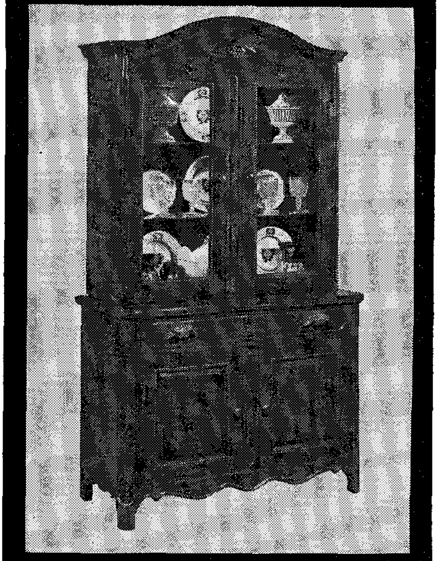
I began by asking him his opinion of the President's attack on the committee.

"We don't think we're on a fishing expedition," he replied. "They're orchestrating a public-relations campaign. It has driven some of his supporters into wanting to respond."

I asked Railsback how effective he thought the President's campaign against the committee might be.

"I doubt whether the public is going to buy this," he said. "I don't think the President will establish his criterion for impeachable offenses, because almost every allegation that can be seen as an impeachable offense is a criminal offense. I don't think criminality is essential, but, in effect, Congress will impeach him on a criminal offense. I don't think we'll do as they did with the Judge Ritter case, where the House couldn't impeach him on one charge and therefore lumped them." (In 1936, Judge Halsted Ritter, of

time will tell



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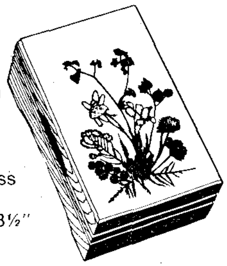

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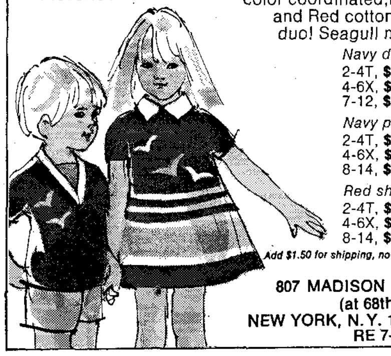

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the Southern Florida District Federal Court, was impeached for a number of judicial improprieties.) Railsback went on, "I don't think you substitute your judgment for that of the sixty per cent of the American people who voted for the President in 1972 unless you have specific evidence of criminal involvement, and I don't think you impute criminal responsibility for the acts of others. I don't like it, but then he's going to be out of office anyway after 1976. It's not like a judge."

Railsback said he thought that the strongest potential cases were in the Watergate coverup and in the alleged manipulation of the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., and, he said, "there might be indictable offenses." If the charge of raising milk-price supports and imposing import quotas on dairy products in exchange for campaign contributions from the dairy industry was proved, he said, that would be bribery, and an impeachable offense.

I asked Railsback about the plumbers.

"What clouds the plumbers issue is the national-security thing," he replied. "Not that I approve." He added that he did not think it an impeachable offense "where you have a series of happenings and call it an abuse of power."

Railsback asked whether I minded if he shaved while he continued talking. It was after six o'clock, and he had a birthday party to get to. From time to time, he popped his head through the doorway of his bathroom to emphasize a point. I worried that he might cut himself.

"Our requests are very reasonable," he said. "And if we don't get the material in one fashion or another I think he's in trouble. I think it would offend many members of Congress. I think it would offend the American people."

Unlike many of his colleagues, Railsback would refer the issue of Presidential noncompliance with a committee subpoena to the courts. "We can't go down and arrest him like a common criminal," he said, and then, throwing his arms in the air, he said, "We've got to *do* something." Waving his razor, he added, "I'll be glad when this thing is over. It's a real headache."

MARCH 19

The Arab nations, except Libya and Syria, agreed yesterday to lift the embargo on oil shipments to the United States. The effect on supplies for the United States is uncertain. Besides, there were fuel shortages here before the embargo was imposed. That's why it seemed to make such a difference.

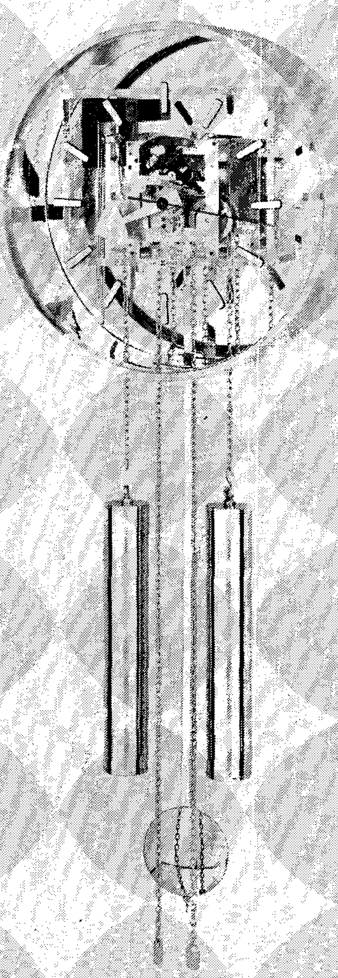
•

Judge Sirica's opinion justifying his ruling yesterday that the committee could have the tapes and documents that the grand jury asked to have sent to it is printed in this morning's papers. In it he said that "there can be no question regarding their materiality to the House Judiciary Committee's investigation." Concerning the President, he wrote, "The report's subject is referred to in his public capacity, and, on balance with the public interest, any prejudice to his legal rights caused by disclosure to the Committee would be minimal."

•

On the press plane to Houston. The President is to speak there to the National Association of Broadcasters tonight. Several reporters have copies of this morning's statement by Senator James Buckley, conservative Republican of New York, calling on the President to resign. "Watergate has expanded on a scale that has plunged our country into what historians call a 'crisis of the regime' . . . a disorder, a trauma, involving every tissue of the nation, conspicuously including its moral and spiritual dimensions," says Buckley. "I speak of the spreading cynicism about those in public life and about the political process itself. I speak of the pervasive and undeniable sense of frustration and impotence that has become the dominant political mood in the nation. I speak of a perception of corruption that has effectively destroyed the President's ability to speak from a position of moral leadership. . . . The character of a regime always reflects and expresses the character of its leader. It is he who appoints his executive staff. If he does not explicitly command what his aides and agents do, they in any event do what they sense and believe he wants them to do." Few politicians have said this. Buckley also fears the "melodrama" of a Senate trial, in which "the Chamber would become a twentieth-century Roman Colosseum as the performers are thrown to the electronic lions," and the "sordid dregs dug up by the Watergate miners would inflame the passions of the domestic audience." And there is the political consideration. He fears "the risk of a runaway Congress that could commit us to new and dangerous programs;" that is, although he does not say so explicitly,

See what makes it tick.



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if the President is not removed from office, Republicans will suffer substantial losses in November. The "trauma" that Buckley foresees is one that a good many politicians, for all their professed concern about not wanting to put "the country" through it, do not want to go through themselves. They fear "the passions of the domestic audience," and do not want to be subjected to them and, in their midst, have to cast a vote. The President would make it easier if he would kindly leave office.

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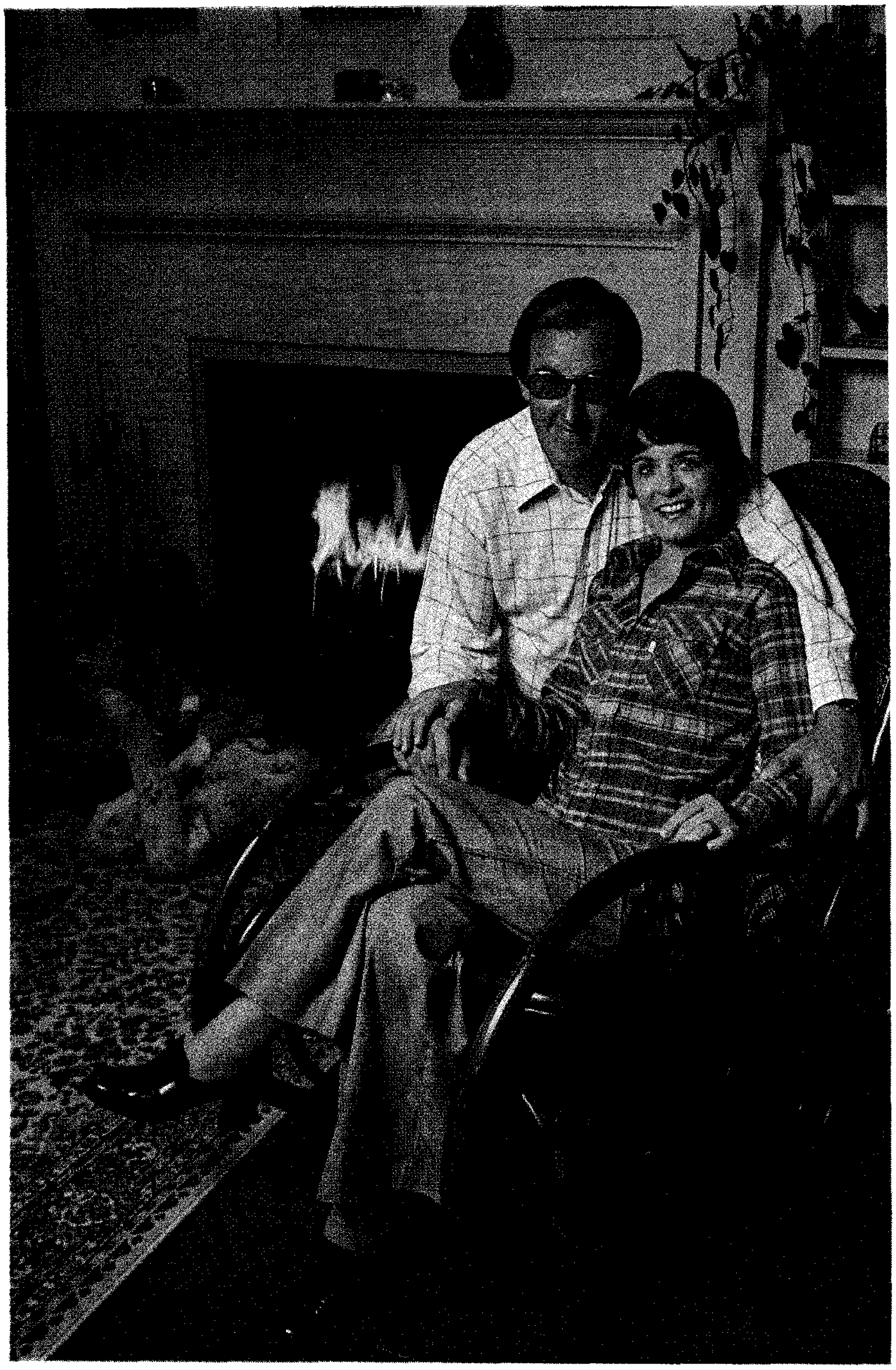
Jesse Jones Hall, in Houston. The National Association of Broadcasters is holding its annual convention here. It is just a few blocks from the hotel where the President is staying, but the President travelled that distance in his limousine, and we followed in our bus in a motorcade. On the block between Capital and Texas Avenues was a group carrying signs that said "THE EMPEROR HAS NO CLOTHES," "IMPEACH NIXON," "NO MORE YEARS," "HOW ABOUT DOING MY INCOME TAX?," and "NIXON IS A YO-YO." Police, with German shepherds, held the sign-carriers back.

This is a large, modern, red-carpeted building, and we are seated in the balcony. It is like having a bad ticket to a concert. The stage is set like an amphitheatre for gladiators, or a bear pit, where the President and his questioners will confront each other. There are four wooden platforms, draped in blue, for the questioners, and one, also draped in blue, for the President. The President can do much to control the event—answer questions, not answer them, give answers that are unrelated to the questions. The President may be wise to make these public appearances. It was easier for his opponents to deal with him, talk about his fate, when he stayed hidden. Now he is out there, public, a force. A force not to be treated lightly. A person and a personification. The President. In staying hidden, he had failed to use one of his most effective props: the Presidency.

Asked whether he would honor a subpoena from the House Judiciary Committee, he says he wants to put the issue "in perspective." He talks about all the material the committee already has, and says that nonetheless it wants "access to every document and/or tape, in effect, which is in the White House," and he says, "The reason that we do not say, 'Come in and bring your U-Haul trailer and haul it out,' very simply is this: It is not because of



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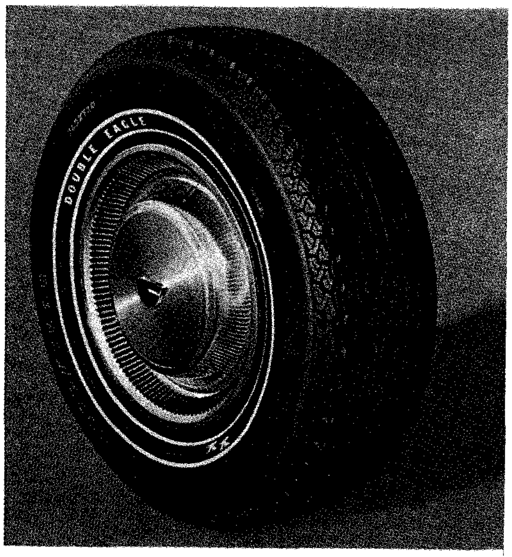

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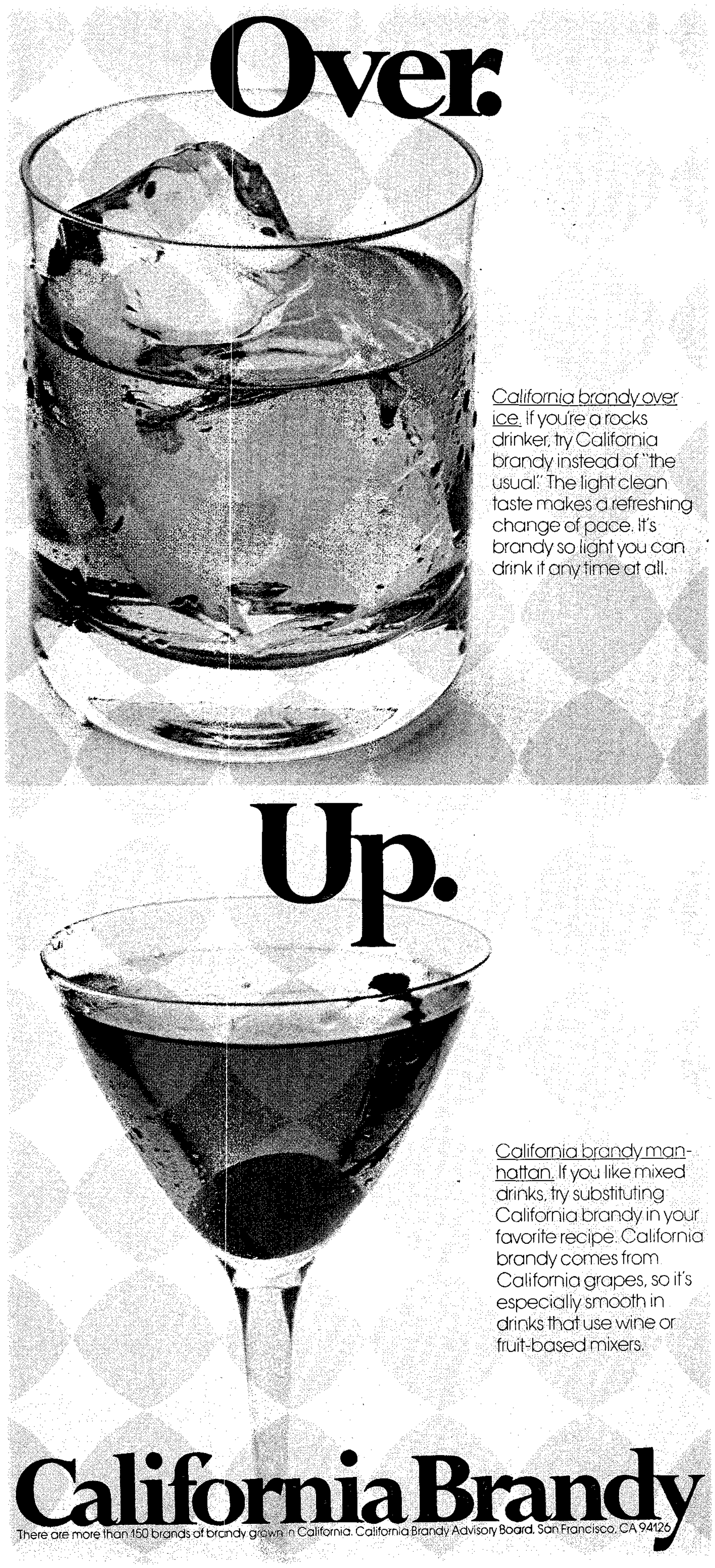

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a lack of desire to coöperate." The committee, he says, "has enough information to conduct its investigation," and "insofar as additional documents are concerned, in other words, virtually a hunting license or fishing license or whatever you may want to call it, I am following the precedent that every President, Democratic and Republican, since the time of Washington has followed, and that is of defending the confidentiality of Presidential conversations and communications." The President has not answered the question of whether he will respond to a subpoena by the House committee. His precedents are not precedents. (Tom Brokaw, of NBC, points out in his question that Andrew Johnson turned over all the material sought in his impeachment investigation.) Nixon says, "Dragging out Watergate drags down America, and I want to bring it to a conclusion as quickly as we can."

MARCH 20

THE Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center, outside Houston. We hear "Ruffles and Flourishes" and "Hail to the Chief," and the President and some NASA officials are standing on a platform on the lawn. Citations of awards for the Skylab 3 astronauts are read by an official, and during the reading the President stands sidewise, his arms folded. His graying hair blows in the breeze. His face is ruddy—almost unnaturally ruddy. When his face is in repose, he looks very tired, older. His eyes are barely visible. But then he poses with each astronaut, and reworks the tired face into a broad smile. And when he begins to speak he can pump the emphasis into his voice and gestures. He can make the effort. He is a pro, remarkably resilient. The President speaks without notes. He refers to the astronauts' medals, "which I hope they will never have to hock." He says that he has invited the astronauts and their wives to Camp David, and then goes into an almost mystical description of the place; the President rarely speaks of nature, beauty, physical things. "The clouds are right around you; when it is like that, you may think you were in space." He says he would like to volunteer for a space voyage. He tells the audience what his blood pressure is. He thanks the people who work on the space program and goes into a discussion of the importance of American-Soviet coöperation. He says he is aware of the differences between the two systems of government. "But I do know that the Russian people are a great people, the American people are

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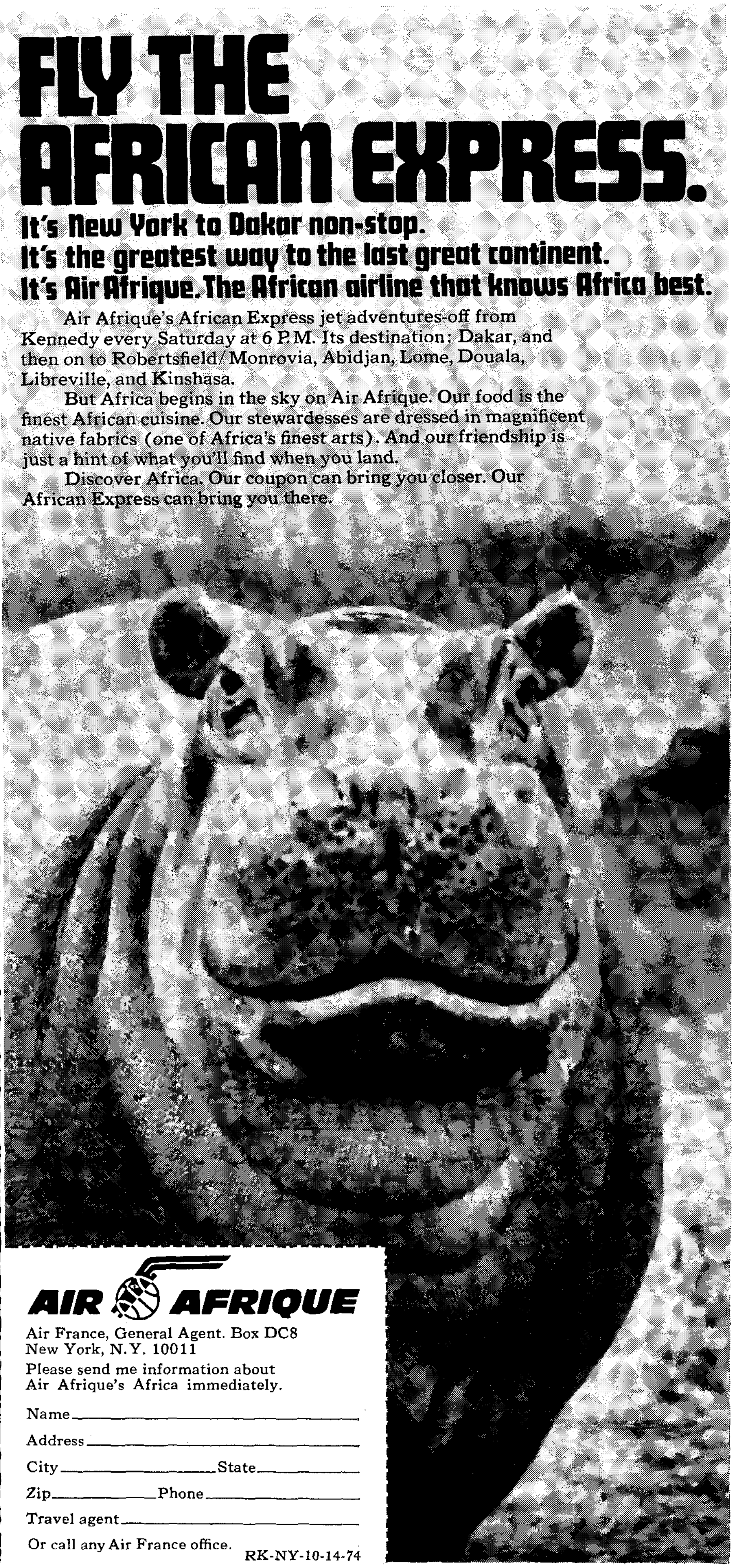
a great people, and we can be so much together, and when we work together, let's work together. That is what this program is about. . . . A great people must always explore the unknown. Once a great people gives up or bugs out, drops out of competition of exploring the unknown, that people ceases to be great." He talks about the Spanish and French and British explorers and about the American pioneers and again about the space project and then about coöperation in medicine between the United States and the Soviet Union. I have seldom heard him so discursive. An advance man rushes over to Dan Rather and says he has arranged for cameramen to get a "back shot" of the President speaking to the crowd. Against a backdrop of a concrete arch, gum trees, and scrub oaks, the President is now talking about his crash program to cure cancer and about speaking on the phone to a little boy who was dying of leukemia and how the little boy guessed a football score. "Today, that boy is dead. And thousands of others here, in the Soviet Union, in Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America will die of cancer and other diseases because we haven't found those answers." And then he is talking about Boy Scouts ("I was not a Boy Scout, and I see one here") and about rubbing sticks together to create a spark. "And so it might be that Soviet doctors working together with American doctors, rubbing together, may find that spark." Then he talks about the nation's being at peace "for the first time in twelve years," and about the fact that "all of our prisoners of war are at home," and about his negotiations with Russia and China. He looks at his watch and says it is time for the coffee break, and keeps talking. Praising the astronauts of the aborted Apollo 13 mission, he says, "They didn't fail. The men and women on the ground didn't fail, because you are only a failure when you give up, and they didn't give up." The reporters, thinking he has concluded, race toward the bus and board it, and then they realize that the President is still talking. A band strikes up "Hail to the Chief." The President again seems reluctant to leave the platform; he waves to the crowd, and then he waves at the band as if trying to stop it from playing his exit music. The band stops, and the President asks for a hand for the Clear Lake High School Band for learning to play "Hail to the Chief." The crowd applauds, and then the band resumes "Hail to the Chief." We are getting on and off and back on the bus like so



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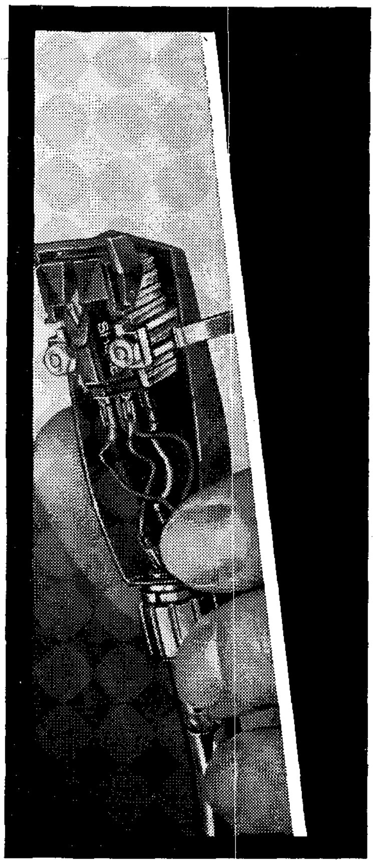

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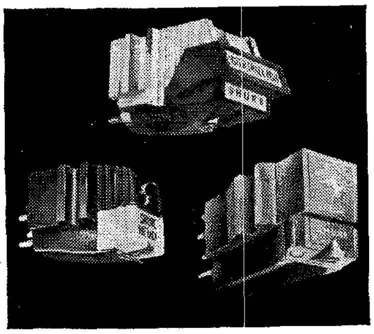

many characters in a Marx Brothers movie. The President moves through the crowd, shaking hands as he makes his way to his limousine. As the President finally departs, the Clear Lake High School Band plays "The Washington Post" march.

MARCH 21

TODAY is the anniversary of that now famous meeting between the President and Dean and Haldeman, and we are still waiting to learn whether or when the President ever said, "It is wrong."

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TODAY is the first day of spring.

MARCH 26

AT the White House yesterday, Ron Ziegler, referring to the pace at which the House Judiciary Committee was moving, said that the committee staff "should perhaps work late into the evening." In a speech in Millburn, New Jersey, Gerald Ford said that the Republican Party might suffer "disastrous" defeats in November. Yesterday, the President met with Republican political leaders and said that he would support Republican candidates in the fall. In an interview in California yesterday, Robert Finch, former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and former Presidential counsellor, a longtime associate of President Nixon's, and a man who was once considered a possible candidate for governor of California, said that he "couldn't run for dogcatcher without it turning into a referendum on Watergate."

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AT lunch today, a friend of mine who works in the Senate—a Senate aide who is exceptionally wise and thoughtful—says he thinks that the President may be succeeding in defining the terms of the impeachment. This man has the view, which I share, that the committee appears most anxious to find a specific criminal act by the President—the "cookie-jar syndrome." Catching him at something would be easier than impeaching him for violations of the Fourth Amendment or for the Huston plan or on general grounds of abuse of power or failure to protect the Constitution or to take care that the laws are "faithfully executed." This aide and others on Capitol Hill believe that the politicians are most reluctant—even afraid—to impeach the President on such grounds.

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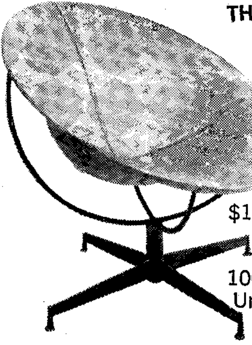
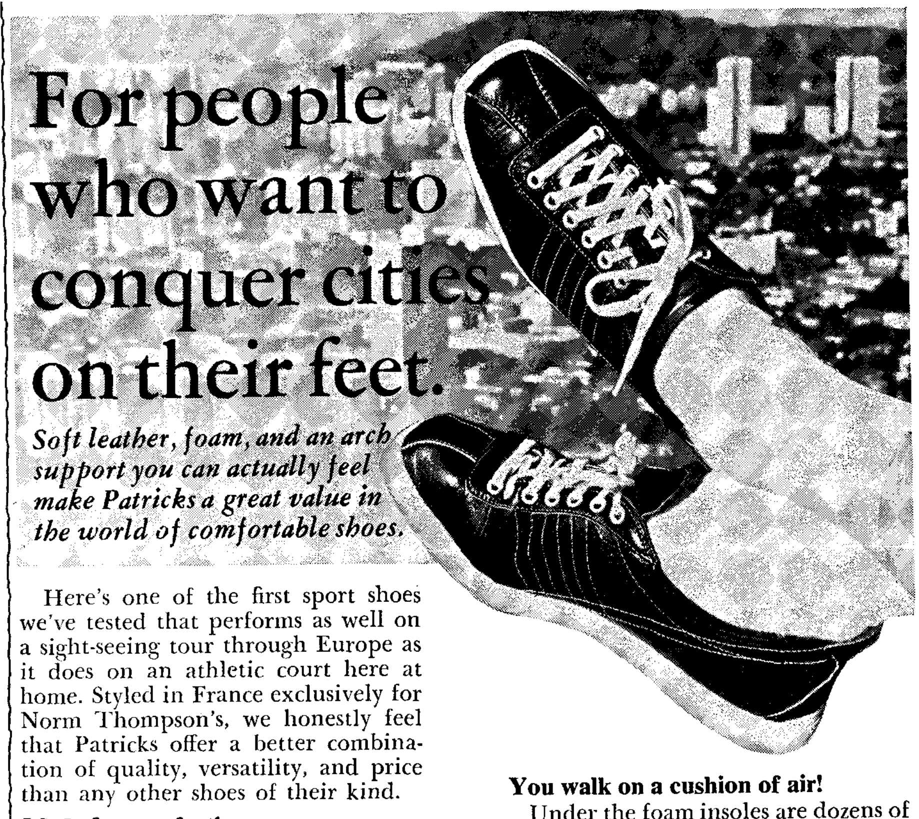


CRAFTER

So, for now, Nixon and the committee are going down the same definitional track. The legal and the political questions are merging. The committee seems to be focussing on who-said-what-to-whoms. The Howard Baker approach: What did the President know and when did he know it? The problem with the "cookie-jar syndrome" is that it is unrealistic. It is unlikely that the President sat there instructing his aides to carry out misdeeds. Most executives know how to get things done without asking that they be done. Many know how to establish deniability. The search for the specific link between the event and the order may be quite instructive to future leaders, who could perhaps conclude from all this not that these things should not be done but that they should be done more skillfully. The more disturbing things that went on—the adoption of the Huston plan, the work of the plumbers—the President has admitted, wrapping them in national security. It is not inconceivable that, left to itself, the Congress would accept the national-security rationale. Officials of the F.B.I. refer to certain things it has done—some of them (infiltration of groups, mail covers, breaking and entering) proposed by the White House in the Huston plan—as "illegals." An amazing term for government activities. Tom Charles Huston, the White House aide who devised the plan, himself wrote in a memo that the President's signature should not be on his plan, because parts of it were "clearly illegal." The trouble is that if illegal things can be done in the name of national security, there is no law. The statutes themselves are already riddled with exceptions made in the name of national security. The Senate man thinks that if it were simply up to the Congress, the President would not be impeached. "So much of what Nixon did they either did themselves in some degree or blinked at," he says. "The difference is that Nixon did it more, that he got caught, and that the country has changed." But it is not up to Nixon and the Congress; there is also the Special Prosecutor and his staff, who have been gathering evidence. And in time the House Judiciary Committee could become heavily influenced by the way the issues are formulated by its own staff. Still, there is a lack of definers now. Except for the President.

The President's citation of precedents for some of the illegal actions carried out under his Administration—wiretapping, break-ins—cannot be en-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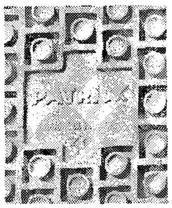

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tirely dismissed. It is true that he is talking about matters in which the differences of degree may be so great as to be substantive. And the fact that the Nixon Administration proposed to carry out these activities through secret White House units, drafting secret and unauthorized plans and employing free-lance agents, was also a substantive difference of some magnitude. But still some precedents were there. To what degree we don't know. John Ehrlichman was not entirely wrong when he told the Ervin committee that the concept of the Fourth Amendment had been "eroded." Perhaps, in fact, we owe him a great deal for saying it—for being, if unintentionally, a latter-day Paul Revere. The erosion goes back to methods that the government, starting in the nineteen-thirties, adopted to "protect" us from successive real and suspected external and internal threats. And to the extent that in recent years protesters against government action broke the law, those in charge of law enforcement apparently felt justified in doing the same. There thus emerged "precedents" to be summoned, and statutes riddled with exceptions, all in the name of national security. Perhaps it was inevitable that sooner or later a group would come to power which lacked a sense of limits and would encourage the process of erosion. And the issue is not yet settled.

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WHEN Judge Gerhard Gesell sentenced Egil Krogh to prison in January for violating the rights of Dr. Lewis Fielding, he quoted the late Justice Louis Brandeis: "If the government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt for law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy."

MARCH 27

THE shad roe is in the restaurants. Another sign of spring. It is a comparatively quiet spell. There is time to clear out the debris of the cluttered winter, put the new license plates on the car (they commemorate the bicentennial in 1976), and anticipate the opening of the tennis courts this weekend. Time to try to live somewhat normally. It won't last. At a restaurant, at lunchtime, Marsh Thomson, who used to be Spiro Agnew's press secretary, walks up to a table of reporters and hands out his card. Reporters used to vie for Marsh Thomson's favor and implore him for tidbits, or for an audience with the Vice-President. His card says that he is now

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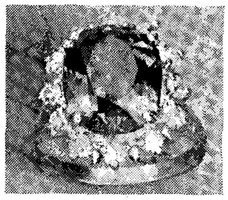

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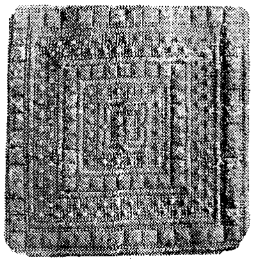

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THE generic term "Watergate" is rarely heard anymore. Gradually—almost imperceptibly—the word for what we are going through has become "impeachment."

MARCH 28

IT is a lovely afternoon. There are more birds, squirrels, and tourists than usual on the lawns of the Capitol. For all the talk about the cynicism and apathy of the public, the tourists are here again in great numbers. Their presence suggests that they still take their government seriously, still care about it.

I called on a Republican senator I have spoken with from time to time. When I talked with him in December, he told me that the President's situation had become subject to ridicule, and that he therefore didn't see how the President could recover. "The last time we talked was a time when most of us were on a teeter-totter of opinion," he said this afternoon. "One week, we felt the House was going to send a bill of impeachment over. The next week, we didn't. Now there's no doubt in my mind, or anyone else's, that an impeachment's going to come over. When the indictments happened, I was amazed by the reaction here. I had thought they had been discounted. We knew they were coming and who was involved. Yet they created a great stir. The tax thing is coming. It's a cumulative effect—it just keeps piling on: the Saturday-night massacre, the two missing tapes, the eighteen and a half minutes. You can't get anybody to take seriously that the failure to turn over the tapes on the ground of executive privilege is a real protection of the institution of the Presidency. That argument just won't wash. You can't go out on the street and find anyone who believes that. A senator said to me today that he had given up any hope that there was anything that would bail the President out, and that he hoped that when it came over, it would be cut and dried."

The Republican senator went on, "The talk now in the cloakroom is about the procedures for a trial. They say, 'Say, did you know that? Did you know that senators take a separate oath for the trial?' The little stories go around. The question is raised about whether we will have it on TV. That's a very different dialogue from what you were hearing three or four months

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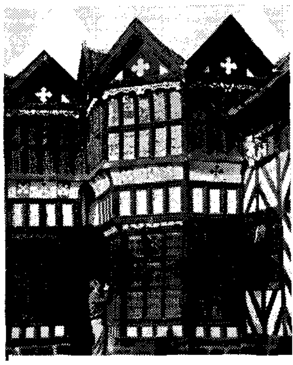

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ago. Senators who are up for reëlection see themselves sitting here day after day while their opponents are running against them."

I asked the senator what had happened to change the attitude among the senators.

"A number of people are beginning to think in terms of history," he replied. "At least, I am. Senators rarely think in terms of history. And I think part of the reason the senators have changed from doubts to a sense of certainty is that the attitude of the people at home is changing. Something happens to a country when support of the President goes down to twenty-five per cent, and something else happens to a country when it stays at twenty-five per cent."

MARCH 31

SUNDAY. It rained so hard yesterday that part of the Cherry Blossom Festival had to be called off. The President and Mrs. Nixon, escaping the rainy weekend, have gone to Key Biscayne. The President avoided a showdown with the Special Prosecutor on Friday by agreeing to turn over the subpoenaed materials that were due then. The materials are believed to cover alleged promises of ambassadorships in exchange for contributions.

•

IN a speech yesterday, Gerald Ford called the President's 1972 reëlection committee "an arrogant élite guard of political adolescents." As this came over the radio, the thought occurred that Ford had retained one of Spiro Agnew's former speechwriters. The statement was typically cryptic: it could be taken as critical of the President or as an attempt to separate the President from those who committed misdeeds. Within a few hours, it was announced on the radio that Ford said he had not meant by his comments to criticize President Nixon.

APRIL 1

SITTING in his office this morning, John Anderson, Republican representative from Illinois, said, "Out in Rockford, Illinois, they are more interested in busing than they are in impeachment. It seems that the impeachment sentiment is almost a function of age: younger people see impeachment as a method of rejuvenation; older people think of it and tremble." Anderson is the chairman of the House Republican Conference (the meeting of all Republicans), a moderate, thoughtful man, highly respected. He

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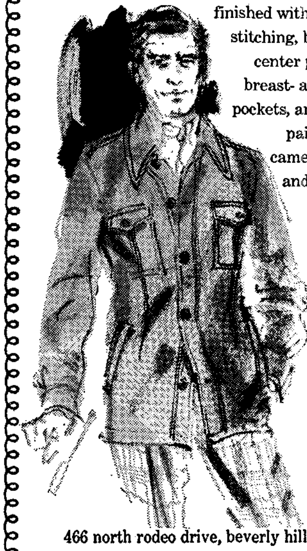

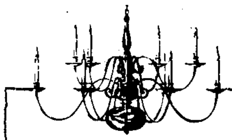

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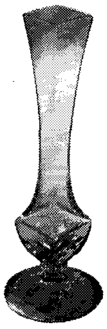

is fifty-two, white-haired, with a youthful face and large brown eyes. He speaks quietly. "I think the vote is going to be to impeach," he said. "I feel the pall of inevitability. I feel on this first day of April, 1974, that unless there is a dramatic change he has sealed his doom—primarily because of his uncoöperative attitude with regard to the Judiciary Committee. I don't foreclose the possibility that it could change, given the bizarre events."

I asked him at what point he felt that the President's fate had been decided.

"I doubt if there is any single point in the whole thing," he replied. "This is a cumulative series of events that drained away any support he might have had—ounce by ounce, it has gone out of the vial. His lack of coöperation, the results of the off-year elections, a growing feeling that this whole affair is an incubus are hovering over the scene and poisoning the whole atmosphere. It's very difficult for members day after day, month after month, to live under this strain: the realization that you're going to have to vote on this issue; the realization that as this goes on longer and longer the lines are being etched deeper and deeper, and hardening. The twenty-five per cent hard-core Nixon supporters are vitriolic in their defense. I think that even if a vote is necessary we're never going to satisfy that group that we didn't succumb to the blandishments of 'the Eastern-establishment press.' That twenty-five per cent may not seem very big nationally, but when a member of Congress realizes he will alienate one out of every four voters . . . The young, who are most articulate about impeachment, are often not very enthusiastic about going to the polls. Members weigh these political consequences. Early this year, I really thought he'd brought himself back. But since then this obdurate, foot-dragging attitude has increasingly turned off a lot of Republicans. He's in a bind on foreign policy. Increasingly, the bloom is off the détente rose, and the conservatives are gunning for him if he makes an arms agreement."

•

John Rhodes is still settling into Gerald Ford's old premises—Room H-232, the office of the House Minority Leader, down a labyrinth of corridors winding around the Capitol's rotunda. The walls of Room H-232 are still bare. Rhodes is deeply involved in the Republican Party; he is one of the people who try to shape it. A conserva-

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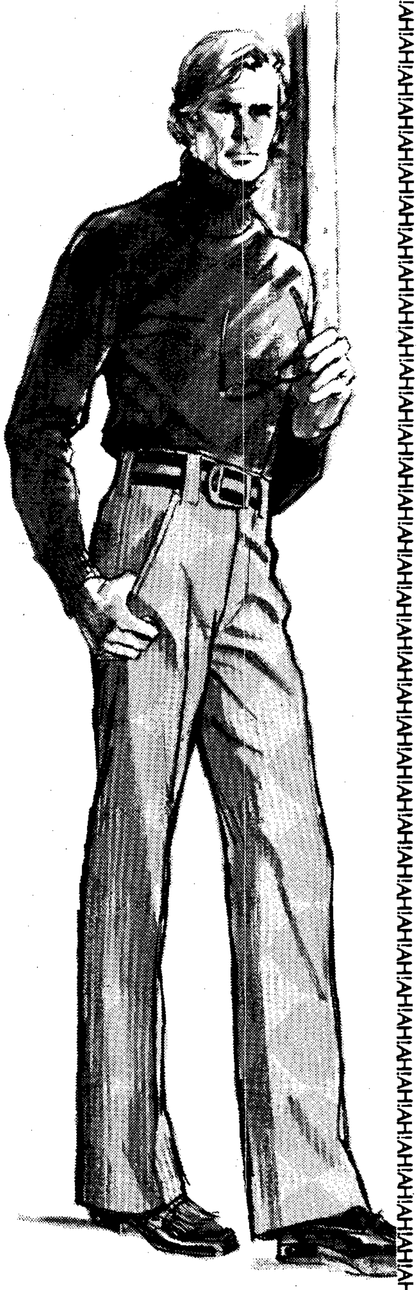

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tive, he was active in the Goldwater campaign in 1964 and was chairman of the platform committee at the 1972 Convention. He is considered part of that network (it also includes Gerald Ford and Melvin Laird) whose interest is in the strength of the Party. So Rhodes sits at the point at which several Republican groups converge. He, like Laird, is a longtime ally of Ford's. Along with Goldwater, in the Senate, and Dean Burch, in the White House, he is part of what is referred to here as "the *Arizona Mafia*." Moreover, Rhodes presumably would like to maintain his position as House Republican leader. And so Rhodes is watched carefully in this power struggle. Rhodes is informal and friendly—Capitol Hill friendly. He is accustomed to reporters, relaxed in their presence.

"Right now, April 1st, the House is beginning to jell," he said. "Up until this time, the atmosphere has been amorphous. People weren't talking very much—they were waiting to see what Judiciary would do. Now people are clearer on what the Judiciary Committee's procedure will be, and I think most people approve. I think it is jelling here because of the time that has elapsed and the water that has gone over the dam. People have begun to get a feel for the situation, and to react. The far right is concerned with Nixon over the détente with Russia." Rhodes said he had told the White House that he had not made a count of how House Republicans would vote on impeachment, and would not do so until the evidence was in. "But I have said that my visceral reaction was that the votes were not there for impeachment. But as of today the margin may be narrowing."

I asked Rhodes if he thought the need to raise reëlection money would be a factor in members' minds.

"Depending on the district, it would be quite a factor," he replied. "The President is much more popular in certain areas than he is in others. I'm not saying that members will cast a vote according to the constituents, but it would be naïve not to think they might." Rhodes went on to list the factors that House members would be influenced by as they considered how to vote on impeachment. "Their own reëlection, of course. A genuine concern for the future welfare of the two-party system. But I hope and believe the overriding factor will be whether there has been a high crime and misdemeanor. Is he so powerless that he can't govern? He's not in that position yet, but it is deteriorating."

The fear of the twenty-five per cent presumed to be deeply opposed to the President's removal seems to stem not just from the fact that it might withhold its votes in November but from the fact that it represents, for the most part, those who work hardest within the Party—the activists. I asked Rhodes whether any Republican seeking the Presidency had a particular problem in this situation, since that group is also heavily represented at Republican Conventions.

"Yes," he replied. "Anybody in the Party who aspires to national office and high state office could earn the undying enmity of the hard core and might never succeed. The only thing to do is wait, look at the evidence, get down on your knees, and hope that your conscience will give you the right direction."

•

SENATOR ROBERT DOLE, of Kansas, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, former outspoken defender of the President, is running for reëlection this year. When he is asked how he is or what he thinks, he jokes nervously. More than once, he has said, "I'm reading Edmund Ross biographies." Ross, a Republican senator from Kansas, voted, in the face of great pressure, against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Later, Ross wrote that as he announced his vote "I almost literally looked down into my open grave." The act ended Ross's political career (but earned him a chapter in John F. Kennedy's "Profiles in Courage"). Dole talked with me this afternoon in the President's Room, a small, dimly lit room, off the Senate floor, where senators meet reporters. The room has an ornate chandelier, a tile floor, large brown leather chairs and couches, a grandfather clock, and frescoes of George Washington and his Cabinet.

"I don't think there's been any change for the better," Dole said. "If there's been any change, it's been downhill. It's been so long since there's been any good thing happening. The President is combatting bad news every day—it's either inflation or energy or Watergate. He hasn't anything good to announce. Among Republicans, there's a widespread feeling that unless there's a turnaround it's going to be bad in November. I ask everybody in the cloakroom every day, 'Has anyone heard any good news?' And I can't get an answer in the affirmative. There used to be the hope that he was innocent and would skyrocket in the polls. The latter just hasn't happened. I

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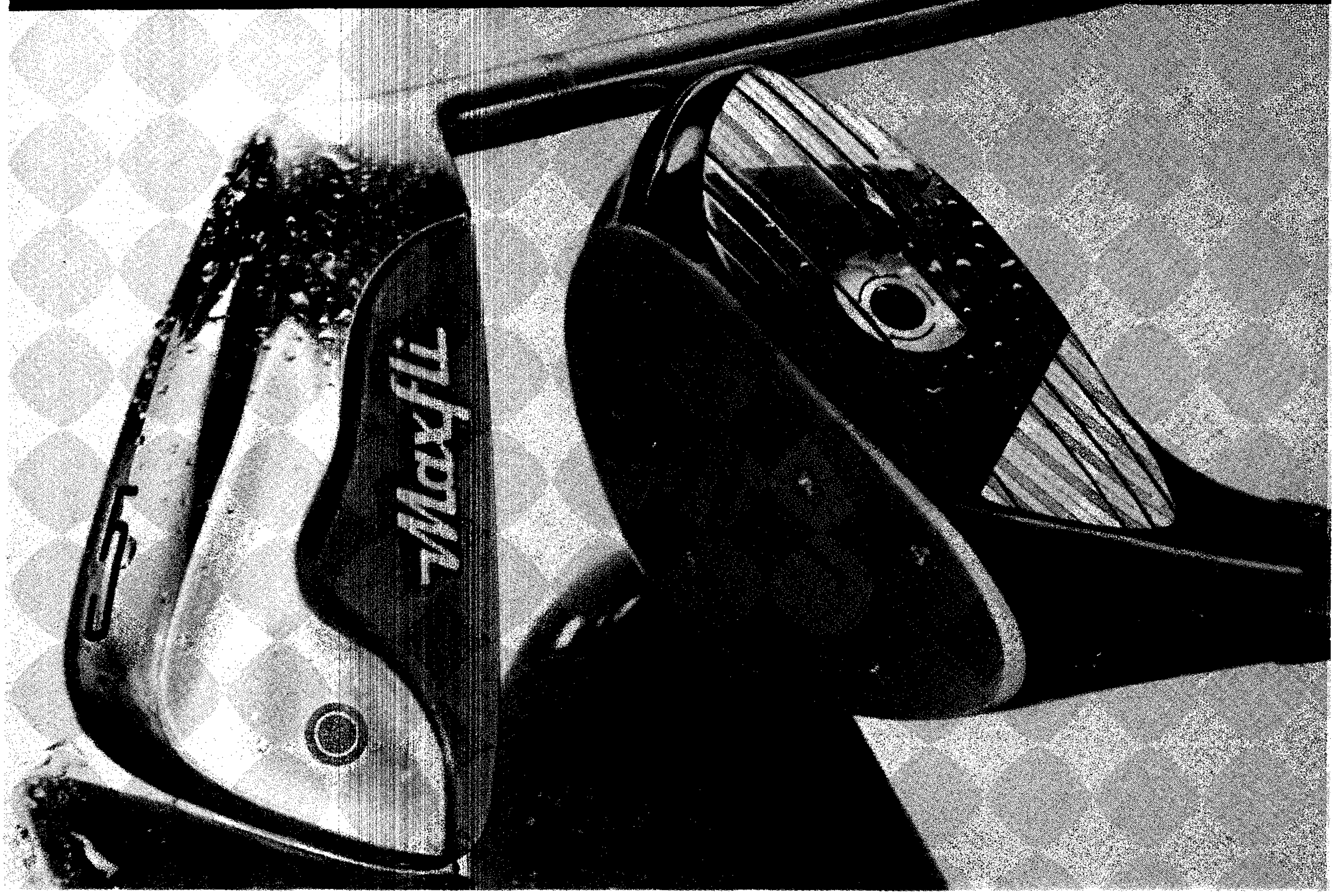

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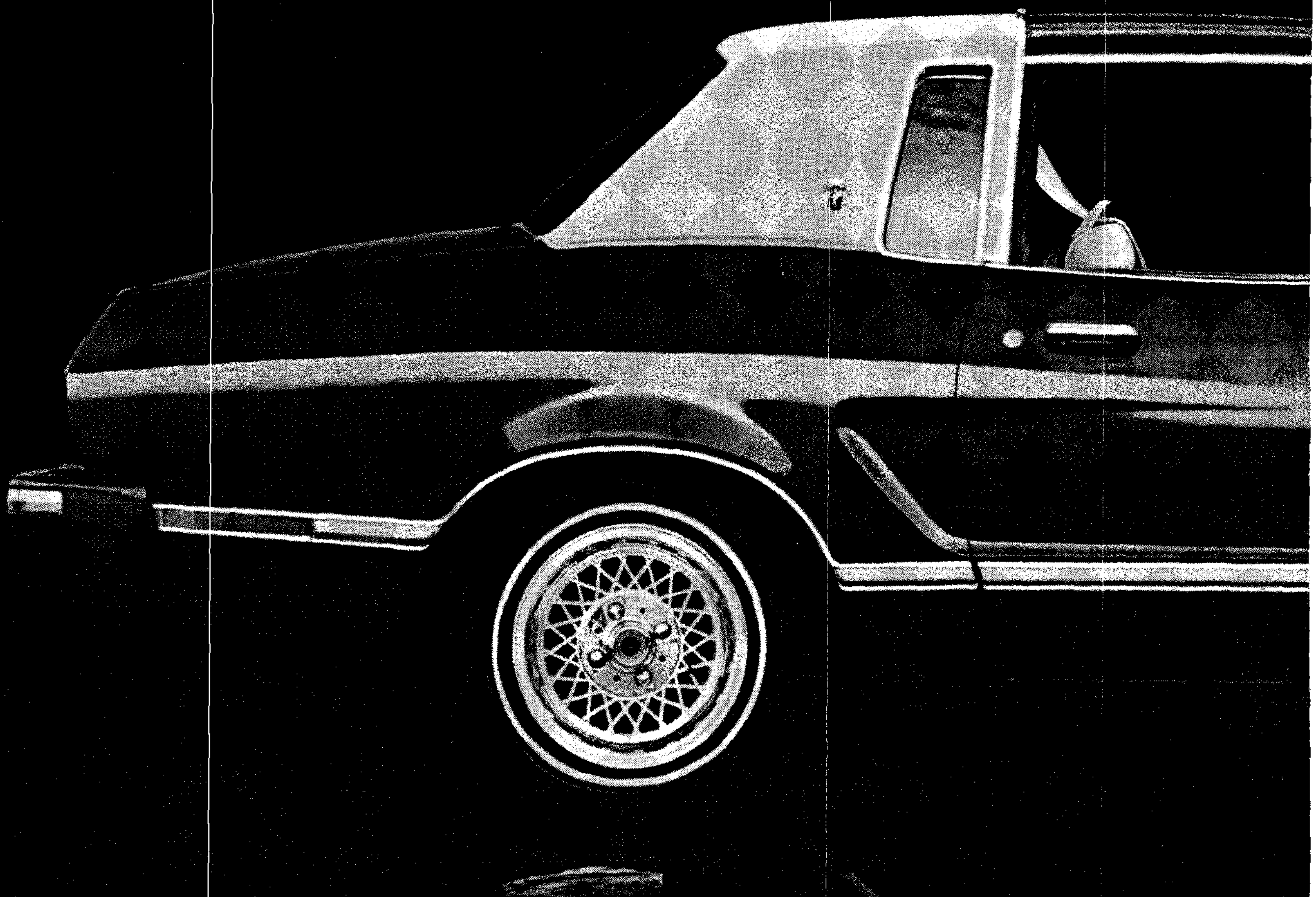

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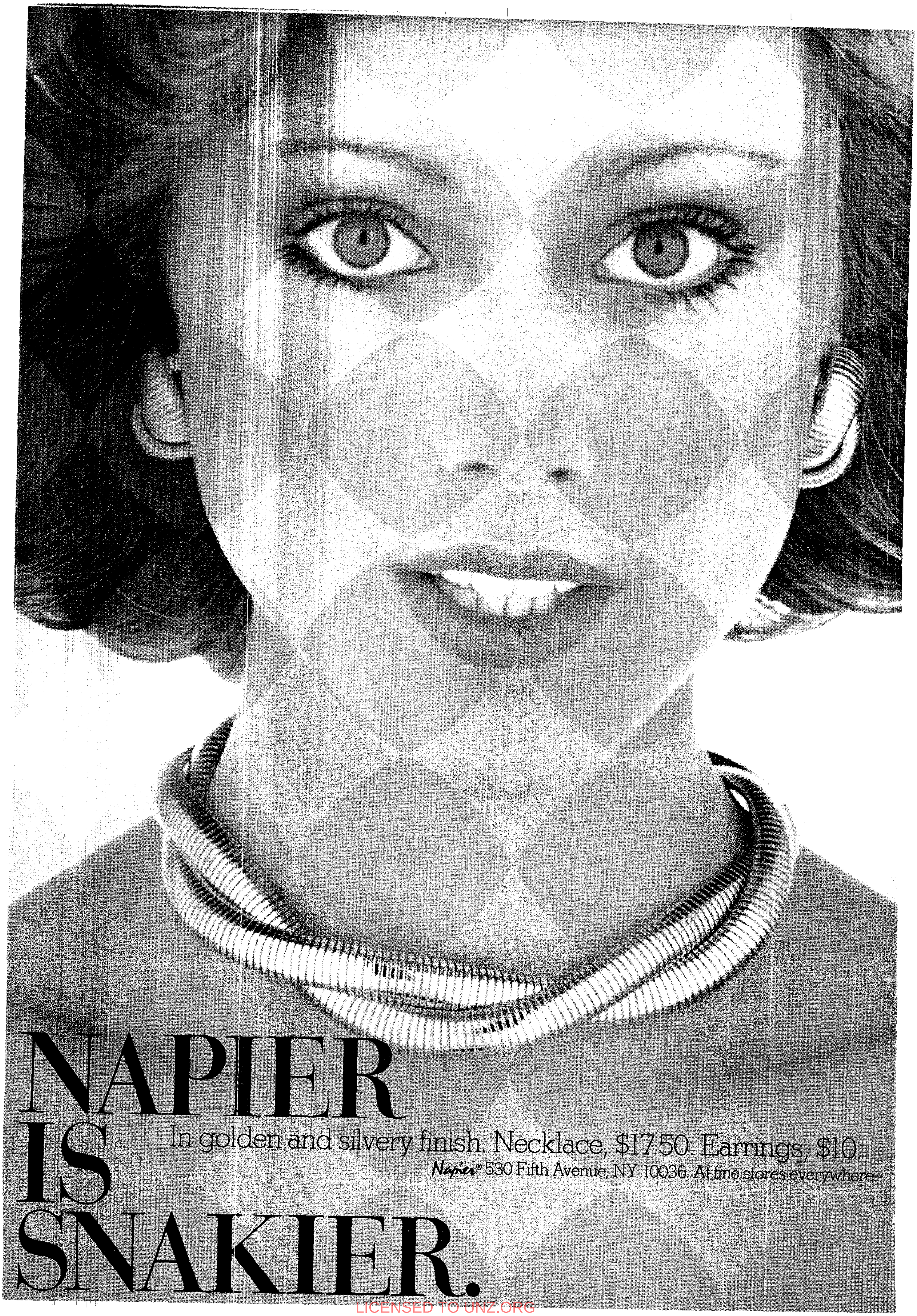

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don't know what the President can do. You look down the road. You've got the tax report coming, possibly some more missing tapes, impeachment more of a reality. Those of us who are running this year don't know what to do. We think that the bread-and-butter issues—inflation, unemployment, energy—are the key ones, but who knows, if this impeachment heats up? How do you gear up your campaign for this impeachment thing? It really is a puzzler. Normally, you would be out running with the Administration. I don't think the alternative is running against the Administration. You just hope that enough voters feel you weren't involved in some way. I talked with Al Haig at the correspondents' dinner the other night, and he said it's going to get better. He's probably programmed that way—to say it's going to get better. It'll be a lot clearer when Judiciary makes its report. Then you've got the question right on the table. A lot of the rest of us are getting flak because the thing is still going on. A lot of people who have been fed up with Nixon may get fed up with all of us. I guess the irony of it all is that, unfortunately, those who surrounded the President had no use for the Republican Party, and if the President survives it will be because of the Party. You can stand up and talk for an hour about things you think Nixon has done that are constructive, but that doesn't deal with the problem."

APRIL 2

IN Acapulco, H. R. Haldeman is to speak before a group of young executives on White House management techniques. His subject is "Crisis Management."

•

GEORGE MEANY, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., was cheered enthusiastically yesterday by officers of the building and construction unions—the hardhats—when he told them that "the American people have completely lost confidence" in President Nixon. At one time, the construction unions had good relations with the Nixon Administration, having been cultivated by Charles Colson. Meany said in his speech, "I pray every night that Henry Kissinger won't give the Russians the Washington Monument—he's given them every goddam thing else."

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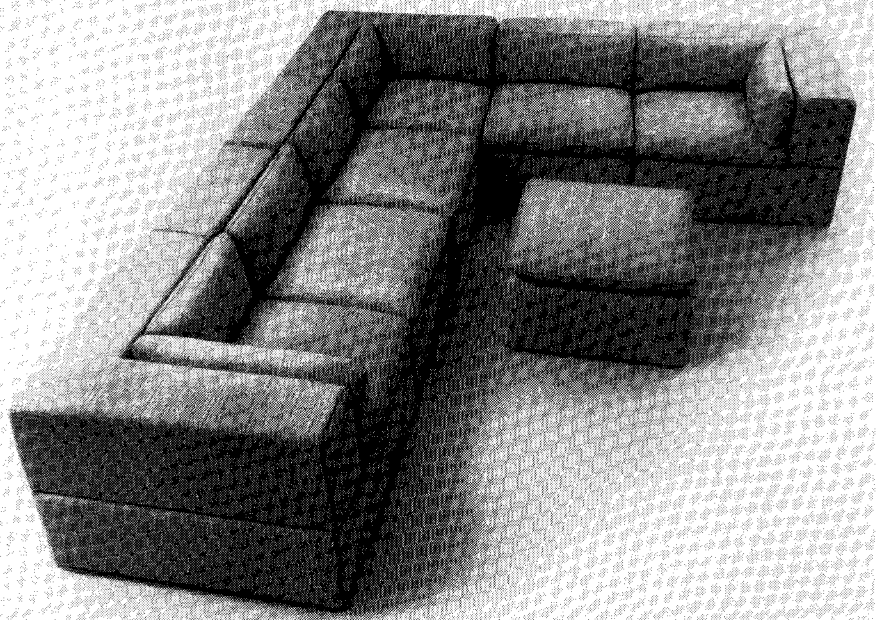
SOME Republican congressional leaders have urged the White House to restrain the comments of some of its spokesmen—particularly



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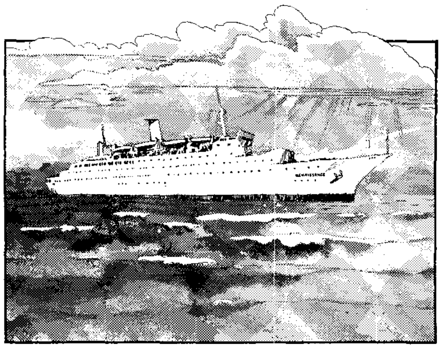

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Ken Clawson and Ron Ziegler. The leaders have tried to explain that the comments give offense to the House. The White House has been warned not to, as the phrase goes, "Zieglerize" the Judiciary Committee.

Today, I met with Clawson and asked him, "Where are things?"

"Where are things?" Clawson said. "The opposition has got things around to where it wanted them, because we didn't do anything. It wasn't them opposing us and them winning—it was us not doing anything at all."

"Who's 'them'?" I asked.

"The opposition."

"Who's that?"

"The Democrats."

We were sitting in Clawson's office—a blue-and-white office in the northeast corner of the Executive Office Building. Clawson, as director of communications, is one of the voices that speak for the White House, and he deals with writers, editors, and television executives. Clawson, thirty-seven, round-faced, and slightly beefy, is a former reporter for the Washington *Post*, who joined the White House staff in 1972.

"Since the first of the year, we've been in a position of playing catch-up ball, because we let all that time go by," Clawson said. "But it's clear that the more forceful we are, the more effective we are. We shoot back when we are shot at. The opposition, sensing that the body was inert, started getting careless. I was the author of the 'cheap-shot' comment about Wilbur Mills [after Mills, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, said that the President might have to resign over his taxes], and I was right, because on the following Sunday he said that all he knew was what he read in the papers. Did you see the story where I took on Jack Anderson? I let Anderson have it very forcefully—I said one of his stories was an example of the Watergate syndrome gripping the Washington press corps."

I asked Clawson if he felt that the White House offensive against the House Judiciary Committee had been effective.

"Yes, it has been," he replied. "I released John Doar's letter to St. Clair. I did it because no one on the committee knew what was in the letter—that he was asking for forty-two conversations instead of six, that he wanted to look through the files. All weekend, the Democrats and the Republicans were talking about how reasonable the request was. The thing that really ticked me on this was when they had

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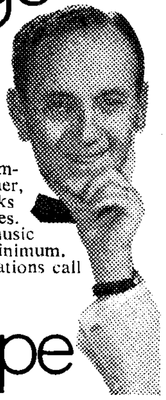

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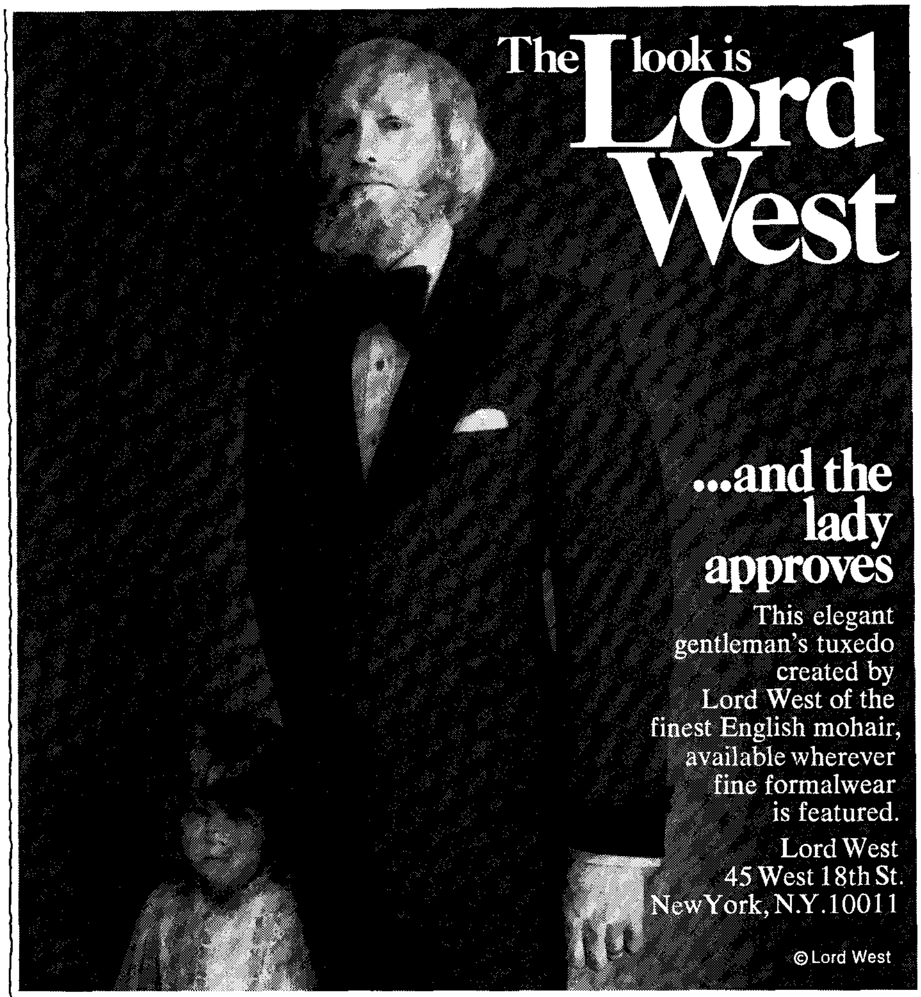
McClory and [Don] Edwards on the CBS 'Morning News' or the 'Today Show' saying that they were very surprised that he wouldn't give up the six tapes. I called St. Clair, and he said, 'Obviously, you haven't read the letter.' So I read the letter, and I said, 'My God! Nobody even mentioned this on the television or in the newspapers.' I said, 'It seems to me we're pretty dumb sitting here taking all this flak from the bastards,' and St. Clair said, 'That's your department,' and I released the letter."

Speaking of impeachment, Clawson said, "We think we can stop it in the House. What they think is a mountain is going to come out a molehill. We don't think they can come out with a meaningful bill of impeachment. It will come out with a bill of ballyhoo. Tip O'Neill is now running this. [House Majority Leader Thomas P. O'Neill is not really managing the impeachment process, but he likes to give the impression that he is.] Rodino is a guy out of Essex County, New Jersey. What else do you need to know? Albert is Albert"—a reference to House Speaker Carl Albert. "If the bill of impeachment is thin, it's going to hurt the impeachment drive. Many of the congressmen are lawyers and have a sense of history. And you have in this mix that the President has been and will continue to be seen publicly and talk about this publicly. There is no question that every time the President goes out and talks about this thing his stock goes up. Americans like to see their President. Secondly, the more he talks about Watergate, that boredom, irritation point gets closer and closer, and, in fact, the President's own appearances hasten it. What's taking place here is that people who were completely rejected at the polls in 1972 are trying to bring down the Presidency." He went on, "I don't think congressmen are going to want to buck their constituents, who will say, 'Get off this Watergate crap and get the price of hamburgers down.' And this country doesn't take as lightly as I think the national press takes to the idea of kicking a President out of office. It's one thing to talk to a pollster about high prices, but it's another to throw an elected President out of office. Historically, that works in our favor, not just in the initial stages but when it comes to a vote. We know how to fight this kind of fight. We're really quite good at it." —ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the first of a series of three articles on the spring and summer of 1974 in Washington.)



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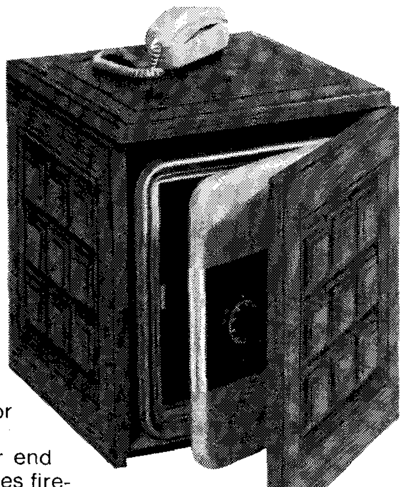

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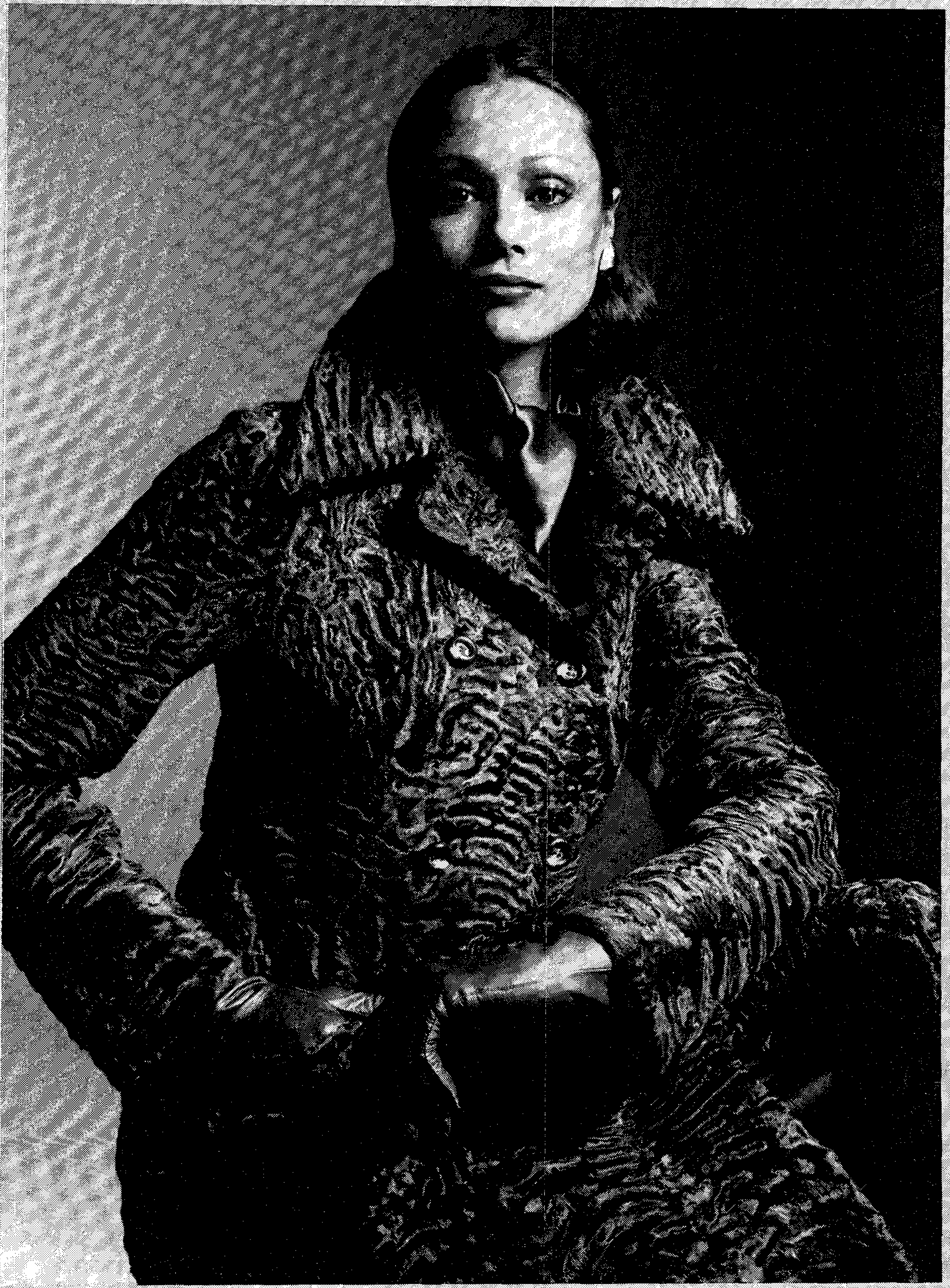

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BEFORE THE TALKIES

"MACK AND MABEL," at the Majestic, is a big, old-fashioned, sentimental musical, with three or four irresistible numbers and a superb cast, and one would have to possess a heart of granite not to pretend that certain substantial defects in it are the merest trifles. The fact is that a number in the second act, neatly constructed around a song called "When Mabel Comes in the Room," is as delightful as anything I can remember having seen for years, and I wouldn't hesitate to recommend the show on the strength of that merry and touching benediction alone. The book, which is by Michael Stewart, purports to tell us about the troubled relations between the early comic actor and director Mack Sennett (who invented the Keystone Cops and who also helped to invent Chaplin) and his greatest star, Mabel Normand. Their story begins in Brooklyn, in 1911, where Sennett is making slapstick two-reelers and Normand is working as a waitress in a delicatessen, and it ends in Hollywood, in the thirties, with Normand dying and Sennett going bankrupt. The plot is unavoidably monotonous, since it concerns Normand's innumerable attempts to escape Sennett's personal and professional domination of her; the attempts fail, and though Normand's character and circumstances change with the years—always, alas, in the direction of a greater misery—Sennett remains from start to finish an overbearing bully, roaring out a single fixed idea: "I wanna make the world laugh!"

To the credit of Mr. Stewart and of Jerry Herman, who wrote the music and lyrics, the show is a good deal less sentimental than it might have been. To give you some idea of how Normand's contemporaries felt about her, let me quote an article written in *Photoplay* by its publisher, James R. Quirk, in 1930, immediately after her death. The article begins, "Battered and beaten by life, little Mabel Normand has gone home to the Great Heart who understands all. I am sure that voices have whispered love and encouragement and devotion to her on her long, frightened journey across the Dark River—voices of crooning old Irish women whose last days were made comfortable by Mabel's generosity—voices of pitiful little extra girls who had turned to her for help and sympathy—voices of hunger that was fed—of tears that were dried." Pulling himself together and drying a few tears of his own, Quirk then went on to say, "Mabel had a peculiar relationship to Mack Sennett. She loved him; fought with him; feared him and respected him with something like awe. Mack Sennett was, in fact, her Svengali. She resented the awe she had for him; but she never could rise to artistic heights without him."

Wonderful to relate, much of this love/fear/respect/awe has been found room for in a musical that is primarily a continuous sunny exercise in song and dance—tuneful songs and witty dances. Gower Champion has directed and choreographed the production with his usual energy and discipline, and he has seen to it, moreover, that our spirits are exalted by a chorus line of no fewer than sixteen pretty girls—surely one of the most populous choruses to have appeared here since Normand went home to the Great Heart who understands all. Robert Preston is indispensable as Mack Sennett; what might have been a painful, evening-long reiteration of his laughter-seeking mania (a condition that Mr. Herman has him cleverly sum up in song as "this curse I'm blessed with") is softened and made bearable by Mr. Preston's charm and exuberant attack. Bernadette Peters plays Mabel in a fashion that prompts the dread word "adorable" to leap up unbidden off the typewriter keys; Lisa Kirk is amusing as an old vaudevillian who makes it big as the star of "Vitagraph Varieties of 1929;" and James Mitchell is appealing as the handsome wastrel-director, William Desmond Taylor, who is shot to death offstage as Miss Kirk is singing and dancing "Tap Your Troubles Away."

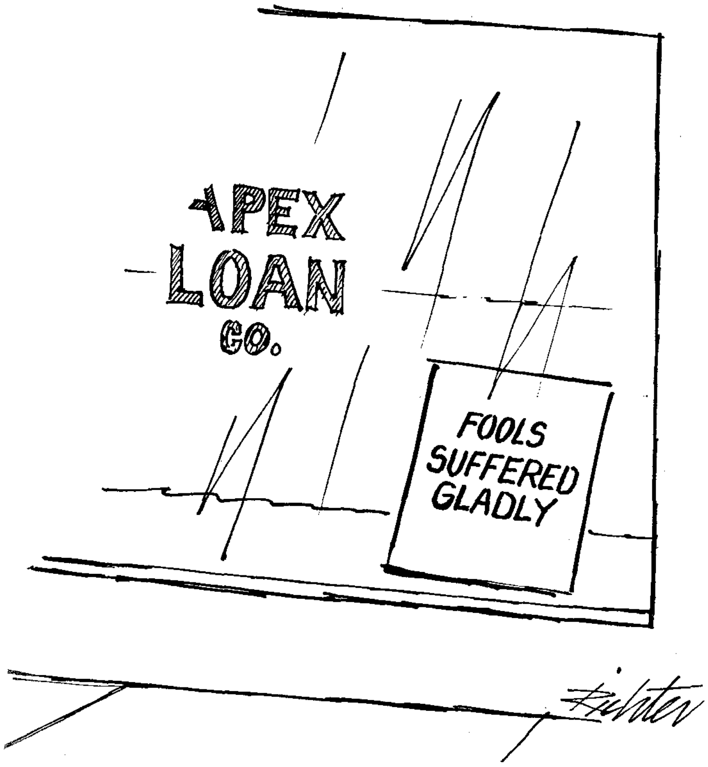
The enormous, ingenious set—itself a movie set—is by Robin Wagner, the pretty costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser. They are all to be congratulated. As for me, I want to spend a week or so looking at old Mabel Normand movies. She has stolen my heart.

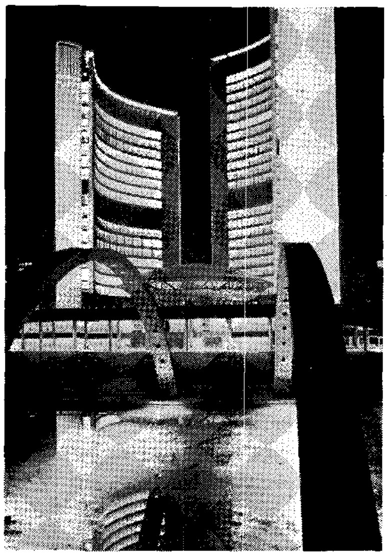
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Edward the Unmanageable

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN'S admirable CSC (Classic Stage Company), an Off Off Broadway group, last week opened its season of repertory at its little Abbey Theatre, on East Thirteenth Street, with Christopher Marlowe's "Edward II." The play was originally published in 1594; no one seems sure when it was originally done. The plot deals, episode by episode, with this frivolous, willful king (1284-1327), whose passion first for a knight named Piers Gaveston and later for one named Spenser was so consuming that he heaped titles and riches on them, neglected his duties, and ignored everyone else, thereby insulting his queen and setting off a rebellion among the nobles of his court. The rebels, nominally led by the Queen and the Crown Prince





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but actually led by a scheming earl named Mortimer, who became the Queen's lover, were victorious, and the King was forced to abdicate and then was horribly murdered, as was his great-grandson, Richard II (Shakespeare's Richard, at least), seventy-three years later. Marlowe's play has much in common with Shakespeare's—the obstinacy and foolishness of both kings in the early scenes and their bewilderment and pathos in the later ones, for example, and a theme, in both instances, in which the forces of strength and righteousness and ambition, on the one hand, are pitted against weakness and impulsiveness and charm, on the other. Marlowe's king is far more exasperating than his Shakespearean descendant, but there is no question in the end where our sympathies lie. Edward's homosexuality is utterly open and direct throughout the play, and the indignation he arouses among his courtiers (Queen aside) seems to have much more to do with his dissipation of regal powers than with his morals or sexual preferences. Come to that, everything in the play is utterly open, and Marlowe's limpid blank verse seems to flow as easily as breathing. Characters called Mortimer and Gaveston and Isabella are, of course, a big help to an iambic man.

Nevertheless, while always interesting, the play lacks tension and excitement and any depth of feeling. This production was directed by Mr. Martin, who is also artistic director of the company, and (presumably to compensate for the relative inexperience of the actors) he has made a number of emendations in the text. Most of them work well: the action moves briskly, and there is always a lot going on. But though the performance is clear and quite professional and always in the service of the script, it is also tame. Still, the play is here to be seen, and for the first time in New York. The CSC continues to render an invaluable service to the New York theatre, choosing good plays from the whole dramatic repertoire, performing them decently—often better than that—and keeping them going through the season. The other plays this season, all of which will have opened by the middle of October, are "Hedda Gabler," Genet's "The Maids," Pinter's "The Dwarfs," and "The Tempest." —EDITH OLIVER

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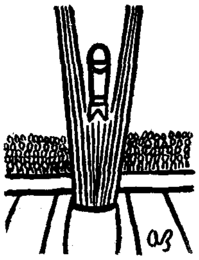
FOOTBALL

Hodgepodge



THE expansionist record-keeping industry does help keep down the rate of unemployment, but it does also contribute to the gaining scarcity of paper. From now on, therefore, one record at a time, and maybe none at all. The award for the week's, and perhaps the year's, record goes to Pat McInally, the impossibly long Harvard receiver, who on Saturday last gathered in all his team's touchdowns on throws from Holt, a left-handed operator—eighteen points for Harvard—and, collaring an adventurous pitchout in his own end zone, gathered two points for Rutgers when he was tackled there. More adventurous, though, was the Rutgers decision, at fourth down and one on its own forty-three-yard line, to run instead of punt, and thereby Rutgers came from behind to carry the day, 24–21. Errant handling of the ball was partly the undoing of Harvard, and nearly the undoing of Penn State, which nowadays, since the departure of Cappelletti to the professional world, is at times almost of human size. Army, as Navy before it had done, picked up balls mislaid by Penn State, and for moments it appeared that Army, out in front by 14–0, would find still more rabbits in the top hat. But Army's running attack, dogged though it is, is still not balanced by a passing attack (one out of seven on Saturday), and Penn State could afford to leave Army catchers uncovered again and again; instead, it concentrated on wearing down one set of Army linemen after another—Penn State 21, Army 14. An only so-so showing by Penn State, a most creditable one by Army.

At that, Army's passing was but minutely less efficacious than Namath's against the Bills—around a dozen tries before one took effect, though, it should be stated, on a very, very wet afternoon. The Jets, and Namath, lost on that Sunday, as they probably will on quite a few other Sundays. The Jets, like Army, are in steady trouble in the company they keep, and the great days have gone. Not as far as the great days of the Colts, who are an outstanding example of what management can do when it gets down to really hard thunking. Bulaich, who toiled, largely in vain, for the Colts

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before he was, so everyone kept saying, downgraded to the Eagles, can hardly escape being a hero now. This mild-looking chap and other refugees from other professional squads (particularly Gabriel) have been rolling merrily along on a team that has nothing to lose (aside from its past history, under another management) and everything to win. It's when professional football gets to looking picturesque as well as so blooming automatic and proficient that it is best; the Eagles, though they are thousands of miles away from the next Super Bowl, have enough of the improvising, let's-try-anything impulse to give them a character—a character the Cowboys once had, a character the Dolphins still have. The Redskins had one when Jurgensen was presiding, yet after he stepped down it was apparent that the only character was Jurgensen. Anderson, of the Bengals, throwing the ball just right against those Redskins last Sunday (seven in a row in one series), was a pointed reminder of the Redskins' style under Jurgensen's jurisdiction. Jurgensen, too, playing only the fourth quarter, as filler-in, showed what it had been like, with his twelve valid passes. But it is to be wondered whether a great deal of the pro stuff is truly eight-dollars-a-seat football, even when the Raiders, who should get themselves into the Super Bowl, add a peppery free-for-all to their match with the Browns—another Sunday happening.

One of the dollar-a-seat meets on Saturday involved Columbia and Princeton, both of whom have nowhere to go but up. The fact that Princeton went up, at 40–13, doesn't matter. It was football as a pastime—a consuming one, nonetheless—and *not as a career, and* its hit-and-miss quality (no wordplay intended) was its pleasure. It was turn-of-the-screw football in New Haven, where Colgate (now that Parr has gone and two comrades have joined the Raiders) was no longer the destroyer of Ivy League reputations: Yale, by 30–7. It was frustration in Providence, where Brown, finally beginning to give a good account of itself, was upended when Bellizeare, who looks to be too small for anything beyond touch football, ran a punt back sixty-one yards for a touchdown that helped no end in putting Pennsylvania on top, 14–9, at practically the last minute. Not professional at all, in any sense of the word, but it's an indigenous football that, the way things look now, could easily outline the World Football League. —J. W. L.

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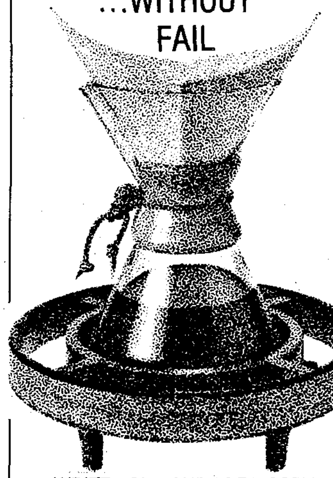

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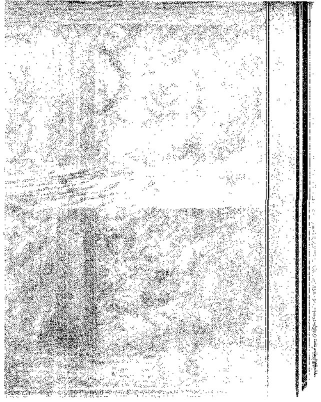

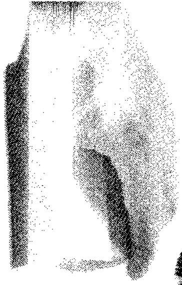

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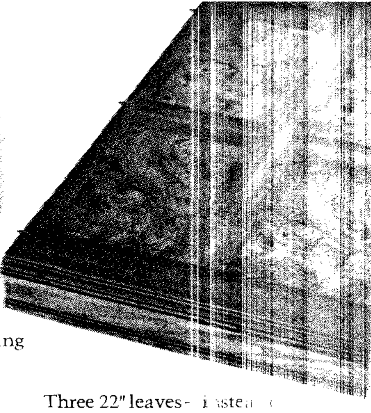

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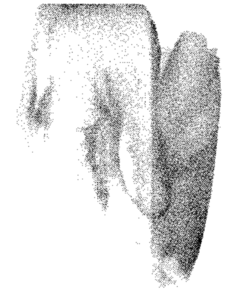

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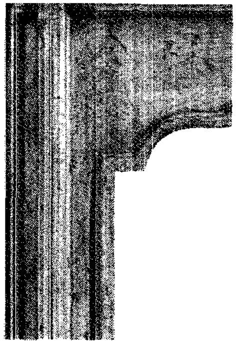

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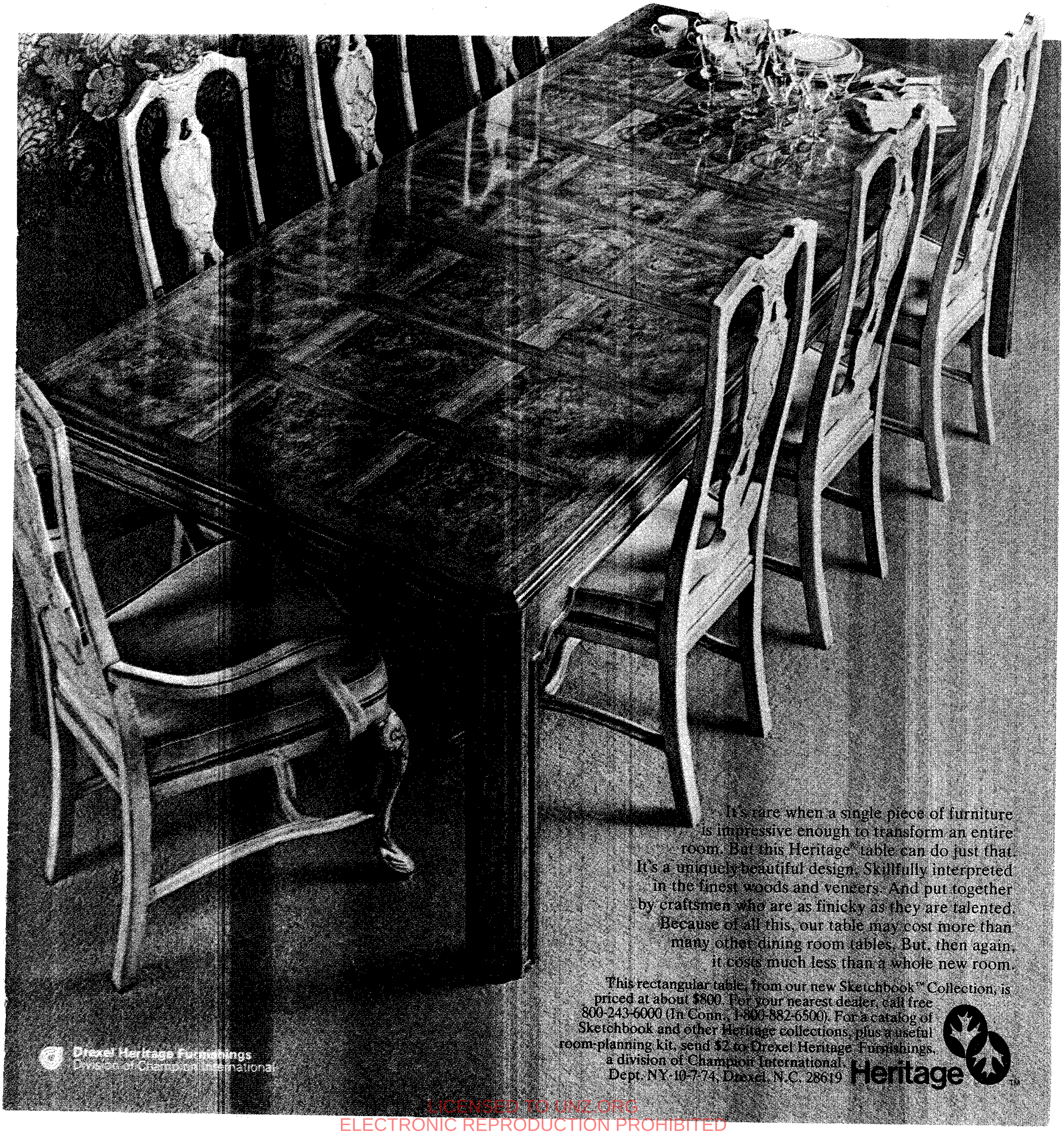

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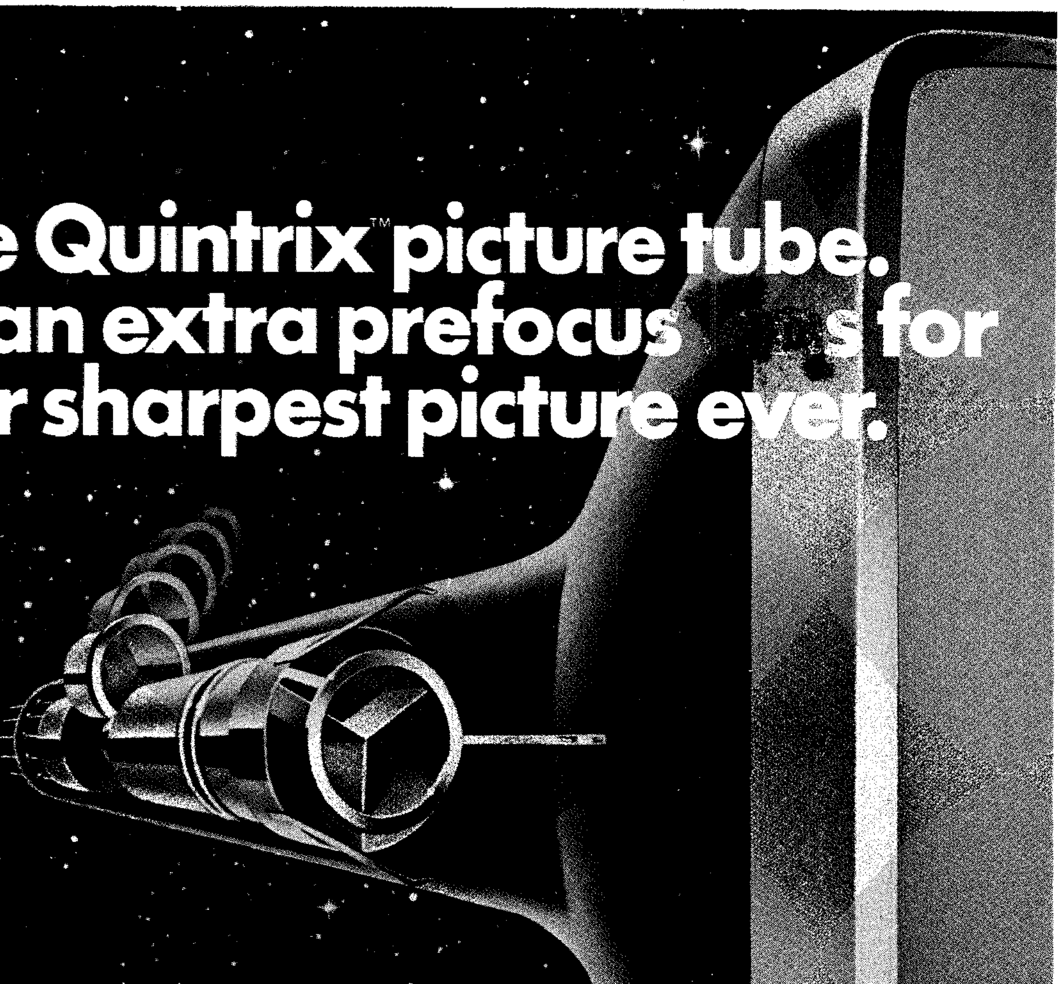

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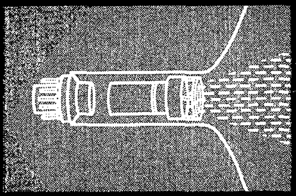

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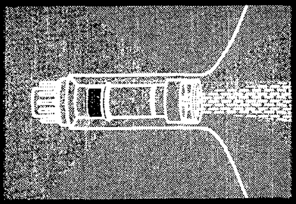

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LETTER FROM NEW DELHI

THERE is a sense of looming calamity here, a sense of danger. One morning, in my parents' house, I am greeted by the news that the cleaning woman has been electrocuted while hanging the wash on a wire clothesline strung between two lampposts, which had been rained on during the night. The same night, a pig rampaged through the garden and gave birth there to seventeen piglets. The garden is in ruins and the stench unbearable, and no one knows what to do. The pig (and its piglets) may belong to one of the sweepers who camp out in the back lanes. The pig may be his only worldly possession, and if anything should happen to it there might be a sweepers' riot. Indeed, I hear rumors all the time of murders and of riots touched off by religious or caste conflicts. I read in the newspapers that the government is going easy on the rioters—especially those from militant minority groups—because it is afraid that it will not be able to stop the riots from spreading. I hear reports of intimidation and corrupt practices in high and low places, of knifing incidents and hooliganism in the streets and on the buses, of servants becoming restive. I've been visiting India every year for many years now. Each year, fear, corruption, and violence have increased, but this year they seem to have become a way of life.

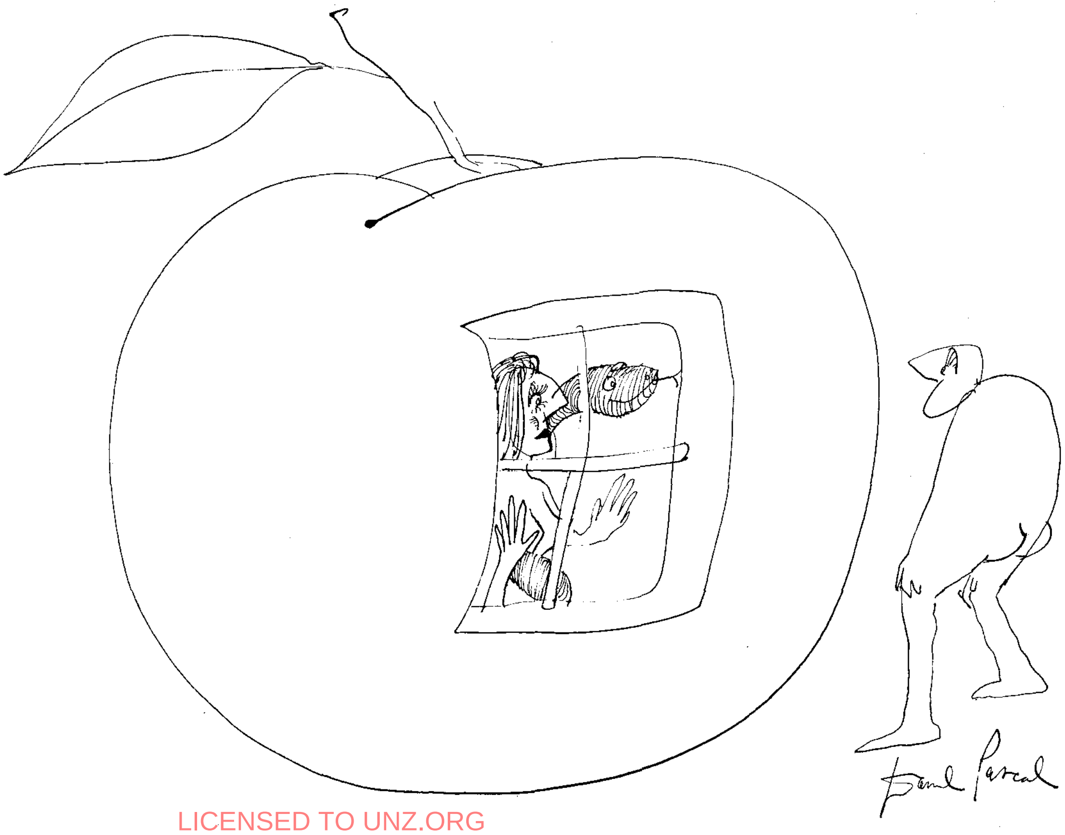
A friend tells me that a while ago her male cook, who had served her family well for twenty years, had suddenly become rude and truculent and tardy and sullen. She suspected that he was spitting in the food at every opportunity. The family were afraid of what he might do if they dismissed him, but finally, two months ago, they did. Since then, their house has been burgled two times. They have three Alsatian watchdogs, yet the burglar (or burglars) has been able to get in and out undetected each time. The family had long since stopped keeping anything valuable in the house—not so much as a silver tray or a gold chain—but the burglar has somehow managed to find whatever money was there, and the family is full of foreboding.

I dine in the flat of a senior government official. He comes downstairs to see me off. No sooner have I reached home than I get a call from his wife saying that he hasn't returned. She fears he's been kidnapped. As it turns out, he has only gone around the corner to buy cigarettes—something he must have done hundreds of times before, in more normal times.

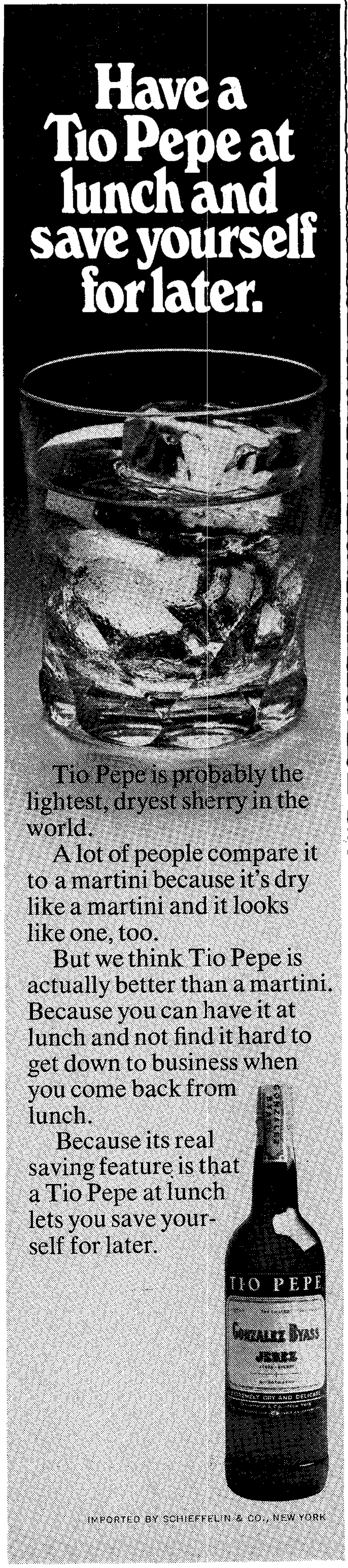
A few days after undergoing some minor surgery, I drive out to the Holy Family Hospital to have the stitches removed. On the way back, a little boy darts into the road in front of the car. The driver brakes, and we stop a few inches short of the boy. The boy, who is perhaps eight years old, stumbles and falls and starts screaming with fright. A hundred other children rush over from a nearby school and surround the car. They climb onto the hood and the trunk, and pound on the windows shouting, "Police! Police! This car has hurt our brother!" Grownups join the children and start threatening the driver, demanding money and revenge. It takes us more than an hour to persuade them that the child was not hurt and to let us drive on. The driver tells me that in Calcutta the police advise drivers not to stop after an accident but to get to the nearest police station as soon as they can. In an incident like the one we were involved in, a Calcutta crowd would apparently set fire to the car. So things in New Delhi are at least better than they are in Calcutta.

NEW DELHI is in the throes of perhaps the worst outbreak of nationalism and xenophobia it has ever known—directed almost entirely against the West. Itinerant Western hippies are reviled for consciously choosing to be as dirty as common sweepers. Western missionaries are decried for making the Indian poor misfits in their own society by converting them to Christianity. Visiting Western scholars are condemned for using their greater financial and material resources to dominate Indian studies and for displaying "colonial," "exploitative," and "patronizing" attitudes toward their Indian colleagues. Western volunteer workers are viewed either as dupes or as C.I.A. agents. Working conditions here for Westerners have been made so difficult that most of them have gone home, including many valuable agronomists and technical experts. The Rockefeller Foundation, which for fifty years was famous in India for its medical and agricultural work, has cut back its operations and closed down its New Delhi office.

The few remaining Western diplomats, journalists, executives of philanthropic organizations, and volunteer workers—many of them Americans—now live and work mostly in isolation, both from each other and from the Indians they have come to serve. These Westerners have little in common with the old-time India-lovers—European students of Indian history and religion, travellers, gazetteers—who wrote some of the best books ever written on India. The newcomers are often decent men and women, but they don't know India. They seem always to be taken by surprise by the twists and turns of the Indian mind and by caste prejudices



and other religious idiosyncrasies. They seek to counteract their ignorance by cultivating indifference, which can mean ceasing to trust their most ordinary human impulses—for instance, hesitating to offer a glass of water to their driver for fear of offending some caste convention. A recent remark made by an American diplomat suggests the extent of these Westerners' ignorance: "If the average Indian had to choose between going hungry and his country's not having nuclear bombs, he would choose nuclear bombs." Western institutions such as the Ford Foundation, the American Embassy, and the American Club occupy modern air-conditioned buildings that are equipped with filtered hot and cold running water and private swimming pools, and are set in well-cared-for, lush green grounds. Once, these buildings and grounds served as examples of modern elegance to which Indians could aspire, but now to the same Indians they have become embarrassing symbols of unattainable affluence. In the nineteen-fifties and early nineteen-sixties, Western journalists in India had a strong emotional involvement with the country, often referring to it as "the great adventure in Western-style democracy." They have been succeeded by detached or disdainful observers, who have been known to call India things like "a permanent basket case." Western diplomats no longer seek the company of Indians as they used to. And Indians, in turn, neither covet invitations to Western embassies nor prize the presence of the Western ambassadors at their social and academic functions as they used to. One observer of Indian-American relations has said, "You know that the American ambassador has a dog. But the American dog has not met a single Indian dog in the eighteen months it has been here. That's about the state of Indian-American relations right now." The American diplomats and the executives of philanthropic organizations used to work in concert, but now they are at loggerheads. World Bank people say that the Ford Foundation has a colonial outlook. Ford Foundation people say that the American Embassy has nothing but contempt for India and things Indian. American Embassy people say that the Ford Foundation makes the Indian government believe that in seeking aid it can bypass the Administration in Washington and appeal directly to a constituency made up of Harvard University, the New York *Times*, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. And those few wrangling Westerners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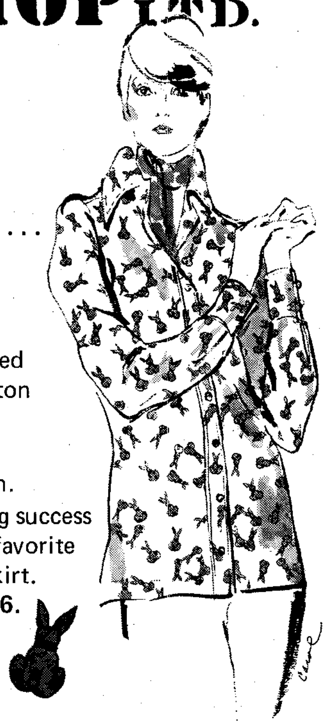
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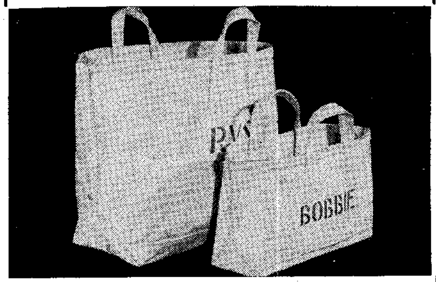
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who don't take refuge in defensive cynicism go to the other extreme and become aggressively pro-Indian. They deplore the gloom-and-doom Westerners, and say things like "I'm tired of hearing Westerners say 'India is no God-damned good, the government is no God-damned good, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi is no God-damned good.' " They call for "positivistic" thinking—in other words, for dealing with what is, here and now, and letting India's future take care of itself. They are likely to be invited to the homes of Westernized Indians to eat from "a Mongolian firepot"—this year's rage—which is many kinds of food boiled together in a pot at the table.

The talk at such gatherings is apt to be a little glib, a little cosmopolitan, and a little risqué. At one gathering, a Westernized Indian tells me, "I have a wonderful Untouchable sweeper, but I would never let him into my house. I have no objection to sitting and even eating with him at my table—it's just that he has filthy Untouchable habits."

I overhear another Westernized Indian say, "The only response to the conditions here is to go around with a Martini in one hand and a grenade in the other." All the other guests agree with him.

Soon they are all listening to a deaf painter, the brother of a minister in Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet, who is renowned for his fund of stories. "The Marquess of Linlithgow, our erstwhile Viceroy, was a great lover of cattle shows," he says. "One day, he and Lady Linlithgow went to a great cattle show in New Delhi. When they got there, they wandered off in different directions. A Punjabi rustic with a huge bull approached Lady Linlithgow and said to her, 'This is the greatest bull in all India.' 'How do you know?' Lady Linlithgow asked. 'He can satisfy a cow two dozen times a day,' the man with the bull said. 'Go and tell my husband that,' she said. When the man found Lord Linlithgow, he repeated his praise of the bull and told him what Lady Linlithgow had said. 'But is it the same cow, my man?' Lord Linlithgow asked."

Indians and Westerners roar with delight.

Westernized Indian society in New Delhi is made up of high-ranking government officials and politicians, members of the professions, and occasional migrants from Calcutta and Bombay society. Its worst terms of opprobrium, "new money," or "nouveau riche," are applied to people who have made their money since Independence, in 1947, and its highest praise, "old money," is

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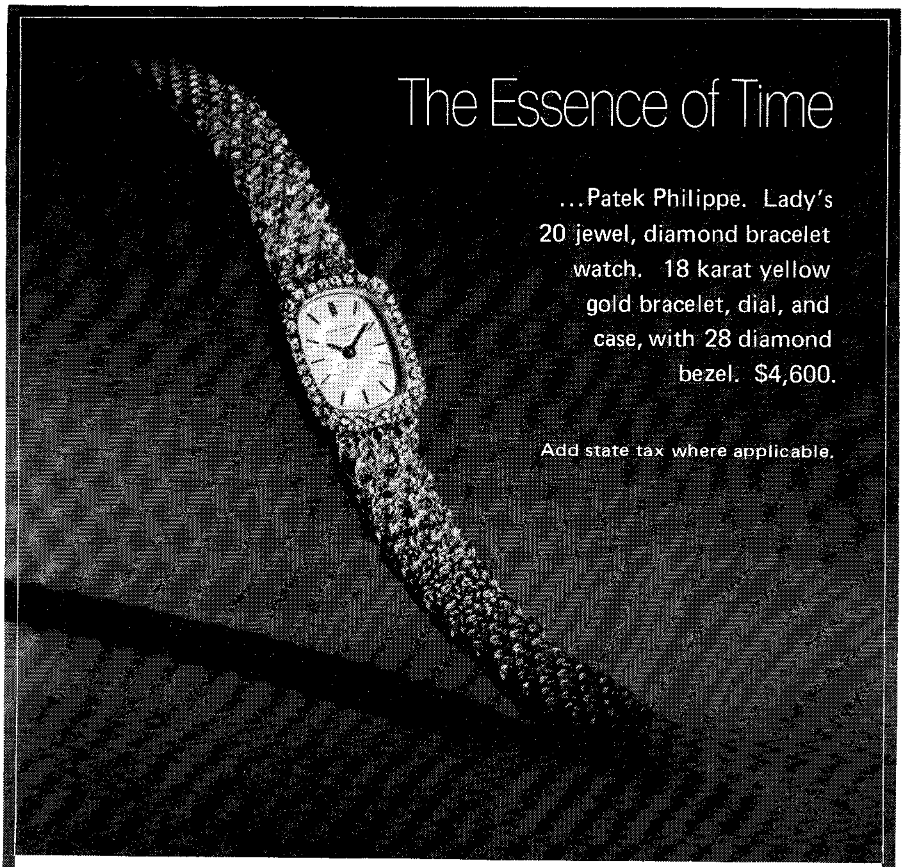

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reserved for people who made their money before Independence. New Delhi society has been humming with news of the engagement of Sanjay Gandhi, who is Mrs. Gandhi's son, to Menaka Anand, a professional model, who was recently featured in a story in the English-language *Hindustan Times* headlined "FROM TOWELS AND MATTRESSES TO MARUTI." Maruti is the name of a "people's car" that Sanjay Gandhi has been licensed by the government to manufacture and sell, over the protests of Mrs. Gandhi's political opponents, who accuse her of family favoritism. The newspaper story, after describing how Miss Anand got her start in towel advertising, goes on:

> Menaka joined Lady Sri Ram College to do a Political Science (Honours) course that she dropped later. There at the Miss Fresher [beauty] contest . . . asked to compose an impromptu nursery rhyme, she came up with this cameo:
>
> "The man in the moon,
> Looked out of the moon,
> Looked out of the moon and said:
> 'The world's so dizzy,
> Everyone is in a tizzy,
> I'm glad I'm not human,
> I'd rather be dead!' "
>
> Naturally enough Menaka won the crown. (The *Evening News* "discovered" young Menaka in a front-page story on the event, Aug. 23, 1973.) . . .
>
> Soon enough a mattress company signed her on to model for them. (She wears a nightie. . . .) Menaka was famous overnight. . . .
>
> Menaka then decided to migrate to journalism (warms the poor journalists' cockles, no?). She enrolled herself in Sam Castelino's "Dateline School of Journalism." . . .
>
> Her tutors at the school wistfully remember how she had got late one evening and they gave her a lift home. On the way she suggested she interview Sanjay Gandhi! Not knowing how well she knew him, the tutor casually remarked, "Yes, but find out if he's willing to be interviewed."
>
> "I'm meeting him this evening," Menaka softly replied. She never went to the school again!!

In New Delhi, cultural interchange seems to be limited at present to talk about the couple, now married, or to lectures on some such fashionable topic as the lure of the occult, India's economic plight, or how much better things are in China than they are in India. A few months back, a dance program or vocal or sitar recital could always be found and would be well attended. But fewer people can now get to such events in either private cars or taxis, because of the price of gasoline—about fifteen rupees (more than two dollars) a gallon, compared to about seven rupees last year. (New Delhi has a notoriously bad public transport system.) For the same reason, social gatherings of all kinds have become smaller and rarer. The well-to-do Westernized Indians go less frequently to their clubs after work for tennis, swimming, or cards. Their wives have curtailed their morning coffee parties in restaurants and also what they call their "kitty" parties—gatherings that usually involve a couple of dozen wives, who take turns entertaining the group at lunch, at which time a little lottery is held. Everyone puts a set sum in a kitty, and then all draw lots for it. Matters are so arranged that sooner or later everyone gets the kitty. Such parties used to be occasions for minor feasts, but the menus are now often restricted to one savory dish and one sweet dish.

THIS is the monsoon season, which generally runs from July to October. The sky is streaked with heavy clouds, and there are heavy rains. New Delhi is verdant. The trees have burst into yellow, purple, and orange blossom. Lush, tall flowers, especially snapdragons, are almost everywhere. The fountains gush with water. The accumulated dust of summer has been washed away from the ruins of earlier cities, from the faded Mogul monuments, from the magnificent stately buildings put up by the British, from the occasional tall, modern buildings, from ancient stones and modern bricks, from every leaf of every tree. No matter how heavy the downpour, people go about without umbrellas or protection of any kind, as if they were amphibians. They dress in bright-colored clothes, and the air is filled with the hum of insects and the calls of large, brilliant birds. Because of the dampness, everything must now be kept in tight jars or tins; otherwise biscuits become limp, salt and sugar turn into rocks, matches won't light—the heads simply fall off, even off matches specially treated for the monsoon. Clothes won't dry, and they always smell a little damp even after they have been ironed. Telephones don't work; cars stall. The network of open drains overflows, flooding the streets.

Lying between the sacred river Jumna and an outcrop of the Aravalli Hills is the Delhi plain, on which New Delhi stands. Legend and history tell us that on various sites on this plain at least ten other cities once stood: Indraprastha, in the tenth century B.C., or maybe it was the fifteenth; Dilli, around the first century B.C.; Lal Kot, in the eleventh century A.D.; Kila Rai Pathora, in the twelfth cen-

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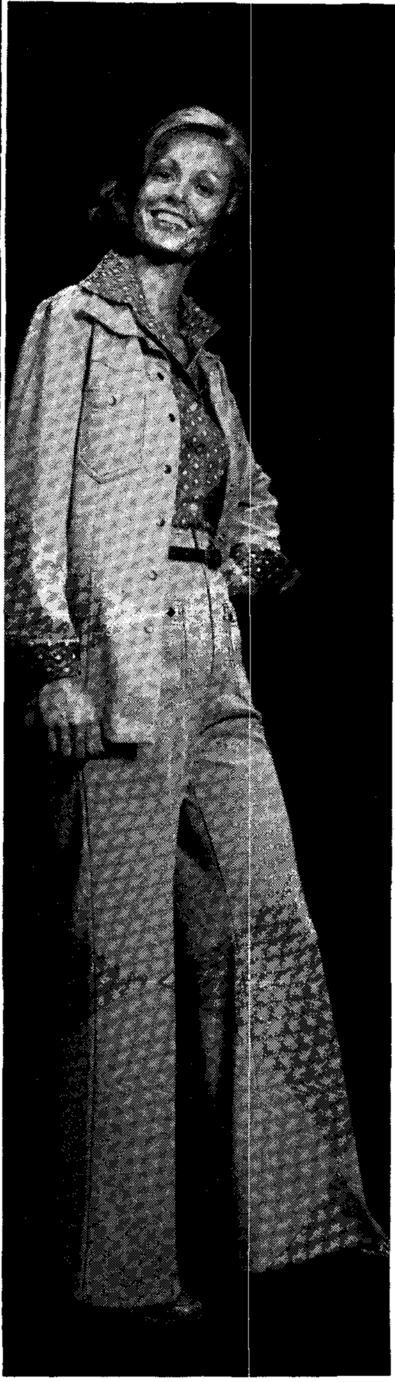

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tury; Siri, Tughlakabad, Jahanpannah, and Firuzabad, all in the fourteenth century; Dinepannah, in the sixteenth century; Shahjahanabad, in the seventeenth century; and what is now called Old Delhi, which has something of all of them in it. It has old Muslim tombs and British gardens, old Hindu temples and Protestant churches, old Mogul battlements and British barracks, old mosques and towers, old city walls and gates, old mean streets and bazaars. In alcoves in the ancient walls, on the steps that go down to the Jumna River, Brahmans chant Sanskrit verses as other Brahmans have done for more than three thousand years. In Chandni Chowk, or Silver Street, in the shadow of the Jama Masjid, one of the world's great mosques, goldsmiths and silversmiths sell bangles and baubles as their forebears did in the days of the Mogul emperors, and brasher venders offer roast kabobs and Coca-Cola. In the Red Fort, once the residence of Shah Jahan himself, guides tell how he built Shahjahanabad here and the Taj Mahal in Agra. Still living in elegant, if crumbling, quarters are the old high-caste Delhi wallahs, descendants of courtiers proverbially loyal in their service to Hindu, Muslim, or British rulers, always marrying and intermarrying within their own charmed circle. The area in which many of the original thick, high stone walls and gates of Shahjahanabad still stand is now a crowded, stinking slum, with all manner of cottage industries.

New Delhi, which was built three miles south of Shahjahanabad, dates from 1911, when the British transferred their capital here from Calcutta. Because of the strategic position of the Delhi plain, many of the cities here had served other dynasties as their capitals. Christopher Hussey, in his exhaustive biography of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the British architect who, with Sir Herbert Baker, designed the new capital, writes, "From the moment of its foundation the city evoked sectional antagonism, both English and Indian. The English community in Calcutta, seeing their city reduced . . . to provincial status, did not scruple to recall the superstition that Delhi is the graveyard of dynasties. Pointing to the six previous capitals whose ruins litter the plain around that of Shah Jahan, some foretold that the building of an eighth presaged likewise the end of British rule." The main buildings of the Imperial capital—the Viceroy's palace, Parliament House, the two blocks of the Secretariat, all of which are a mixture

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of Roman and Indian architecture—together with the big government bungalows, and their compounds and servants' quarters, still form the core of New Delhi, which since 1947 has been the capital of independent India. There are many open spaces—wide, tree-lined boulevards and traffic roundabouts planted with flowers—which are reminiscent of the grace and order of the British raj. The grounds of various monuments are well kept up and are free of poor squatters. In part because there is no heavy industry in New Delhi, the city does not have poor laborers like those who camp in the streets of Old Delhi, Bombay, and Calcutta. Occasionally, when there is a road to be built, a few hundred laborers will camp at the site or start living in some of the huge sections of pipe that are to be laid down for the water supply. The New Delhi police are fairly strict about chasing away squatters and campers, because they want the capital to make a good impression on the many foreigners who come here to work.

Grafted onto the elegant capital are scores of so-called colonies—little neighborhoods or suburbs with their own bazaars, slums, and distinctive personalities—which sprang up to the south and west at the time of Partition, when hundreds of thousands of Punjabi refugees flocked to New Delhi and settled on plots of land made available to them by the government in partial compensation for their losses in Pakistan. Thanks largely to the Punjabis, New Delhi as a whole is conspicuously more prosperous than Old Delhi, Bombay, or Calcutta. The Punjabis have, in fact, stamped their character on New Delhi. They are renowned for hard work, an enterprising spirit, proud bearing, primitive, unsophisticated ways, an aggressive, rambunctious manner, hearty appetites, and boastful talk. In the streets, Punjabi men are apt to ogle women and to make their way through crowds with sly, wily hit-and-run shoves and pushes. At home, they like to sit and stare into space and draw comfort from being with one another. It is said that if a Punjabi gets a good meal three or four times a day and a long nap in the afternoon he is content. The habit of reading is almost unknown among the Punjabis, and they don't have much use for art; their houses are decorated mostly with garish calendars, brightly painted gods and goddesses, and family photographs—of revered or departed elders, of weddings or other family events.

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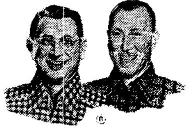

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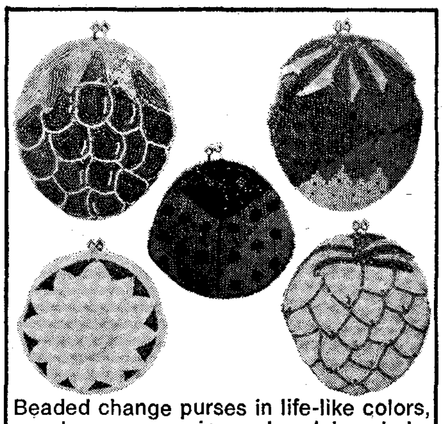

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Old Delhi is so contaminated by sewage and dirt that the entire city is a breeding ground for mosquitoes, flies, and vermin. As a consequence, according to one estimate, one out of five residents comes down every year with a disease like dysentery, infectious hepatitis, malaria, cholera, or typhoid. Only a few parts of Delhi have a piped water-supply system, and this system is so erratic and so badly maintained that as much as twenty-five per cent of the water is lost through seepage. Factories and open drains discharge industrial effluents and sewage into the Jumna River, whose waters are then pumped back into the water-supply system, often without being properly filtered. The waterworks at Okhla, to the south, have been recognized as defective for years. In Shahjahanabad, people rely for water on hand pumps that tap the subsoil, itself contaminated by the rubbish and sewage allowed to accumulate in lanes and by-lanes.

MOST educated people here still get their news from three or four English-language dailies of nationwide circulation, which report mostly on conditions in the cities or on the doings of the central government here in the capital. Weeks often go by without the appearance of a single story originating in the six hundred thousand villages in which most of the people live. These dailies have an inbred character; the people who own them, the people who read them, and the people whose doings are chronicled in them all belong to the tiny élite who live in the few big cities and have a monopoly on literacy, property, money, and power. But all these papers are now in difficulty: the Delhi edition of the *Statesman* recently had to suspend publication for several months because of a labor dispute; the *Hindustan Times* is said to be feeling the financial pinch; the *Indian Express* is having editorial troubles; the *Times of India*, perhaps the best of the four, is now only eight pages thick, because of a shortage of paper, from which all are suffering. (The newspapers in the Indian vernaculars are weaker and smaller—pale copies of their English counterparts.) The government controls the supply of newsprint, and now the government has come to believe that reports of social unrest only cause more unrest, so the newspapers have to tread warily. Even so, they carry daily reports of food riots, administrative breakdowns, and students' and workers' strikes.

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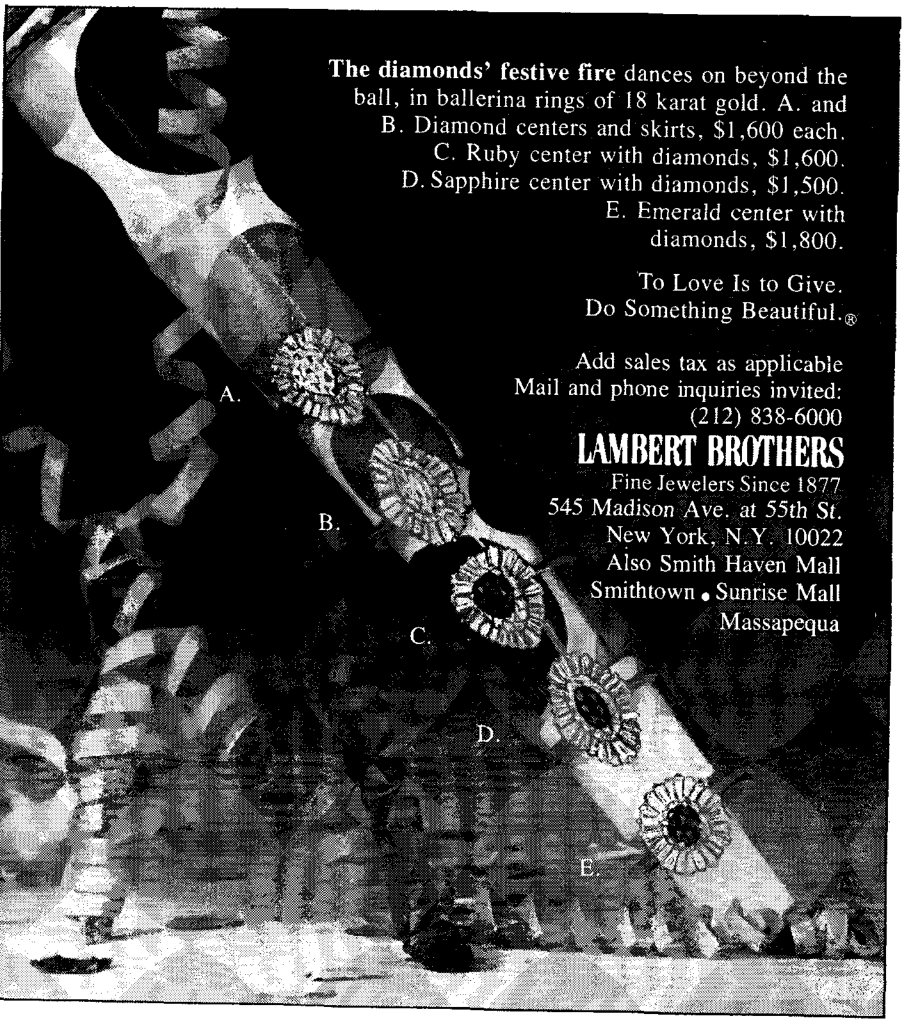

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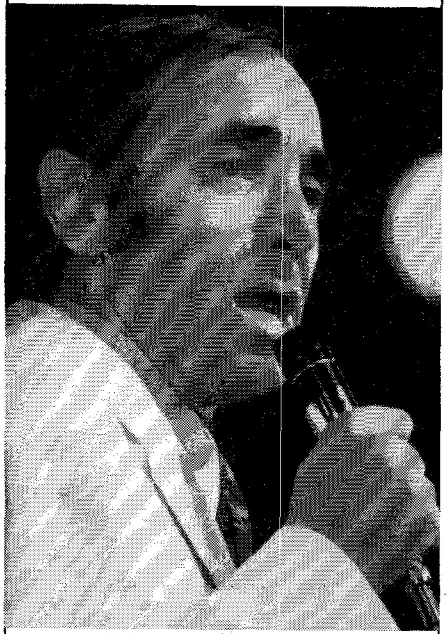

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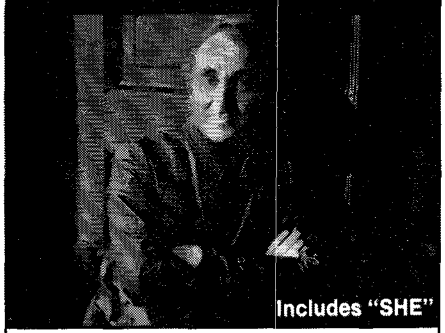

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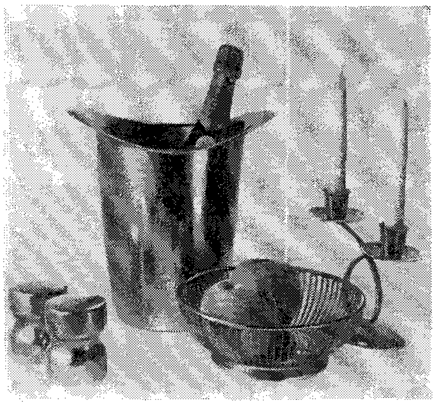
scribed India as "a functioning anarchy." If that is what it is, it is certainly an anarchy that functioned best after the establishment of the British raj, in 1858; the British are credited even by their critics with having unified India and imposed law and order upon it. The "Indianization" of India that has been going on since Independence is becoming a kind of regression to the days before the raj. Old accounts of Indian intrigue, nepotism, and courts and courtiers written by European observers in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries bear an unnerving resemblance to what is happening now. Signs of backward-looking political and religious nationalism are everywhere. There are daily news broadcasts on All-India Radio in Sanskrit. There is constant talk about the glories of ancient India—about how the Hindus in Vedic times travelled around in "flying machines," talked to each other on "skyphones," and constructed "bridges of stones" spanning oceans. The heroic feats and the anthropomorphic characteristics of the *devas*, or gods, and *asuras*, or demons, in the ancient Hindu epics are being taken literally again. The foreign book most widely discussed among students at Delhi University is Erich von Däniken's "Chariots of the Gods." The students take it as proof that in antiquity not only India but also other parts of the world lived through a technological age more advanced than what can be found in the West today.

At present, seventy-five per cent of all Indians have no assured employment and earn four hundred rupees (about fifty-three dollars) or less a year. They cannot even count on such rock-bottom necessities for survival as one meal a day and one piece of permanent clothing, and so fall below what the government has defined in its official income profile as "the poverty line." The top five per cent of all Indians have assured employment and earn forty-eight hundred rupees (six hundred and forty dollars) or more a year. Thus, there are twenty per cent somewhere in between. A few years ago, I used to hear much fashionable talk about "the bourgeoisie," "the lower middle class" and "the upper middle class," as if the poor did not exist at all and the top five per cent—the only people to whom such class distinctions could conceivably apply—made up the entire country. Now I hear talk only about the well-to-do and the poor. And even the well-to-do talk about their children with



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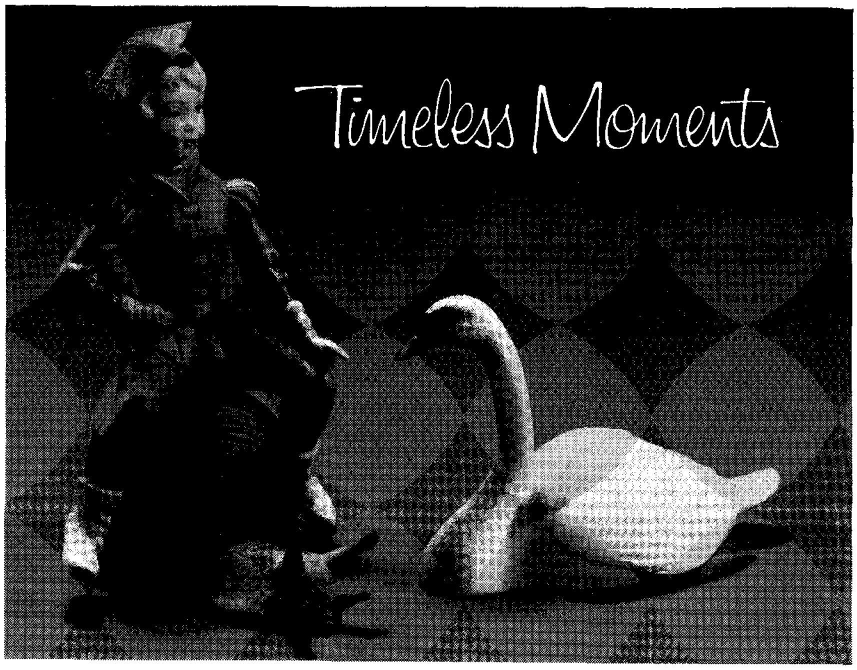
uneasiness, as if the children were no longer securely above the poverty line but were in danger of being dragged into the vortex of destitution. Some college students fear for themselves also. Last year, many of them were going to college in buses and eating two *parathas*, or unleavened wheatcakes, at every meal. This year, they are walking to college and eating only one *paratha*.

Not too long ago, only the poor here woke up in the morning and asked themselves, "Will we eat today?" Now the well-to-do, who in a sense have always lived just to eat, are be*ginning to wonder how long they will* go on waking up and asking themselves, "What shall we eat today?" There is a shortage of practically everything. The prices of rice, wheat, and sugar have doubled or quadrupled in the open market in the past year, and the prices of spices, cooking oils, and ghee are going up each month. Milk, bread, and butter have all become scarce, and such daily staples as wheat flour and corn flour are hard to get even at the government-controlled fair-price ration shops. Paper has become so scarce that books have become prohibitively expensive. There are hardly any books to be found, even in the rooms of students, and the newspapers are referring to "the textbook famine." Aluminum is now prized almost like silver. Plastics have virtually disappeared. Residential construction has almost come to a halt, because there are grave shortages of cement, steel, wood, and glass. The price of cloth is rising so rapidly that people are buying it up in quantity. Toothpaste, soap, toilet tissue, cough mixtures, eye drops, nose drops, aspirin, antibiotics, and other toiletries and medicines have become scarce or unavailable. "Patients of epilepsy, high blood pressure, dysentery, and diarrhoea are running from chemist to chemist for drugs that are not available at any price," says a grim report in the *Times of India*.

There isn't anyone, rich or poor, who is not obliged to queue for something. Indians still use the British word "queue," and there are queues for practically everything. People waited in a queue as long as two hours at a branch of the Punjab National Bank the other day, only to be told the bank had run out of money for that day. Mailing a letter may involve several queues: one for getting the letter weighed, another for buying a stamp, a third for having the stamp cancelled before one's eyes, so that it will not be used by the postal clerk to help buy a



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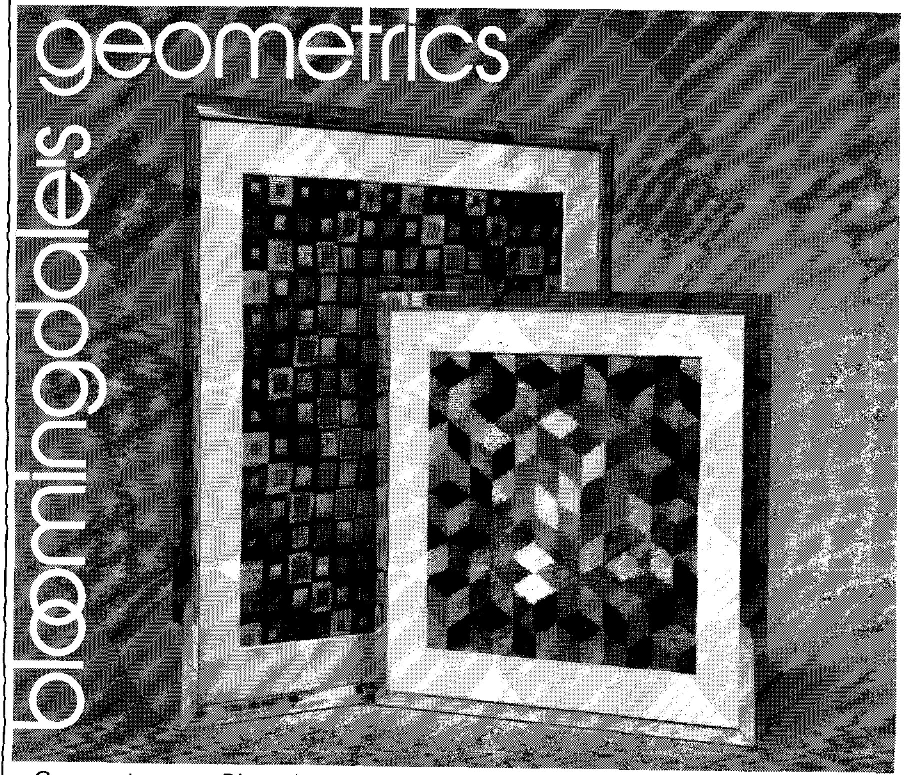

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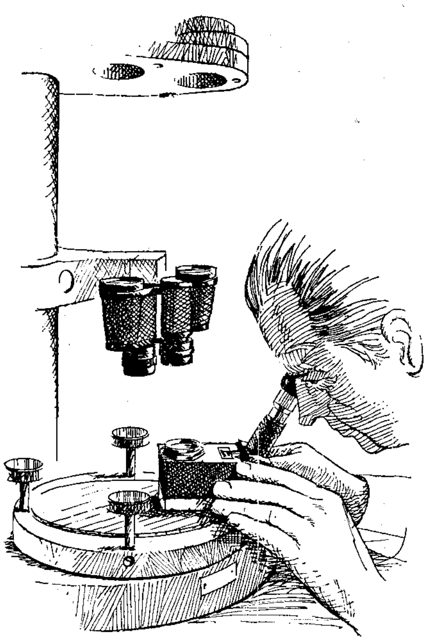

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meal. Even so, there is no guarantee that the letter will ever reach its destination.

The people in the queues visibly seethe with impatience, anger, and hatred, and many a brawl breaks out, even though police are often posted to keep order. Lord Curzon, perhaps the most brilliant Englishman ever to serve as Viceroy of India, used to say that Indian rage fizzled out like soda water. Now the Indians themselves fear that the hunger, the prices, the scarcities, the endless waits, and the corruption may be turning the soda water into a Molotov cocktail.

During the past year, the inflation rate has been thirty per cent. This, combined with the chronic shortages, means hunger for millions. A representative here of the World Bank, Wolf Ladejinsky, was often quoted in 1973 as saying, "India has twenty minutes to go to famine, and millions will die from starvation." This year, he is saying, "I miscalculated. I left out of account the incredible resilience of the Indian people in the face of starvation. I couldn't foresee that any Indian could survive with a meal every two days, as many Indians must have done." Among the millions of Indians who died in the past year, the government refuses to acknowledge that any died of starvation; it denies the existence of famine. Ever since the days of the British raj, officials here have drawn a distinction between death from starvation and death from any other cause—between famine-like conditions, which exist in some parts of the country all the time, and famine proper, which is said to exist only when deaths can be ascribed to no cause other than starvation. Such hairsplitting may have a legal function—an officially acknowledged famine entitles the disaster area to emergency government relief—but in human terms it only underlines the hopelessness of the situation.

This year, everyone seems to be discouraged about ever solving India's food problem. Large, expensive, centralized irrigation projects were completed in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, but they have turned out to be less well suited to small-farm cultivation, which is the rule in India, than had been hoped. The promise of the "green revolution" of the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies has not been fulfilled, because the monsoon failed for the last two years, and because there were severe shortages of electricity for irrigation pumps and of the necessary oil-based fertilizers. The government

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did not make a large enough investment in fertilizer plants, which are expensive and take at least four years to build, and now it cannot afford the investment, because of the quadrupling of world oil prices. "Nobody has been able to invent a cow which will give milk without being fed," writes D. P. Singh, an agricultural expert. "How can we have bumper crops if rains fail, irrigation doesn't come, electricity is not available, and fertilizer is scarce. . . ?" Hope for any kind of genuine land reform has all but vanished, for the big landowners have become so powerful that it is widely assumed that they will always block any substantial distribution of land among the landless. They pay no income tax, and have managed to circumvent whatever legal limits there are on the size of landholdings. They finance the politicians and provide the political base of the ruling Congress Party.

India's politicians blame India's economists for the nation's economic plight. "We used to think that India had some of the best economists in the world," one politician tells me. "In the sixties, they had more influence in determining economic policy here than economists had anywhere else in the world. And what a mess they made of things! We now know they are no wiser than any of the rest of us." The economists, for their part, blame self-serving, corrupt politicians, who, under India's Socialist system of government, enjoy the power of licensing private businesses but use it to accumulate vast fortunes, and bungling government officials, who cannot run a single nationalized industry well—not even something as basic as the government-owned steel mills, which now work at only forty per cent of capacity. The economists say that the government has always been short on economic policy and long on Socialist rhetoric. Ever since 1951, the government has devised five-year plans for India's social and economic development; the draft of the fifth such plan, for the period 1974-79, is currently a subject of ridicule among those economists who did not help to draw it up. It is a daunting and discouraging document. A summing-up paragraph reads:

> The perspective for the next decade or so sketched out above is a modest attempt to have a measure of the task that lies ahead of us and to determine the way that we have to go. No doubt, the task is difficult and the road tortuous. But it is this that makes planning for development a perpetual adventure. It requires both vision and determination and an unshaken faith in the capacity of the country and the people to think and act big. Cyn-

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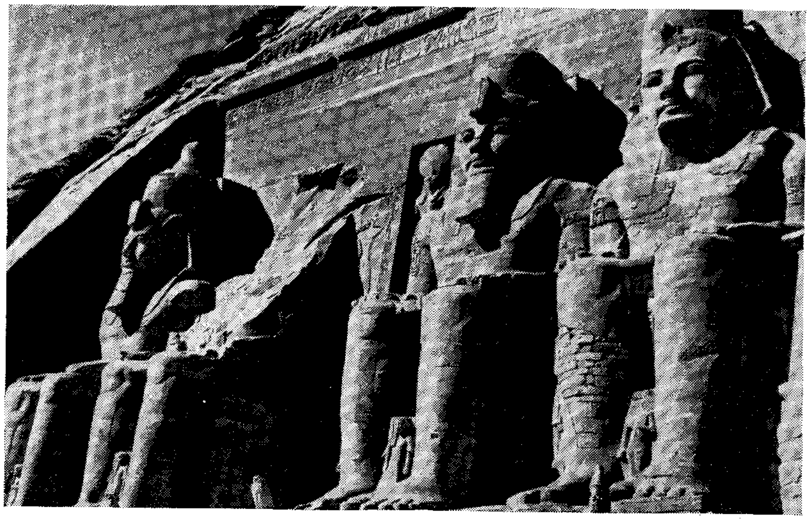

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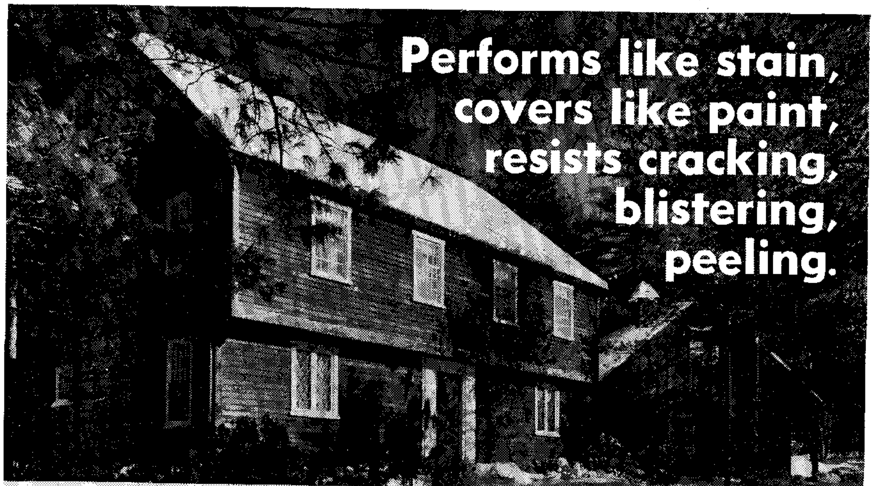

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> icism, inertia and fear of everything new and bold are alien to it. So are also the unwillingness to make and demand sacrifices for a better future. Petty thought and action are as incompatible with it as wild flights of fancy and reckless deeds. Our ingrained humility has often led us to underestimate ourselves. We must discover ourselves fully. The nation is surely capable of achieving much more than the modest goals set out above. Just as there can be no movement without resistance, there can be no achievement without setbacks. The temporary difficulties must not be allowed to cloud our vision and shake our will. We have all the opportunity to create an India of our dreams. Let us seize it with both hands. A great socialist future beckons us irresistibly.

Indian economists are a cheerful, convivial lot, who see much of each other, often talk shop, and amuse themselves by playing what amounts to economic war games, constructing and tearing down theoretical models. In this activity, human problems tend to disappear. While the economists play merely verbal games, the politicians have been busy playing real and much more ominous ones. Thanks to them, two "parallel economies" have now emerged in India: the "white economy," involving taxes, salaries, receipts—which is to say, money on the books—and the "black economy," involving bribes, unrecorded cash transactions, hidden inventories—which is to say, money off the books. There are those here who say that the black economy has outstripped the white. The nationalization of each new industry, the rationing of each new commodity, the institution of each new control instead of increasing the money on the books has increased the money off the books. No one here has yet been able to contain the black economy, let alone destroy it. As more and more people chase fewer and fewer necessities, who gets what—water or electricity, a telephone or a ration card—depends on whom one knows, whom one is related to, who owes one a favor, and how much one can pay. Even the democratic system seems to favor the black economy, because it provides leeway for the buying and selling of votes, of influence, and of access to the necessities of life. Arun Shourie, an Indian economist who now works for the World Bank, wrote in a recent article in the *Economic & Political Weekly*, published in Bombay:

> Ostensibly, each member of the Lok Sabha [the lower house of the Indian Parliament] ... gets elected on the premise that he has not spent more than Rs. 35,000 on his election. Similarly, the law debars each state legislator from spending more than Rs. 10,000 to 13,000. The *cog-*

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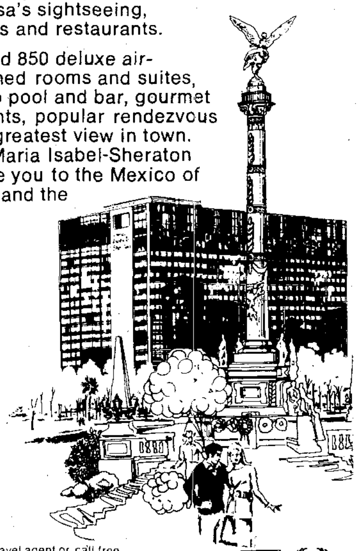

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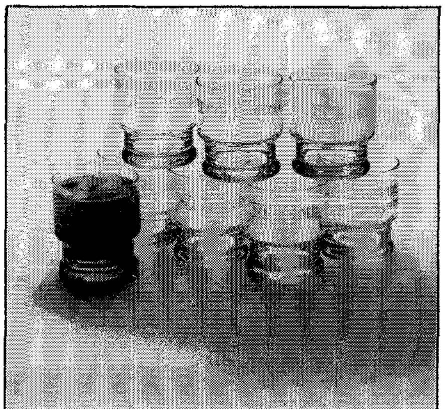

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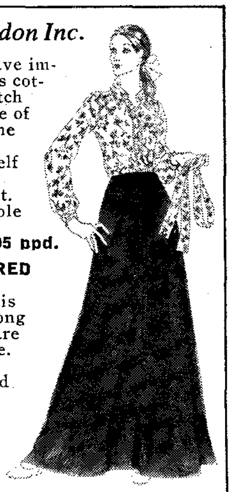

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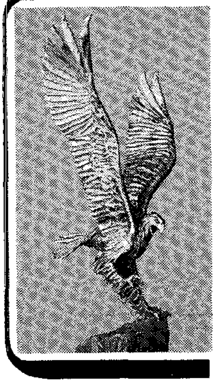

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noscenti, however, aver that an average Parliamentary election costs a candidate . . . Rs. 200,000 to Rs. 300,000 and that an average election to a state legislature costs about Rs. 100,000. When one adds expenditure on other elections—those to district bodies, co-operatives and so on—I would not be surprised if the [ruling Congress Party] alone has to muster Rs. 60-70 crores every five years. [A crore is ten million rupees, or a little over one million three hundred thousand dollars.] Many observers suggest that even this is a gross underestimate. . . . As contributions to political parties are prohibited by law, all collections are illicit. . . .

Governments daily decree exceptions to announced economic policies. . . . Producers and traders are allowed to create artificial scarcities. . . . Governments never get around to strengthening the apparatus for collecting taxes and to enforcing regulations about foreign exchange.

People I meet here still dismiss the possibility of a revolution; they say that since Independence the nation has not produced a single revolutionary of any stature or an ideology with any following, and that everything in Hinduism, with its rigid caste structure and its laws of karma and dharma, militates against revolution. They believe that nothing in the country will ever change; as always, the Indians will just go on living from crisis to crisis, and things will continue to get worse. These same people, I remember, never believed that India would be partitioned, until they woke up on August 15, 1947, and discovered that a quarter of their country had been carved out to create the state of Pakistan. Such revolutionaries as are still around are talking about a spontaneous outbreak of violence in the villages, a sort of blood-drenched food riot from one end of the country to the other—a peasants' rebellion, sparked by, say, a major crop failure. They are equally vague about its outcome and about just what kind of government would replace the present one. For the first time, however, there is talk here of military dictatorship.

THE main industry in New Delhi is still government. The British used to say that they educated Indians so they could have enough clerks, and, in a sense, New Delhi remains a city of clerks. There seems to be no one in authority here who can give the country leadership and direction. As a rule, Indians in positions of power think that once they have articulated a problem they have solved it, that once they have drawn up a plan they have carried it out. They're more interested in theories than in results. There are many who think that capitalism and private enterprise are bad, and there-

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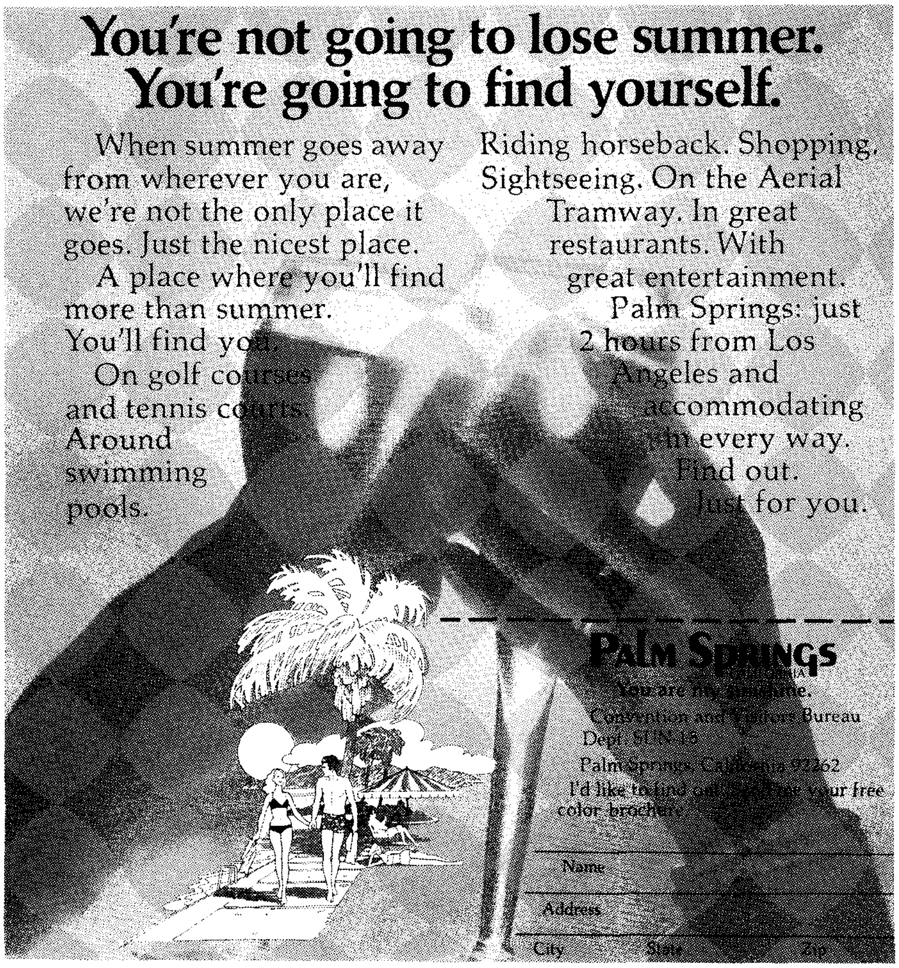

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fore that it is better to do without fertilizer plants, for instance, than to have them built by private enterprise, better to forgo offshore oil exploration than to allow private companies to invest in it and profit by it.

A few years ago, people used to speak of Mrs. Gandhi admiringly as "a Joan of Arc" and "a modern mind," but now they speak of her disparagingly as "the Empress," "the Lady," "Madame," or simply "she." They say things like "She is a sort of doll presiding over a dolls' tea party while cutthroat politicians line their pockets behind her back and exploit their supporters for their own selfish ends and use their power to crush dissent." Recently, when there was a threat of disruption and disorder because of a strike of railway workers, the government summarily jailed between thirty and fifty thousand of the workers, reportedly discharging a number of these and confiscating their government-owned homes; it thereby succeeded in breaking the strike and in warning workers in other government-run industries of what was in store for them if they went on strike. In drawing rooms and offices, clubs and colleges, people here have begun to question whether India's parliamentary system of government was ever suited to Indian conditions, since the preservation of law and order and national security has always been the overriding concern of those in power and therefore there are continual suspensions of civil liberties; since the top five per cent of the people are the system's main beneficiaries; since most people must go hungry and can neither participate in the system nor enjoy its fruits; and since the population increases relentlessly every year.

Mahatma Gandhi thought that India's population growth could be controlled by self-imposed abstinence, but the problem has proved so intractable that some foreign observers here are now questioning whether it can be controlled even by a scientific miracle like a sterilizing vaccine.

I ask an eminent population expert in the government what it is doing about population control.

"The problem is cerebral, not genital," he says. "It's psychological, not physiological. It's a matter of working out a system of rewards and punishments for childbearing couples, of offering them psychological inducements to have smaller families, like life-insurance policies for those who promise to stop at two children. You see, for the poor, children are a form of insurance."

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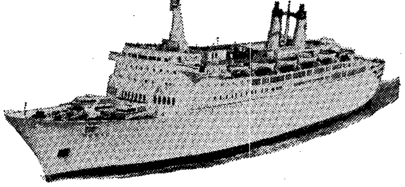

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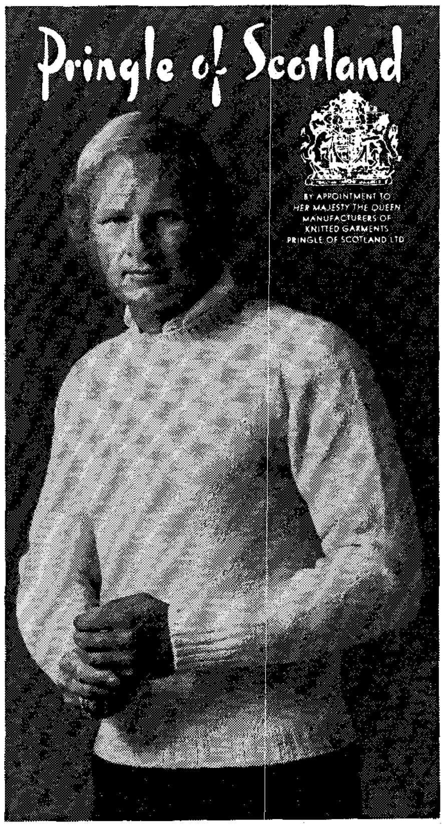
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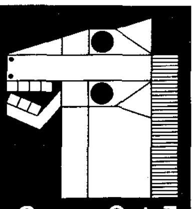

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His argument confounds me, and, taking up one of several points that occur to me, I say that we scarcely know whether a system of rewards and punishments succeeds in controlling crime, so how can we be sure that it will succeed in controlling population growth?

"The poor should not be lumped with criminals," he replies, unperturbed.

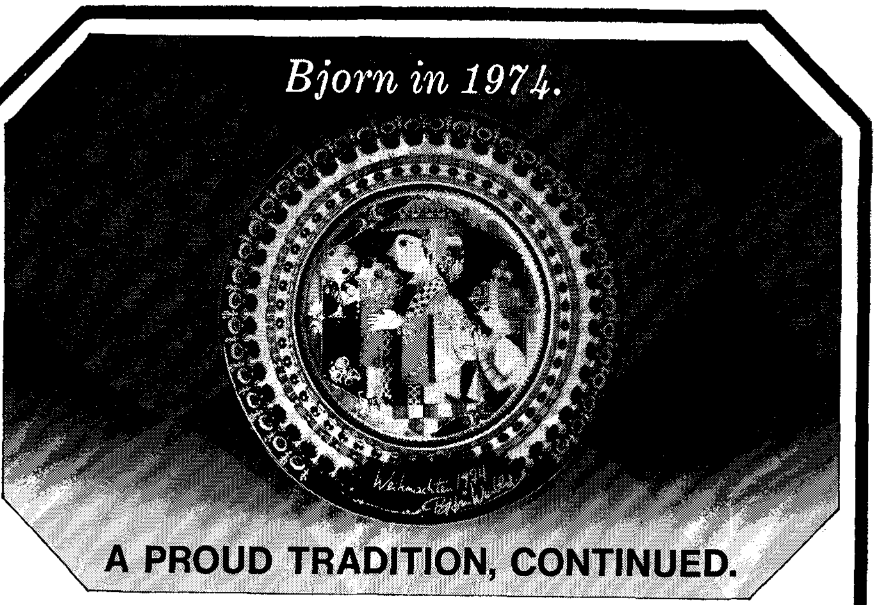
The government has been spending less than one rupee per childbearing couple per year for family planning, and it recently reduced the amount even further. I remark that such a cutback is self-defeating—that it can only mean that the government will have to allocate more money to feed more people later on.

"We'll let later on take care of itself," the expert says. "We are just concerned with getting through today. Anyway, the rate of our population growth is lower than that in many Latin-American countries, and Indians consume much less of the earth's resources per person than, say, the Westerners do. Besides, we have now entered the atomic age, and we can look forward to a day when nuclear energy will help us feed our poor. There is no reason we need to repeat the Western sequence of steps and move tortuously from an agrarian to an industrial to a technological to a nuclear economy. We can accelerate the process and leap all the way from an agrarian economy to a nuclear one."

The tone of all the talk here about population control is theoretical, passionless, unrealistic. It has not changed since Independence. Meanwhile, the population has more than doubled.

INDIANS are wont to say, "It's not the government but God who gives us food. Everything depends on the monsoon." If the monsoon rains are too heavy and extensive, there are floods and devastation in the country; if they are too light and scattered, there is drought and famine. The right amount of rain for a good harvest is rare. This year, the monsoon rains have been very scanty. It had been calculated that at least a hundred and ten million tons of food grains would be needed to get India's five hundred and eighty million people from this monsoon to the next. Now the harvest will be at least ten million tons short. The world's reserves of food grains are so low that India cannot rely on them to help her out as she has done in the past. And she has no reserves of her own.

—VED MEHTA



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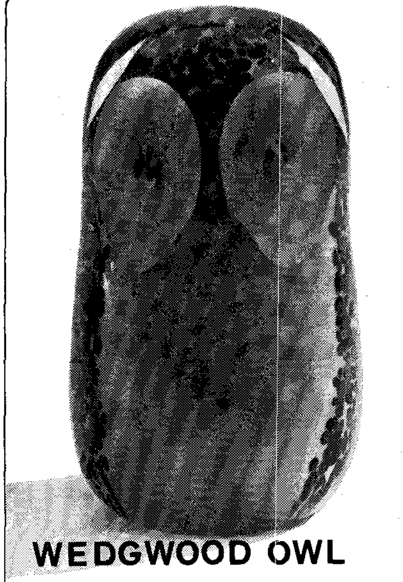

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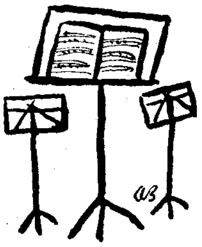

IN New York, the Metropolitan Opera season began with a revival of "Les Vêpres Siciliennes;" in Chicago, the Lyric Opera season with a new production of Verdi's next work, "Simon Boccanegra." The latter coincided with the Fourth International Congress of the Institute of Verdi Studies, to which the Lyric Opera played generous host. Must I be deemed an ungrateful guest for suggesting that the scholarly discourse in the little Civic Theatre and the swagger staging in the large Opera House next door had too little in common? When Mario Medici, the dedicated director of the Verdi Institute, set out its aims, nearly fifteen years ago, he began, "Honoring Verdi means more than just playing his operas. . . . It means studying, understanding, *revealing* him," and he looked forward to exemplary, revelatory productions in which the results of research and analysis were embodied in performance. Over the years, the Institute has amassed much new evidence about the composer's aims. Verdi, like Wagner, composed not just musical scores but "musical actions," in which the sounds, the stage pictures, the movements of the singers, and the lighting effects were conceived together. He wanted the look of an opera to match its music.

About "Simon Boccanegra" he wrote, "Take great care over the staging. Although the directions are pretty precise, let me add some notes. In the first scene, if the Fieschi Palace is to one side, it must be in full view of the public, since it is essential that everyone should see Simone when he enters the house, and when he comes out onto the balcony and takes down the lantern; here, I believe, I have achieved a musical effect that I do not want ruined by the staging." For the next scene, he prescribed the curtains and gauzes required to portray moonlight shimmering on the sea (seconding the soft ripple and sparkle that accompany Amelia's aria); "if I were a painter, I should certainly make a fine picture, simple and vastly effective." The final scene is particularly important; on a

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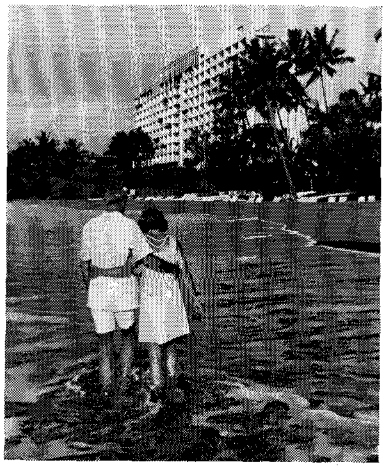

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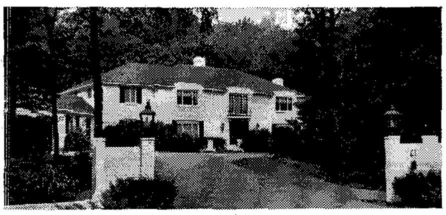

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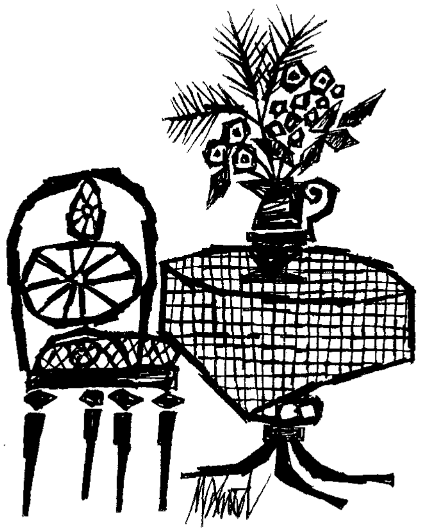
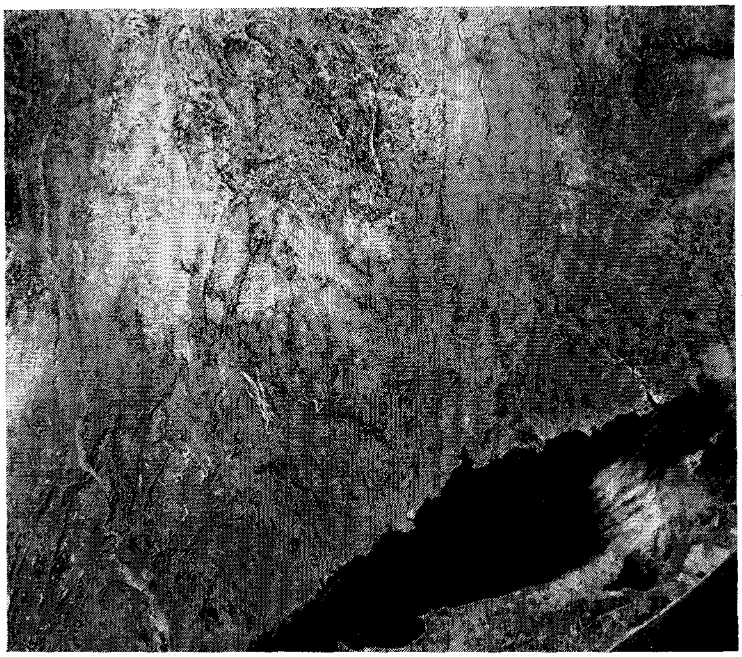
distant backcloth the illuminations of Genoa *en fête* must be clear and brilliant, and then go out one by one, until at the death of the Doge all is dark—"a powerfully effective moment, I believe, and it would be a disaster if the staging were not good."

Well, the Chicago staging, directed by Giorgio De Lullo in décor by Pier Luigi Pizzi and lit by Gil Wechsler, was not good. None of those directions was observed. Moreover, during Fiesco's "Il lacerato spirito," the corpse of Amelia's mother (a blond slip of a girl, unlikely parent for the large Martina Arroyo) was borne across the stage. The ducal study of Act II—which should be a closed, private scene between two public settings—became an open atrium, dominated by a gilded, gaudy, baroque statue of a mounted St. George, at least three centuries out of period; on a column base, the pitcher and cup required by the plot stood ready; on another, the Doge perched uncomfortably to take his nap. Three of the principals—Miss Arroyo as Amelia, Piero Cappuccilli in the title role, and Ruggero Raimondi as Fiesco—were singers with very fine voices who give of their best only when stage and musical directors have inspired them; on this occasion they merely produced imposing and beautiful sounds. The fourth, Carlo Cossutta, as the inflammable Gabriele, passionate in expression, noble in timbre, enlivened both his music and his share in the action. He made far more of the role than is usual. David Clatworthy, a stolid Paolo, made far less than usual of his; in a vivid interpretation this embryonic Iago can begin to steal the show.

At the congress, much was said about musical structures and harmonic progressions. In the performance, the structure was often shattered and the progress halted by open bids for ap-





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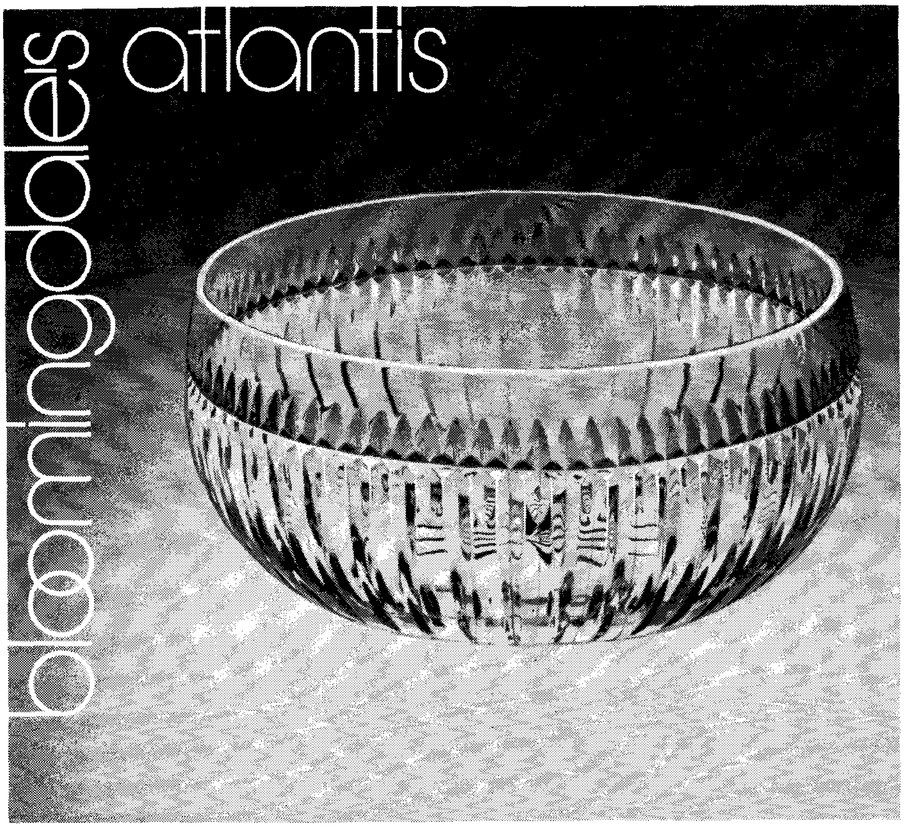

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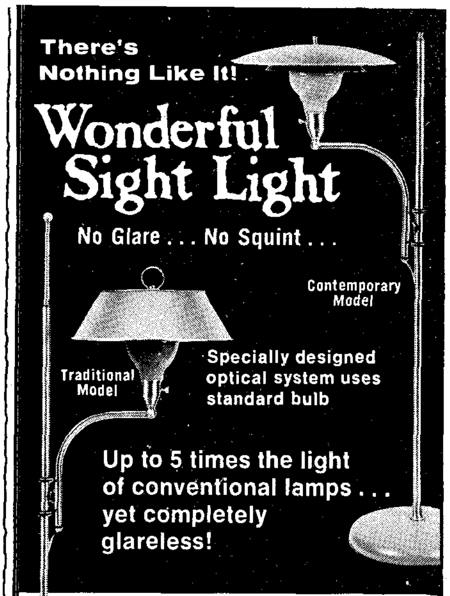
plause. Now, mid-act applause after a closed number such as Gabriele's aria (even when less well sung than it was by Mr. Cossutta) is forgivable and even welcome; an interruption is allowed for, even implicit, in the tension patterns of the score. But when the conductor and the singers froze after the central section of the Amelia-Simone duet instead of urging on to the great recognition climax, they showed less feeling for Verdi than did an audience that stayed quiet until it became plain what was expected of it. By normal international standards, this was a handsome enough "Boccanegra"—strongly cast, amply sung, ably conducted by Bruno Bartoletti, and decently played. But the assembled Verdiani wanted more—a more diligent and conscientious attempt to *reveal* the work as Verdi conceived it.

"Boccanegra," a sombre and awkwardly shaped drama, is admittedly not easy to bring off. Twice it marked a transition in Verdi's development: the earlier edition (1857) was his first attempt to ennoble Italian *melodramma* with the richness, solemnity, and lofty subject matter of *grand opéra;* the revision (1881, when "Otello" had already started to grow) embodies the new ideas about "Italianized *grand opéra*" that found fulfillment only in "Otello," his personal and perfect transformation of the genre. "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" is less problematical—a straightforward and substantial essay in the Meyerbeer manner, surpassing its models in melodic vitality and emotional directness. The Metropolitan version, directed by John Dexter and designed by Josef Svoboda, uses an abridgment of Verdi's score (its text being a poor Italian translation devised to slip past mid-nineteenth-century Italian censors; touchwood words like "liberté" are quenched), but otherwise bears little relation to the "musical action" conceived by the composer. The production book of his première survives, complete with detailed stage plans and a move-by-move, almost measure-by-measure description of the action. Verdi said that it was excellent, that after reading it attentively a child could produce the opera, and that it should be followed.

But—unlike the Chicago "Boccanegra," which was essentially a traditional production (enfeebled by some bad new notions)—the New York "Vêpres" is a serious and ambitious attempt to trim and sharpen a long, leisurely drama, to fashion from it "a modern theatrical experience." In an age of *Werktreue* and of audiences educated to



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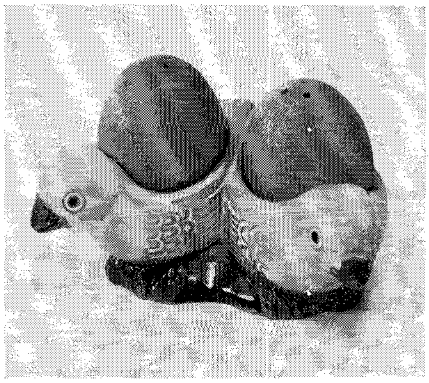

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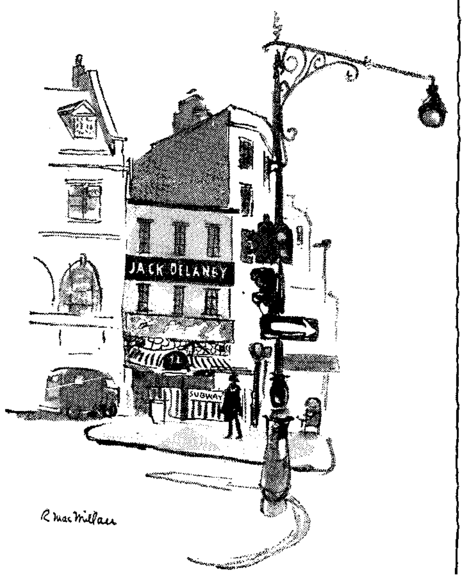
accept works of the past "in the original," so to speak, this is an old-fashioned aim. But then, theatre people, with their championing of "what the author would have done if he were alive today," lag behind musicians, who have outgrown Gluck-Mottl, Handel-Harty, and Bach-Stokowski. To say this is not to deny that a twentieth-century reinterpretation can enhance understanding of an opera and even provide a thrilling experience. Wieland Wagner's, Götz Friedrich's, Joachim Herz's work is not to be written off lightly. But "modern" productions need dapper, dynamic executions—the result of long, careful, and costly rehearsals not easily achieved by the shifting casts of an unstable international company.

Mr. Svoboda sets "Les Vêpres" on yet another of his giant staircases, a favorite device of his since, in 1963, he spanned the pit and the stage of the Smetana Theatre, in Prague, with a single, immense flight of steps for Sophocles' "Oedipus." (His latest model carries Covent Garden's new "Ring.") In Hamburg, where Messrs. Dexter and Svoboda first mounted their "Vêpres," this stark architecture was simply the frame for a décor achieved by light; in the designer's words, "The main element was a diffuse light that created a kind of foggy ambience for the steamy Sicilian scene, the broiling sun and sweltering climate. The effect was that of light as a substance, light materialized, resulting from the special new lighting instruments that we designed." (Mr. Svoboda has refined a technique that requires low-voltage lamps playing on and through "curtains" and "columns" of tiny droplets sprayed from an aerosol, held in place by electrostatic charges.) There was no magical light-décor in the Metropolitan revival, only the drab steps, the Sicilians all in black,



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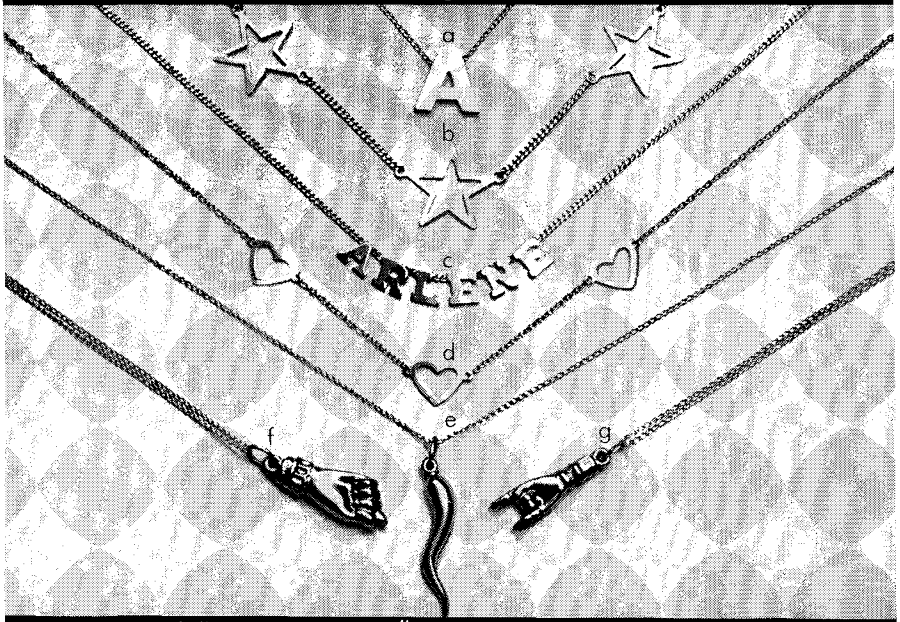

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the French all in gray, and spotlights aimed none too precisely at the faces of the principals.

Most of these had changed since the first night of the production, last season. Cristina Deutekom, the new Duchess Hélène, as ever a puzzling and uneven singer, was excellently accomplished at her best (in the Act IV romance and the Act V trio) and did nothing thoughtless. She held herself with steady dignity and registered little emotion. Placido Domingo, the new Henri, registered truculence by slouching; though got up as a handsome, greasy ruffian, he sang like an aristocrat. (His second air was omitted, and the less interesting alternative was chosen for the first.) Paul Plishka was a temperate Procida, deprived of his patriotic cabaletta. Sherrill Milnes, from the original cast, sang Montfort's music with aplomb; at climaxes in his air the Italian translation gave him some unhappy "ee" vowels ("figlio," "vicino") where the original provides a rounder "ô." James Levine, conducting, dispatched the score as if the sooner it were over the better.

—Andrew Porter

• •

DYING AWAY

(Homage to Sigmund Freud)

"Toward the person who has died
we adopt a special attitude:
something like admiration
for someone who has accomplished
a very difficult task," he said,

and now hospitals and rest homes
are filled with heroes and heroines
in smocks, at their outsized, unwonted tasks,
now the second date on tombstones is a saint's day
and there is no craven in any graveyard,

no malingerer there, no trivial person.
It is you and I, still milling around,
who evade our callings, incestuous
in our love for the enduring trees and the snowfall,
for brook-noise and coins, songs, appetites.

And with the one we love most,
the mated one we lose track of ourselves in—
who's giving, who's taking that fleshy pleasure?—
we call those calmings-away, those ecstasies
dyings, we see them as diligent rehearsals.

The love of living disturbs me,
I am wracked like a puritan by eros and health,
almost undone by brotherhood, rages
of happiness seize me, the world, the fair world,
and I call on the name of the dark healer, Freud.

His appetites, songs, orgasms died away,
his young brother, his daughter, his huge father,
until he saw that the *aim* of life was death.
But a man cannot learn heroism from another,
he owes the world some death of his own invention.

Then he said, "My dear Schur, you certainly remember
our first talk. You promised me then not to forsake me
when my time came. Now it's nothing but torture
and makes no sense anymore."
Schur gave him two centigrams of morphine.

At what cost he said it, so diligent of life,
so curious, we can't guess
who are still his conjurings. He told us,
it is impossible to imagine our own deaths,
he told us, this may be the secret of heroism.

—William Meredith

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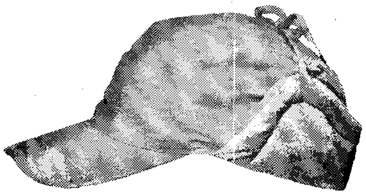

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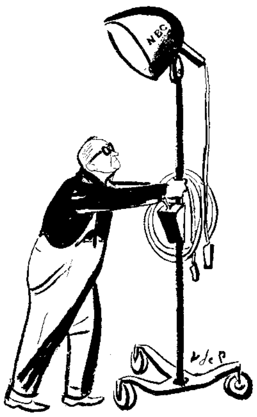
THE AIR

Theatre of Normalcy

EACH fall in the years of triumph of the American car industry, a curious rite—the New Car Season—stood as the premier symbolic commercial event of the nation: a kind of extended, metaphoric market day. Toronados, Eldorados, Fairlanes, Bel Airs, Imperials, Impalas, and so on poured forth from a cornucopia, each one designed a year or two earlier, and each one the product of Detroit engineering know-how and early-behaviorist guesswork. Bands played. *Life* and *Look* ran special New Car Issues. The public cheered and bought. Today, the car industry is still with us and is still fabricating millions of cars; in fact, there is a New Car Season even now. But something has changed. The Auto Lords of Michigan continue to stride about the interior, making gruff and manly sounds, but their legs are beset with Saabs and Volvos, their ankles nibbled at by Datsuns and Volkswagens. The bands slow-march to Safety and play dirges to Energy. The cheering has died down. The buying, too, has diminished, and, furthermore, as many observers have pointed out, it now takes place in a different context: a quality of myth (or so it is said) is absent. Indeed, for some time now the symbolic national marketplace event has involved not objects but *images*—the images of television programming. For the New Television Season is not—as the few televiewers in this country might have thought who in February, 1939, watched the first "experimental pickup" of "Amos 'n' Andy" (in blackface) at the World's Fair—a marketing of television sets. More appropriate to our era, it is a marketing of what appears on or through the sets—and a marketing directed as much to a few hundred advertisers as to the millions of the public.



This season, the new television shows (which, like Detroit's cars, were designed some time before their début) seem for the most part to reveal a fairly recent concern for "solid values" on the part of the series producers—one might almost call it a kind of wary grown-upness—although whether this quality has been briefly projected upon or finally divined in the mass audience it would be hard to say. At any rate, as if attuned to the more levelheaded aspect of the Gerald Ford Era—Orpheus on the golf course—a tone of placid common sense, mingled with mild moral uplift, pervades much of prime-time mass entertainment. Several of the new series have been safely positioned in the romantic fairyland of the Hollywood-pioneer nineteenth century. "The New Land" (inspired by the fine Swedish films of Jan Troell) stations its struggling, decent, hard-working television family in Solna, Minnesota, in 1858. "Little House on the Prairie" (tenderized from the children's stories of Laura Ingalls Wilder) places *its* struggling, decent, hardworking television folk on Plum Creek (also Minnesota) in the eighteen-seventies. Handsome southern-California faces abound in pioneer Minnesota this fall, as do many scenes of threshing, winnowing, rock-splitting, hammering, milling, and so forth. "A man can't keep what he can't pay for," a television-folk husband says in "Little House." His daughter observes, "It did us good to sweat a little."

"Paper Moon" (based on the movie of the same name, which was presumably related to "Bonnie and Clyde") is set in the picaresque nineteen-thirties and seems to have spent more money on period stage properties than on scripts. "Sons and Daughters" takes place in the immediate present, relatively speaking—the nineteen-fifties. The story concerns a relentlessly sensible teen-age romance at Southwest High, and the episode I saw had to do with a high-school track meet and contained much useful advice about "winning" not being "the only thing in life," etc.

On NBC, there is "Born Free" (based on the book and the movie and God knows what else of the same name)—a nicely photographed and sublimely commonsensical and boring adventure series that is set right here and now but in Africa. The several children with whom I sometimes watch this program assure me that it is mostly about a lioness and a vaguely employed husband-and-wife team of British game-persons somewhere in Kenya, but from what I have seen of

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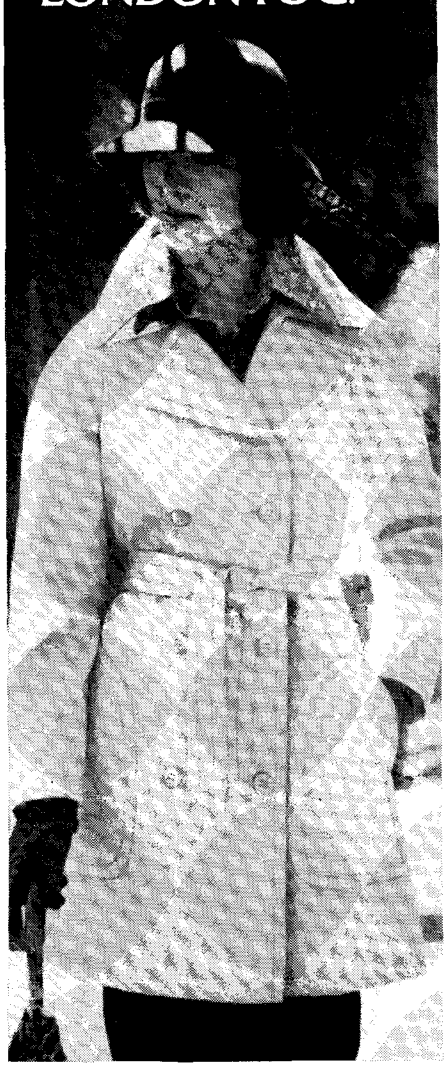

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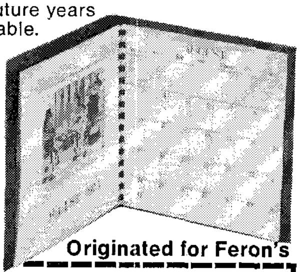

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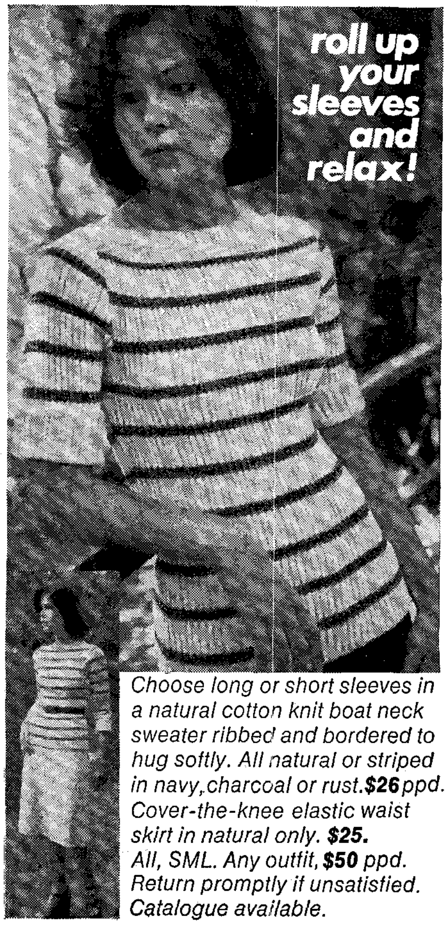

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the action I should judge the story to be mainly an automotive tale about Land-Rovers. Sometimes there is one of them—a fine green thing. Other times, there are two of them, or even more. The Land-Rovers are continually driving, or being driven—usually by the husband-and-wife game-persons—and the cameras rarely miss a moment of this. Now and then, one of the game-persons will get out to speak. "The sight of animal slaughter for a few pounds of ivory never ceases to shock," said the wife on one occasion. In another episode, a cute woman pilot was introduced, who proceeded to crack up her plane somewhere in the "drought-plagued badlands" and thus had to go it on foot until the Land-Rover could arrive to save her. True to commercial television's current level of realism, numerous references were made to the drought—for example, the husband-and-wife game-persons panted about a lot, and the footsore pilot was in a nasty sweat as she reeled across the terrain—but the only African tribesmen shown appeared to be in fine shape, with only the barest hint of forelock-tugging when they were conversing with the white massas. Perhaps them folks don't mind the drought the way some do. At the finale of this particular episode, as the young lady was set to depart drought-plagued Kenya, presumably for recession-perilled Beverly Hills, she observed, in this year's television idiom, "Goodbye. I'm going to use some of my new education—you know, *responsibility*."

Not all the new shows have been engineered to contain this sort of tinfoil positivism, although even in "Petrocelli"—one of those tough, fighting-lawyer series—I caught young Petrocelli muttering optimistically one evening apropos of a violently insane woman whom he had just caused to be committed to an asylum for murdering her husband with an icepick: "Well, she's begun to *accept* her condition, and that's certainly half the battle." What are probably the two most appealing new programs have been fairly devoid of goodspeak: "Rhoda," with Valerie Harper and David Groh, which seems to be written and performed with intelligence and style (any prime-time series that refers to Will and Ariel Durant in a throwaway line should be encouraged), and "The Texas Wheelers," with Jack Elam, which is often funny and sometimes hits the rare television note of the genuinely raucous.

What mixup in the style or engineering departments, or among the

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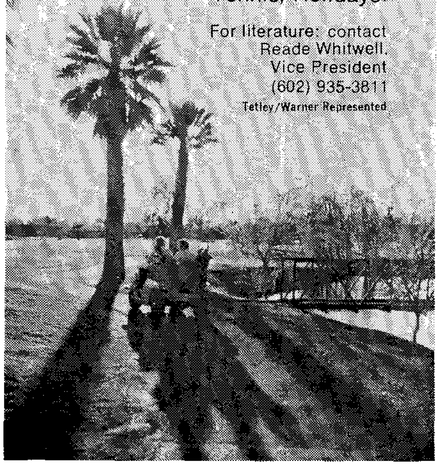

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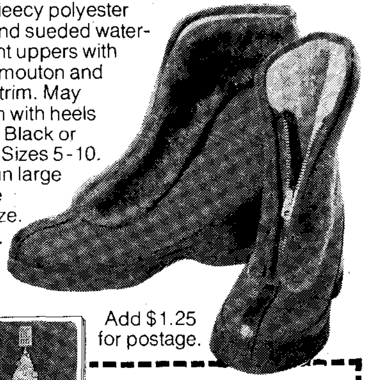

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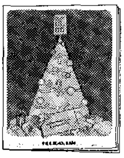

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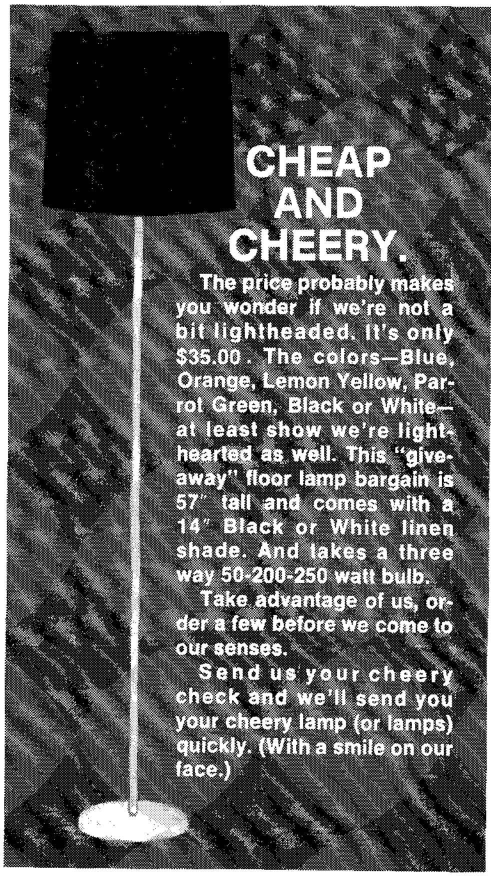
behaviorist consultants, has given us both "The Texas Wheelers" and "Born Free"? Well you might ask. Is it perhaps a result of the traditional diversity of American enterprise—that plainspoken, against-the-grain individualism surfacing in the telefactories of Los Angeles just in time for the Bicentennial? Or is one or the other of these shows a new Edsel—designed too soon or too late, without proper consumer testing, and out of step with the times?

ACTUALLY, the parallel between the *new* New Television Seasons and the *old* New Car Seasons extends this far, and farther, for the pervasiveness of each has often been overstated. Or, to put it another way, for all the sometimes frightening ballyhoo about "newness" in the marketplace, the fact is that the same old cars and the same old television programs have been racketing around for years. One year in television, we are given cops-and-mayhem. Another year, kung fu. This year, a realistic, family-style optimism. But the older programs, or many of them, persist, and each evening the airwaves of the nation are crisscrossed by an odd assortment of vehicles. Rather as if swimming through different layers of supposed national moods, a viewer this fall can watch heads being split open in a 1968 "Mod Squad" or sample some 1965 "Hogan's Heroes," or even take a wild midmorning rumble with "The Flying Nun" (1967) before settling down to what his mood has been provided with *this* year.

Nor do the telefactories disdain to learn from the newest models. Of course, there is not much at this stage that can be done to recondition "The Flying Nun" or "Mister Ed." But models still in production can be tinkered with a bit. Thus, on "All in the Family" the other evening the Archie Bunker ménage was attempting to come to terms with inflation. In a recent episode of "Maude," Maude's family were trying to come to terms with her husband Walter's "slight heart attack." Said Walter, properly positivist, at the conclusion, "You know, I found out that a heart attack is not the end of the world!" Even in "Kojak"—a hardboiled detective series that comes close to, but never quite gets its feet in, the outright sadism more commonly associated with motion-picture police work—the hardboiled detective paused in the middle of his tireless investigation of a nearly sadistic rape case to announce, "The less we prosecute rape, the more the kinky ones out there are



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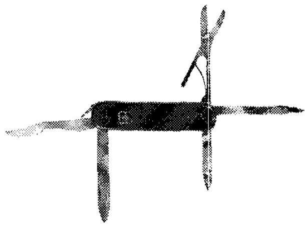

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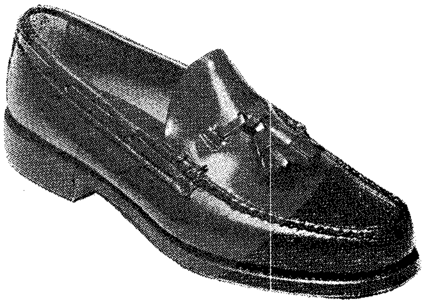

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going to get away with it!" Needless to say, the kinky rapist in question didn't get away with it, any more than did the kinky "paranoid schizophrenic killer" in a recent episode of "Hawaii Five-O"—both of whose kinkinesses were evidenced mainly by the wearing of thick eyeglasses. Should a new consumer protest group of non-kinky myopics form itself and refuse to watch commercials with their glasses on, the studios have only themselves to blame.

Two other points in reference to the New Season. One of them was hinted at in an Associated Press interview with Richard Lindheim, a director of program research for NBC in Los Angeles. "The ratings will tell you an audience is there, but it doesn't tell you their likes or dislikes," said Lindheim, who in order to find out more about this had been conducting "sample-audience testing" with between five thousand and seven thousand people a month at various "testing theatres." According to the A.P. report, NBC would be emphasizing "role reversal" in its stories this year, because of Lindheim's discovery that sample audiences had reacted favorably to a program where Angie Dickinson played the part of a woman police undercover agent. Perhaps it matters not too much whether NBC emphasizes "role reversal" this year, or next year, or last year—and, not to be too ungallant, I can't help wondering if Angie Dickinson as a woman undercover agent *is* "role reversal." But what is interesting about Mr. Lindheim's activities (which are certainly not the only ones of their kind but are a small part of the increasing "feedback" process permitted by technology) is this: that they bring us closer still to a situation we have been skirting in other areas—instantaneous mythmaking. And here the question is not whether this is "good" or "bad" but whether it is possible—whether it will work. Are people aware that they desire or need a particular myth? A white whale? Two boys afloat down the Mississippi? If, as in Ernest Becker's paraphrase of Otto Rank, "the essence of normality is the *refusal of reality*" (which is to say that men and women have controlled or dissipated their neuroses throughout history by re-creating reality as a myth), then what happens when the human mythmaking process is speeded up, adjusted, readjusted, tinkered with, given tail fins one year and safety belts the next? Presumably, people will turn elsewhere for their myths. To a dark place or a light one?

Even so, at this moment in 1974 it

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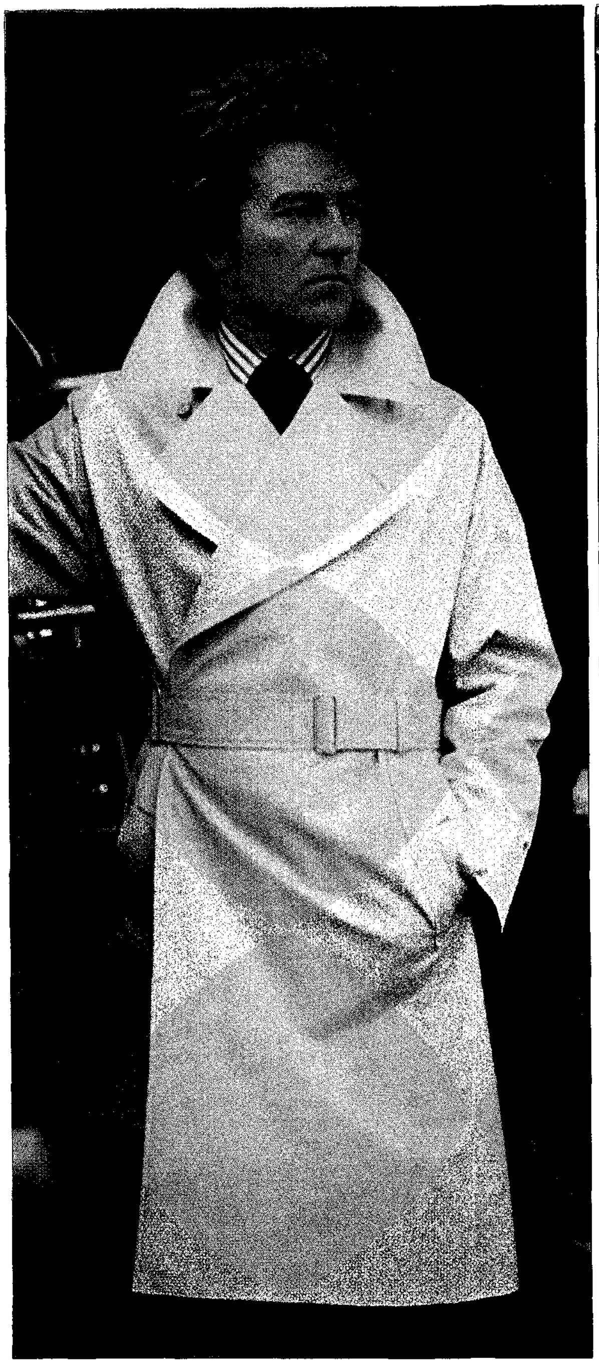

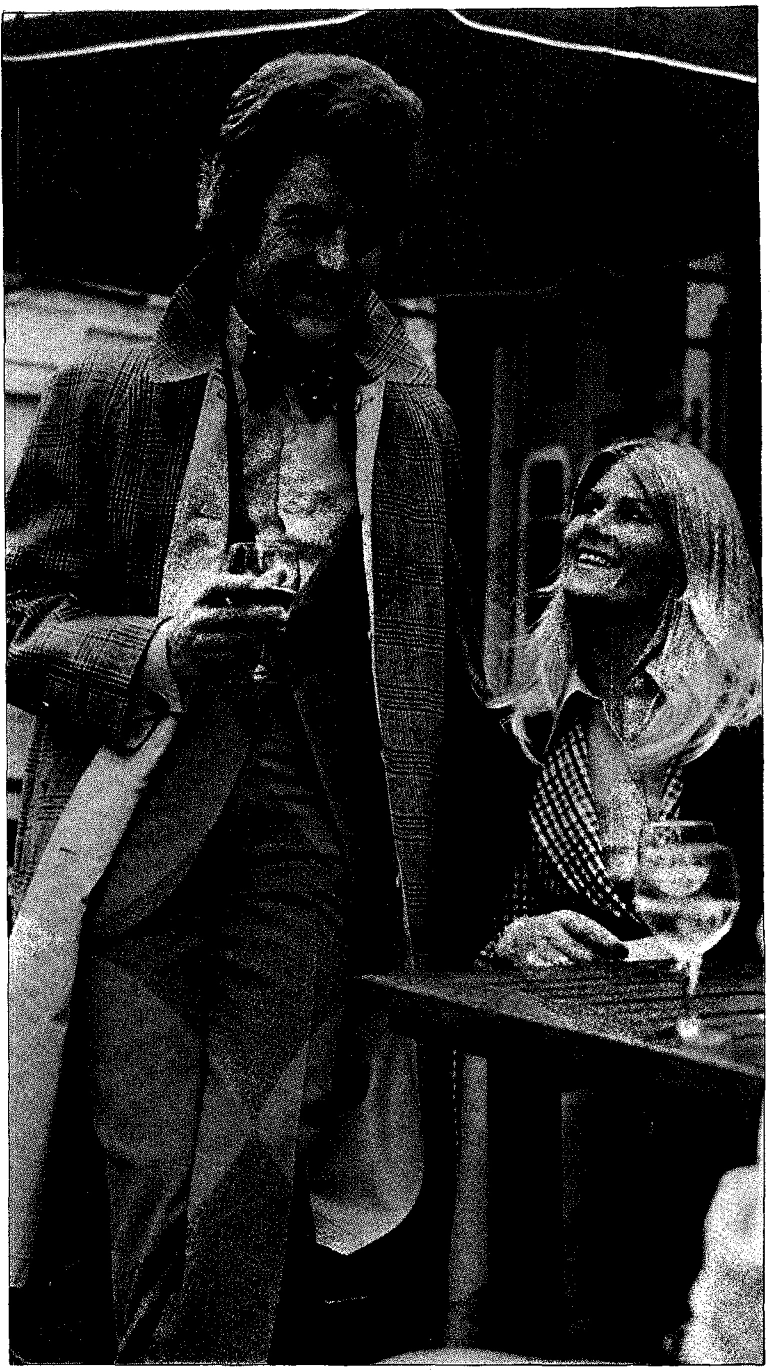

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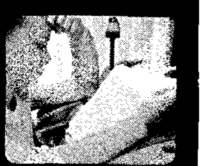
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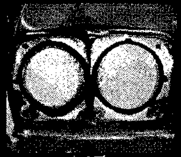
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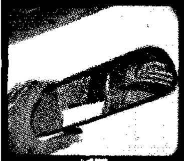
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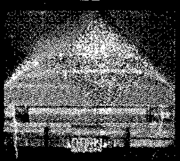
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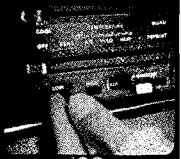
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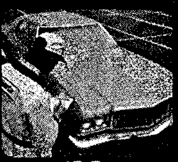
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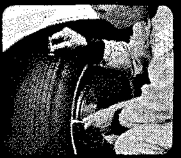
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seems premature to worry about the surface pertinence of our television mythmakers. In the same week that platoons of economists pondered the gloomy prospects for the nation's industry and finances, that unemployment mounted and banks and brokerage houses talked bravely of solvency, in New York an issue of *Variety* reported on its front page that business for the three networks had never been better. "WEBS' BOOM . . ." said the Bible of Show Business. One can hope that this prosperity of the networks is due to underlying (or overlaying) strengths in the free-enterprise commercial broadcasting system and will eventually redeem us all. Anyway, it's a relief to know that the New Season is a big success. For an instant, though, the news called to mind another period, during the nineteen-thirties, when sales of radio sets soared, and when the public turned as never before to the likes of Kate Smith, Amos 'n' Andy, Eddie Cantor, Jack Pearl ("Vas you dere, Sharlie?"), and Fu Manchu. In his fine book "The Golden Web," Erik Barnouw recounts how George Washington Hill, the overbearing chief of the American Tobacco Company, firmly believed that America could defeat the Great Depression by "dancing its way out," and so every Saturday morning in 1932 he insisted that NBC and ad-agency executives (male and female) join him at rehearsals of the Lucky Strike Orchestra to "foxtrot to the music and test its danceability."

This fall, while the public keeps its eyes on Kenya and Plum Creek, Minnesota, and *Variety* keeps its eyes on the stock tables, perhaps the economists should keep their eyes peeled for signs of dancing parties in Radio City. Remember: you read it here first.

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She went directly from Cleveland Hopkins International Airport to lunch, then to the Cleveland Institute of Art for the first in a series of lectures on art and civilization in Middle America prior to the Spanish conquest by Mrs. Seth C. Taft.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Correction: Señora Seth C. Taft.

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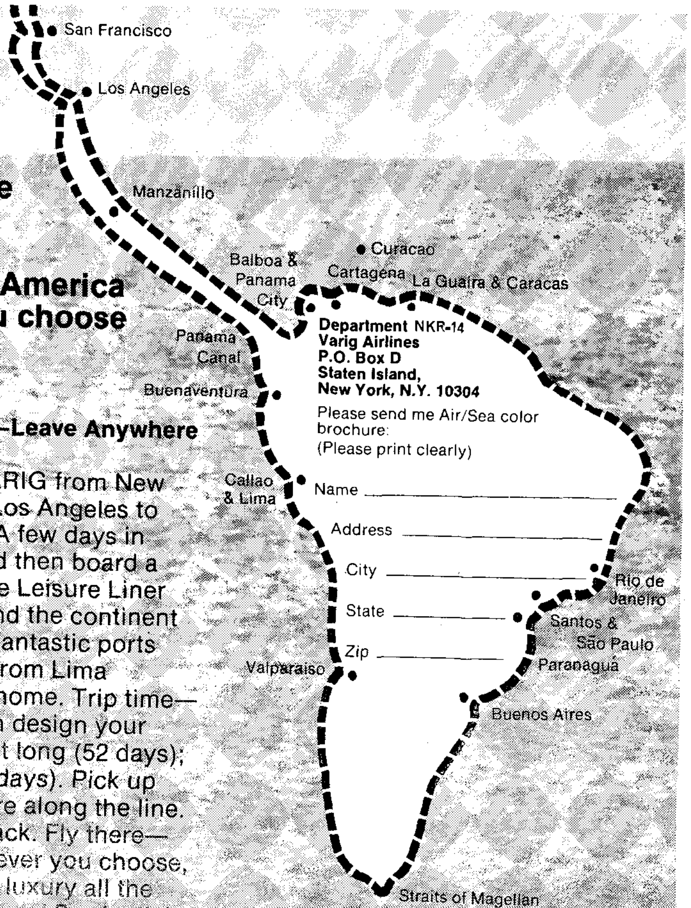

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Actor and the Star

ONCE, as I recall, a TV host showed footage from a film he was involved in and asked Mel Brooks for an opinion, and Brooks said solemnly, "Well, it's the sort of thing that has to be tried over and over again—until it's abandoned." That's how I feel about "The Gambler." There's dedication in it, and a lot of skill. Karel Reisz directed the picture with a smooth proficiency that doesn't come easy; James Caan's central performance gives it backbone, it's strikingly well edited, and it's dramatically supercharged and compelling. For what it is, it is extremely well done. It's what it is that won't do. The screenplay—an original by James Toback—is a young writer's egocentric conception of what a film should be. There are a lot of characters, but there is really only one, and he is the author's surrogate, the brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, potential great novelist, and gambler. The conflicts are in his psyche, and they're spelled out for us in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. The gambler, Axel Freed, is as flamboyantly superior as Norman Mailer's Rojack. Toback (it's his real name) shares Norman Mailer's identification with Dostoevski, and he identifies with Mailer, too. The prevailing tone of "The Gambler" is Mailerian dread, abetted by Jerry Fielding's elegantly oppressive score, which is based on the Symphony No. 1 by Mahler. The script must have looked stunning on paper, because everything is prepared for, structured, explained. The whole movie is explicit: Axel's guilt, his relationship with his intelligent, what-did-I-do-wrong doctor-mother (Jacqueline Brookes), his relationship with his rich merchant-king grandfather (Morris Carnovsky) and with his worshipful girl (Lauren Hutton). The author appears to think that he knows what everything up on the screen means, and that it's his task to tell us. Axel is as conscious as Toback, and so he explains his compulsion to test himself to the limit and explains the secret of gambling—that gamblers gamble to lose. Superficially, it's devastatingly logical, and it's tied in a neat, airless package—and I don't believe a word of it.

NOW
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It's like listening to a bad novel: every action has its inflated commentary. A thug (Burt Young) terrorizes a welsher, breaking his arm, and Axel takes the thug's pulse in order to explain to us that it hasn't gone up so much as a notch. Living under threats of violence himself, Axel goes to his grandfather's eightieth-birthday celebration and makes a dazzling speech about the old king; the party becomes Axel's triumph. Toback may think that this movie is about Jewish guilt, but it looks more like Jewish showing off (which he *ought* to feel guilty about). Jean Renoir has often said that when a movie spells everything out, the public "has nothing to add" and there's no "collaboration." The big difference between "The Gambler" and Robert Altman's "California Split" is not just that Altman's allusiveness is vastly entertaining, while "The Gambler" seeks to impress us, but that "California Split" invites us into the world of its characters, while "The Gambler" hands us the wrapped package and closes us out. There is one scene in "California Split" which bothered me—the restaurant meeting between George Segal and his loan shark (Joseph Walsh). The scene is very well acted, but it isn't organic, in the way the rest of the movie is; it's literary in structure, and it has a different kind of intensity. "California Split" takes us right into the middle of the action, but that scene belongs to the world of first acts and third acts, with their phony explanations. That scene suggests what all of "The Gambler" is like. This picture is complete without us, and there's nothing for us to do except receive it, feel wiped out, and genuflect. In "Bay of the Angels," as in "California Split," we shared in the highs and lows of gambling; for those of us who aren't gamblers it was a heady sensation, like entering a foreign culture. At "The Gambler," we're trapped at a maniacal lecture on gambling as existential expression.

And, as almost always happens when a movie is predictable and everything is analyzed and labelled, the actions and the explanations aren't convincing. Gambling is too easy a metaphor for life; as metaphor, it belongs to the world of hardboiled fiction. I don't believe, for example, that the secret of gambling is that gamblers are self-destructive people who want to lose. I think gambling is a hell of a lot simpler for most people: they're looking to win. The poor bastard who buys a two-dollar ticket he can't afford is hoping to change his life with the two dollars. How else can he change it? There's no one reason people gamble. Some do it because they enjoy it, and the losses are part of the game; some win fairly consistently, while others win and walk away with their winnings. Probably some are asking whether God loves them, and if they win they feel chosen, while others are driven to lose. This picture's "secret of gambling" is part of its rigid, schematic point of view. Toback is generalizing from his exceptional-man conceit: Axel is such a superman he could win too easily, so his failures are regarded as willful. "The Gambler" is like "Crime and Punishment" written by Raskolnikov at the time he went in to kill the old pawnbroker. He had everything worked out, too.

James Caan sustains the grandiloquent terms set for the two-fisted, Renaissance-man hero—his pride, his prowess, his compulsiveness—and Caan's oversized head and top-heavy frame seem especially right for Axel. The actor has to stay clenched, the bit in his teeth: an uncalculated move and the picture's tension would collapse. It's an impregnable performance; even in the near-ludicrous Harlem scenes at the end, Caan commands the screen by his hammer-and-tongs concentration. (Elliott Gould, in "California Split," takes it by his relaxation—by playing in his own key, with Altman harmonizing.) Caan is asked to bring off some feverish overreaching. Having lost heavily all night, Axel offers to bet a kid his last twenty dollars on a basketball shot; when the kid says he has only a dime, Axel puts up his twenty anyway, and loses. That's a Toback Mailerism—the gallantry plump with significance. When, in Las Vegas, Axel tells us that he is invulnerable, that he's blessed and can will his victory, the scene has the Mailer self-inflation without the pressure of feeling. Mailer thought out is Mailer diminished, cancelled. Toback is trying for Mailer's craziness, and it conflicts with his own—his perfectly structured, madly irrelevant interpretation of what's going on in this movie. The picture is an expansion of the theme enunciated by the blissfully satisfied German maid in "An American Dream" ("You are absolutely a genius, Mr. Rojack"), but while Mailer instinctively treats it in pop-fantasy terms, Toback is flexed for art: the picture is an art psychosis.

And Caan is stuck with being smarter than everybody else, more ironic, wittier, sexier, handsomer. It must have been a test of stamina to hold on to the character, but Caan gives his most powerful performance—I kept wishing it were in another picture. Caan is a marvellous actor but not quite a star. He's got everything for stardom, but he hasn't yet found—if he ever will—the role that will bring him out. He imparts no extra element of personality to Axel; nothing spills over the edges of his performance—not even as much as Gene Hackman's crinkle smile. Caan and Hackman are very much alike as actors: both can give everything they've got to a role without fusing their own personalities with it. In a way, their acting may be too pure for what—in the past, at least—we've thought of as movie stardom. No one can accuse them of being always the same.

WHEN Raquel Welch was knocked down in the mud at the end of "The Three Musketeers," the director knew perfectly well that a lot of people in the audience would enjoy seeing her get it, and that that enjoyment had nothing to do with the story. When the director of "Chinatown," Roman Polanski, cast himself in the role of the "midget" hood who takes his knife and slits open the detective's nose, he must have known that many of us would recognize him and that the association with the Los Angeles knifing of his wife would provide an extra dimension of perversity. In the same film, John Huston was used for his rotting charm and the associations he carries with him. Like Orson Welles, Huston drags his legend right into a role, and that is why directors want him. Sterling Hayden carries his own outsize ambience, just as surely as Helen Hayes carries her elfin respectability. Screen actors could never shed their screen pasts, and now, with television exposure added to newspaper and magazine exposure, they can't shed their offscreen lives, either. Frank Sinatra might have been a great screen actor if he'd given the same perfectionist care to acting that he gave to singing, but he knew he didn't need to: he was a movie star because he was Frank Sinatra, and he probably held movies cheap because of that. Jim Brown became a movie star without developing the respect for acting which he'd had for the sport that made him a star, and Dean Martin never

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stepped out of his own character, relying on his easy presence and his old pro's intuitive timing to sustain him.

But Burt Reynolds, the only actor to have reached stardom via the talk shows, is also the first movie star to make a *style* out of his awareness of the audience's response to him as an off-screen celebrity. Not very long ago, Don Rickles, in his night-club dates, was considered the comics' comic, because he displayed his hostility to the audience; however, television makes "in" attitudes accessible to a wide audience, and now hostility is bursting out all over. Burt Reynolds has become popular by letting the public see his insider's jokey contempt for the whole entertainment business. He had been acting in the theatre and on television since the late fifties and had appeared in a dozen movies without creating much of a stir, and when, in 1971, he began to appear on talk shows, other guests laughed nervously at hearing behind-the-scenes smart talk in public. But the TV audience enjoyed the dropping of barriers, and Reynolds was on his way. He showed an amazingly fast, spangly put-down wit, but he also showed something else, which the TV public was probably ready for: he made a joke of his profession. He came on as a man who had no higher values than the buck and the pleasures of the flesh—exactly what many people in the audience had always really believed stardom was about. His message was that stars were just bums, and that he himself was an honest, funny bum—too smart and gamy to give much of a damn about anything except having a good time, and too cocky to lie about it. His message was that he was having a ball being a stud celebrity. The belief is now widespread that the price of success is the loss of privacy, and that the successful person who fights this isn't playing fair. And there's a concurrent belief, almost as widely held, probably, that those rich, lucky people who have become stars—whether of sports, politics, entertainment, or anything else—are out for themselves. Reynolds not only accepted those terms but carried them further. His fun-loving "frankness" seemed the show-business truth, and when he was around, any earnestness looked a solemn fraud. His charm is that of a cheap crook who ingratiates himself by saying, "Look, we're all cheap crooks—why lie about it?"

Reynolds' lines in "The Longest Yard" sound just like his banter on a talk show, because the role of Paul Crewe has been shaped to fit his talk-

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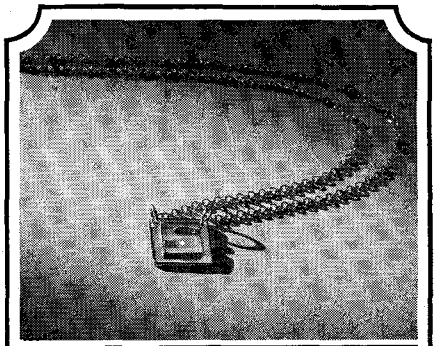

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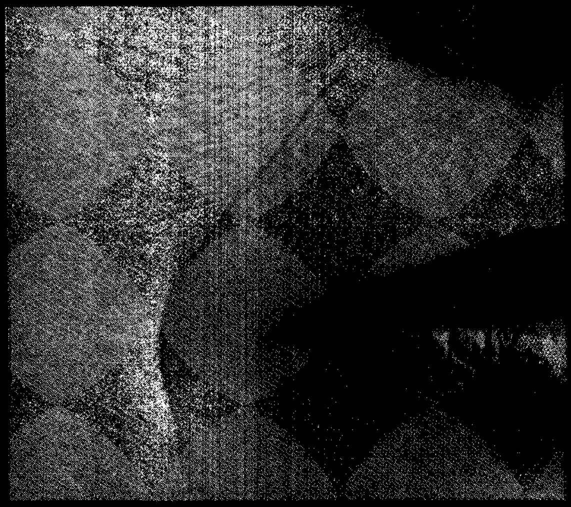

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show personality. The picture is built around that personality: he plays a sell-out quarterback turned superstud gigolo, and the story is about how this self-loving, self-hating smarty is redeemed. Crewe rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of chain-gang convicts fight for theirs. Reynolds is unmistakably a star, yet what sets him apart from other stars—what's most distinctive about him—is his tinniness, his air of the synthetic. Burt Reynolds must be the only man who can kiss off a fifteen-thousand-dollar Citroën SM more effectively than he can say goodbye to a girl friend. In "The Longest Yard," his stealing and destroying the car, and then resisting arrest, land him in prison, where the warden (Eddie Albert) coerces him into developing a convicts' team, in order to give the guards' team an easy win that will bolster their confidence. (It's possibly just a bonus for this prison picture that the authoritarian villain Eddie Albert looks so much like Nelson Rockefeller.) Reynolds has become a whiz at his offscreen-onscreen comedy style; he gets the laughs he wants, and he carries the picture by his genial sureness of touch. But there's almost nothing to say about his acting, since it's inseparable from the Reynolds image. His entire style is built around a shrug. His look says "Don't take me—or anything else—too seriously." He's perfect in this brutal comic fantasy about a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, the picture is almost irresistibly good-natured and funny.

"The Longest Yard" is an undisguised attempt by the director, Robert Aldrich, to recoup his fortunes, after a series of box-office failures, by returning to the mode of his smash hit "The Dirty Dozen," but on a simpler, more buffoonish level. The brutality here is right out of Looney Tunes; one could say the same of "Death Wish," except that "Death Wish" makes crude pretensions to realism, while this is almost all unpretentious. It's certainly crudely made, however, with Eddie Albert overplaying by even the broadest standards, and Aldrich cutting to him for reaction shots that have all the visual interest of stones hitting one on the head. The picture's attempts at anti-establishment cuteness are also tossed in like rocks: the tyrant Albert wears a little American flag in his lapel; above the desk of the calmly vicious captain of the guards (Ed Lauter, a good actor, overdue

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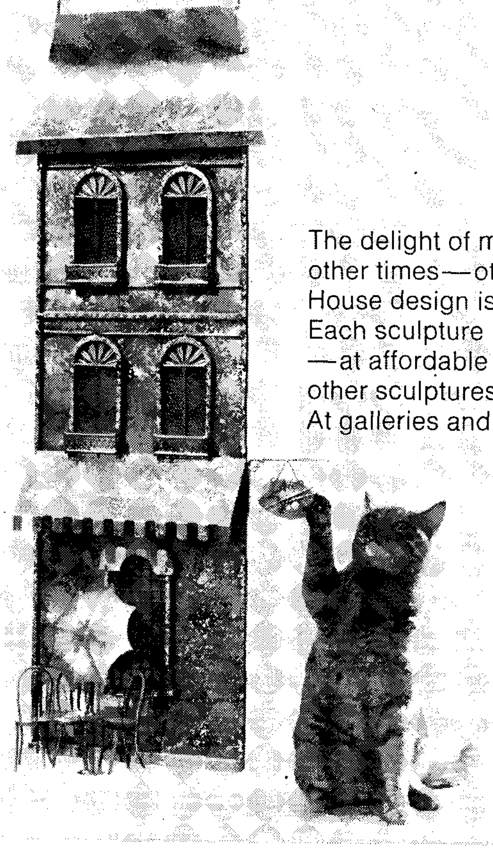

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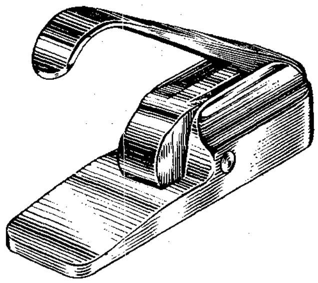

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for less sinister parts) one sees John Mitchell's favorite quote from Vince Lombardi ("When the going gets tough . . ."); Reynolds and another convict (Michael Conrad) talk together on the football field while the National Anthem is being played. Even a little joke on "The Defiant Ones" is heavy-handed; Aldrich does better, though, when he kids "The Dirty Dozen" itself, or stages a Laurel and Hardy routine in the prison swamp. The picture's chief comic resources, besides Reynolds, are the assembled giants and plug-uglies. Aldrich uses them primitively, blatantly: they don't merely take part in gags—they themselves, physically, are the gags. He's somewhat less affectionate toward the two women in the cast: the rich bitch that Reynolds dumps on the floor as if to break every bone in her body, and the freak—the warden's secretary (Bernadette Peters), a pale-faced Martian Bride of Frankenstein. With a tall blond beehive that looks like a castle on a hill, the secretary is a weird comic-strip creation, like most of the men. Maybe Burt Reynolds is a comic-strip movie star—the compleat celebrity—and that's why he makes the whole picture work. It's designed for his special, twinkling unauthenticity, and the audience can enjoy his light, fanciful act—which makes a neat contrast with *the other actors.* His *form-fitting* chain-gang white togs are a comedy in themselves, and they're topped off by the ostentatious styling of his rug. As soon as he gets out of the mock-"Cool Hand Luke" swamp, the prison begins to resemble a country club, and he sports the emblematic cigarillo of the talk shows. The audience can take it for granted that a woman is hot for him at first sight, because he's a cartoon of a superstud movie star—and "The Longest Yard" is also a cartoon.

The audience roots for the underdog convicts without taking the football game any more seriously than the audiences took the games in pictures like "Pigskin Parade." "The Longest Yard" is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Though the picture is saying that *the wrong people are in jail—that the* lawmen are worse than the convicts—it knows its own level (that's what saves it), so even this message is cartooned. Since there are no people in the movie—only comic stereotypes—the mayhem has physical impact but no emotional impact. The public has been losing interest in football; this picture supplies a reason for winning—revenge

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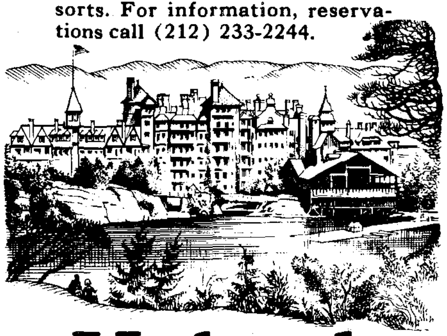

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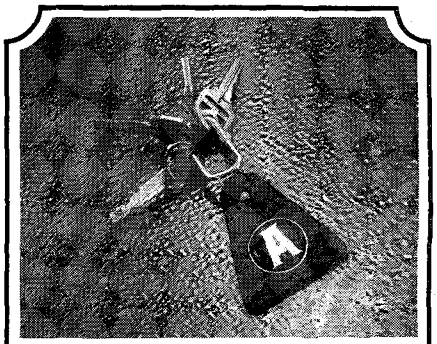

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for injustices—but when Burt Reynolds echoes Ronald Reagan's Gipper speech from "Knute Rockne—All American," telling the team to win for their fellow-convicts who have been abused or murdered, the speech is half grabber, half burlesque. Aldrich takes macho for a ride even on the sound track, with playfully amplified comic-strip noises for the grinding and cracking of bones.

Burt Reynolds, however, is a good actor who has got himself in a new kind of bind. The personality that he found for himself on the talk shows may have seemed like a liberation, but he plays down to the audience. He plays down the way Johnny Carson does. There doesn't seem to be anything underneath Reynolds' media cheek, and he doesn't ask the audience to respect him. He says, You can envy me, but there's nothing about me to respect. When he goes too shamelessly far with this act, as he did on the Academy Award show, it's horrible—demeaning to him and to everyone else. But even when it works, as it does in "The Longest Yard," there's a demeaning element in it. Reynolds has an unusual self-dramatizing quality, and he holds the screen like a demon joker. But nothing about him seems his own except that jokiness. At times here, he uses a pained smile, like Walter Matthau. At other times, when he seems to imitate Brando—wearing a droopy Zapata mustache in the early scenes and then, when he's clean-shaven, smiling like a plastic Terry Malloy—is he doing it deliberately or is he a parody of Brando in spite of himself? The trouble with Burt Reynolds is that he sees bravery in exhibiting himself as a sellout swinger; he asks movie audiences and TV audiences alike to admire him for his weakness and love of fame. He is taken on his own terms, so the ads for "The Longest Yard" feature his padded crotch. But there's still a good actor struggling to come out of that media clown. And how is he going to if Reynolds is afraid he can't be a star as anything more?

—Pauline Kael

•

Divorces Filed

Barbara Rhodes vs. Dennis.
Nancy Nicely vs. Lawrence.
Thomas Assaid vs. Daisey.
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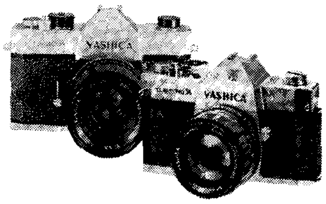

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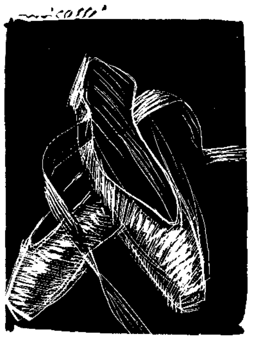
DANCING

The Two Trockaderos

THE art of female impersonation, thousands of years old, enters a new dimension when the females impersonated are ballerinas. The basis of the parody is not gender alone but a stylization of gender, and the subject is—or properly should be—not Woman but Woman as dancer. It was Mallarmé who said that a ballerina is not a woman dancing, because she isn't a woman and she doesn't dance. In this he was drawing a critical distinction between dancing and the ballet. The ballet, in Mallarmé's view, is dancing adapted to the theatre; it is "preëminently the theatrical form of poetry," and the ballerina is a metaphor, one who writes poems with her body, who appears before us as a vessel teeming with abstract pre-literate suggestions—forever a symbol, never a person. For Mallarmé, whose ideal in dance was the purity of expression we have since come to recognize in great abstract choreography, the signature of the classical ballerina was her ability to summon up elemental visions—"a sword, cup, flower, etc." was the way he put it, and he didn't need to add that the ballet was not a mere business of noodling around on point. Drag ballet, or men on point and in tutus, has to be expressive in the same way as straight ballet is, or it loses the essence of its parody. There are two companies doing drag ballet in New York. I didn't go to either of them expecting to be reminded of Mallarméan first principles, but the difference between the companies is so basic that only Mallarmé's great paradox will do, like a gleaming cleaver, to separate them. In one company, the Trockadero Gloxinia Ballet, the subject is gender and nothing more; it's drag-queen display, dressing up, noodling around on point. In the other company, Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, the subject is ballet. In the Gloxinia, the travesty is formless and unfunny. In the Monte Carlo, it is dead on target and hilarious.



It's axiomatic that in any parody the more serious you are the funnier you will be. The Gloxinia, the larger and sleeker of the two companies, is serious about all the inessential things—makeup and wigs and jewelry and costumes (which look expensive enough for the Harkness). It hands out a lovely little hand-bound printed program. A good portion of its corps de ballet—which includes one woman—gets up on point. But its choreography, which is unattributed, is neither imitation nor invention. It's weak improvisation, an amateur's blurred impression of things seen on the real ballet stage, and in the ballet-blanc numbers the purposefully dim lighting actually draws our attention to the repetitious vague steps instead of to the intended primary effect—the exquisite clouds of tulle. Unfortunately, there is no way to parody ballet without doing it—without, that is, a certain technique, however rudimentary it may be. Some may take the Gloxinia for a parody of decadent ballet, but in fact when ballet has been truly decadent it has elevated technique above everything else; it hasn't suppressed it. The Gloxinia puts all its effort into illusion, and the illusion covers all bases except home plate. Most of the routines, such as "Russian Snowflakes" and "Raymonda, Act III," use costumes and music and lights to set up a definite look, or a hint of an idea, but then the thing starts to move and goes nowhere. Although the Gloxinia has been around for a few years and has acquired a reputation as a "fun" evening, I can't believe that a dance audience for it exists. On the night I saw it, a few weekends ago, at the La Mama, the audience seemed impressed, especially by the meticulous cosmetic preparations, but it also seemed ripe for the sort of thing the Gloxinia doesn't offer—accurate caricature of an art form. New York, "the dance capital of the world," has long needed a company of madmen to break us all up, and until I actually saw it I half believed the Gloxinia was it. But it's really just one more bad ballet company, and its appeal as a drag act depends less, I think, on one's taste for such things than on one's willingness to put up with its pretensions as a ballet. And with all the murky lighting. The Gloxinia's is the art that conceals. In one of its rare lights-up numbers, four soloists take turns doing a little something to the "Four Seasons" music of Prokofieff's "Cinderella." Each wears a Botticellian tunic, boxily cut and thickly layered to disguise the wearer's physique. You could almost swear you were watching girls, but you'd never

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think you were watching dancers. The Gloxinia is so good at being girls that, for me, it's boring theatre. There's not much difference between the show it puts on and a show by inept women dancers, but its ineptness isn't a comic ineptness; it's merely evasive and unaware.

THE parody company we've been needing may have just arrived, with the Trockadero de Monte Carlo. Its *début* season last month, in a loft owned by the West Side Discussion Group, a homophile society on Fourteenth Street, could not have been more of a success, and it took everyone by surprise, not least the Gloxinia, of which it is a rebellious outgrowth. One evening with the Monte Carlo (the name, of course, is in memory of the Colonel de Basil-René Blum rivalry of the thirties) and you see the reason for the rebellion. The Monte Carlo is the creation of ballet fanatics. They've seen the performances, memorized the steps, read the books (this shows in the program notes), listened to the music (this shows in the editing of the taped scores), and turned the whole scorching experience inside out. If it weren't for the long white gloves, a Trockadero trademark, there'd be nothing the two companies have in common. Both return, incidentally, later this month—the Gloxinia starting October 25th, and the Monte Carlo starting October 31st.

Unlike the Gloxinia, which aims for a chilly beauty, the Monte Carlo seems to have an affection for broken-down, touring-trunk, desperate-last-stand ballet (its "Swan Lake, Act II" owes something to the production of Denham's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the survivor of both de Basil and Blum), and it believes in war-horses—not only "Swan Lake" but "Don Quixote," whose third act is arranged to look like the entire ballet. The big surprise is how much of this standard choreography the company is actually able to present—more than you'd believe possible, considering its numbers (corps de ballet of five), its handkerchief-size stage, and the fact that only the two leading artistes can dance on point and that in the classics one appears as the other's cavalier. A female performer appears in this company, too, but—wisely, I think—only in mime roles. The rest of the company totter, gallop, or bourrée in a flatfooted scuffle through the scene, or else lumpily decorate it in poses; although they do what they do brutally, they never do it sloppily. The essence is preserved, be-

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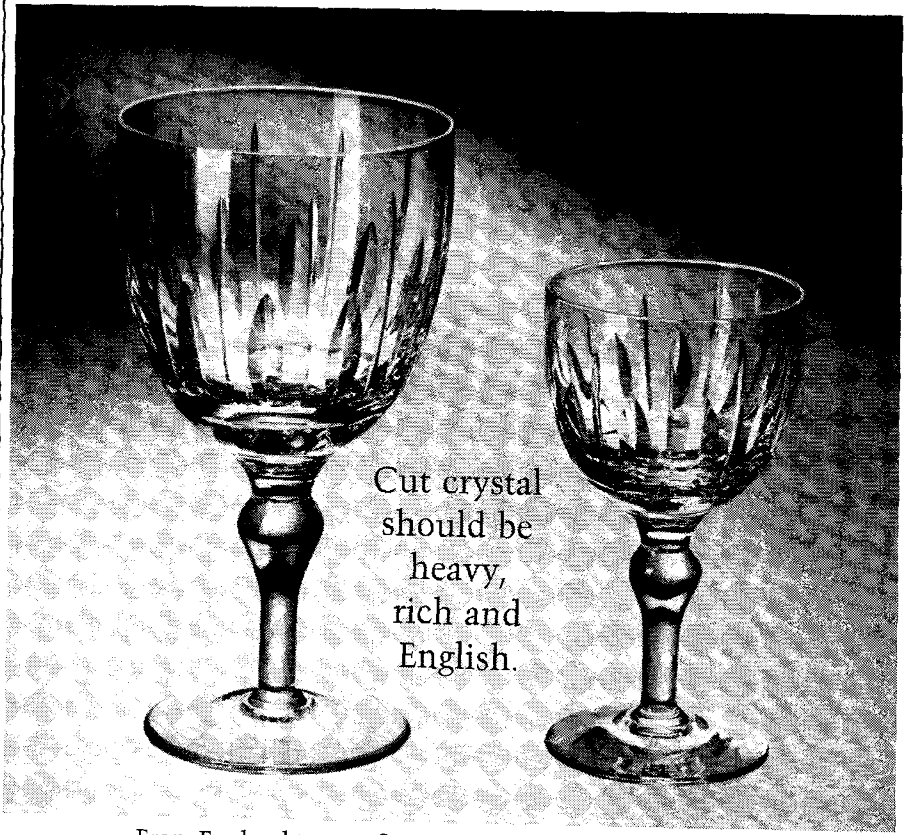

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cause it has been observed. The Monte Carlo has a great ballerina in Tamara Karpova (Antony Bassae), but by and large it isn't technically more proficient than the Gloxinia; it's only more—much more—observant of and faithful to its models. The Monte Carlo's sharp-eyed artistic direction constitutes its main technical resource. It's so damned all-seeing that I don't think anything in ballet can be safe from it for long. Take, for example, the miraculously compact "Don Quixote"—the way it casually opens, with its peppery, sullen señoritas doing their lounging walks around the marketplace, tossing away bits of over-the-shoulder mime, then suddenly grabbing brooms and sweeping the upbeat like maniacs for the first *danse générale*. No two mime scenes are alike, and no two dances; the whole gamut of classical-folk clichés is there, whirling on the head of a pin.

There are also two good pieces of original satire. "The Queen's Revenge," a baroque ritual about a gambolling quartet of lovers in which "The Moor's Pavane" is heavily implicated, has choreography and costumes by Bassae, music by Purcell, and a narrator hissing couplets from the side of the stage ("See how civil each one is—breeding always tells! /Yet underneath they're writhing in their own private hells"). On a lower level—its lunacies might have been planned for a deep-provincial dance-school recital in 1926—but just as pleasing is "Loïe Flutter," the story of a giant blond peony that loses its petals. A "Danse Chinoise" from "The Nutcracker" is too brief to make an impact, and "Clair de Lune," an exotic nude solo *à la* Josephine Bak*air*, is pure Continental Baths. The only uncharacteristic number in the show, it might well be dropped, or sent to the Gloxinia in exchange for the Isadora Duncan and Martha Graham takeoffs, which are the only uncharacteristic (and the best) numbers in *its* show. Both Duncan and Graham are the work of Olga Plushinskaya (Richard Goldberger). A thickset and starkly made-up lady, she caught Graham's manner (c. 1965) but not her method of making a piece. As Isadora, however, she triumphed, feverishly sewing the last stars onto an American flag as the revolution approached in the form of the "1812 Overture;" then (ready at last) streaming into battle like the Winged Victory; *then*, draped in the flag and defying the cannonballs, being shot, being shot again, being dead, and finally being buried—under the flag.

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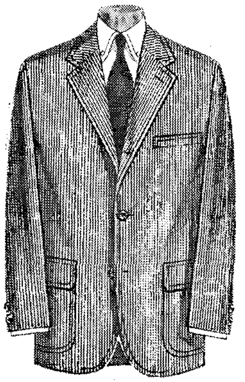

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Though apparently she is not, like Plushinskaya and the Monte Carlo's Tchikaboumskaya, a born comedienne, La Karpova, "the black rhinestone of Russian Ballet," is a mistress of style and the finest of all the travesty performers. She's built like a pug version of Lou Costello, and on point looks a little like a bulldog standing on its hind legs, but she's musical and soft and rounded in the "Swan Lake," smoothly vivacious in the "Don Quixote." And in the notorious "Don Quixote" pas de deux—notorious because it is always being performed and almost always *barbarously* performed—Karpova, I believe, gave a better performance than the Bolshoi's Nina Sorokina, who was at the time dancing it at the Met. Though the two performances are not to be compared technically, there was more wit, more plasticity, more elegance, and even more femininity in Karpova's balances and kneeling backbends than in all of Sorokina's tricks, and the way Karpova used her snap-open fan put Sorokina to shame. Antony Bassae's mimicry of a ballerina is not a personal fantasy; it's an immaculately deadpan rendering of what a ballerina actually does, and at the same time a critical comment on what she should do. As a theatrical figure, Karpova has it all over the more fabled Ekathrina Sobechanskaya, prima of the Gloxinia (Larry Ree). Sobechanskaya styles herself after pictures of Anna Pavlova, but she does only the things she feels like doing; namely, walk a lot on point, take teetery little balances, and wave bye-bye to the audience. Ree's Sobechanskaya believes in herself; Bassae's Karpova believes in her role. The difference between them is the difference between the boudoir and the stage.

WATCHING ballet in drag can be instructive. If it really *is* ballet, it can have moments that are astonishingly close to the experience of straight ballet; the impersonality of it doesn't change, yet of course everything is wrong end to. Drag ballet provides one answer to the question of why men impersonating women are funny, while women impersonating men are not; it has to do with gravity. (A heavy thing trying to become light is automatically funnier than a light thing trying to become heavy.) And watching the two Trockaderos forced me to reponder certain aspects of sex in regard to ballet. It is partly because a ballerina isn't a woman but an abstraction of one that ballet attracts homosexuals in large numbers, but the

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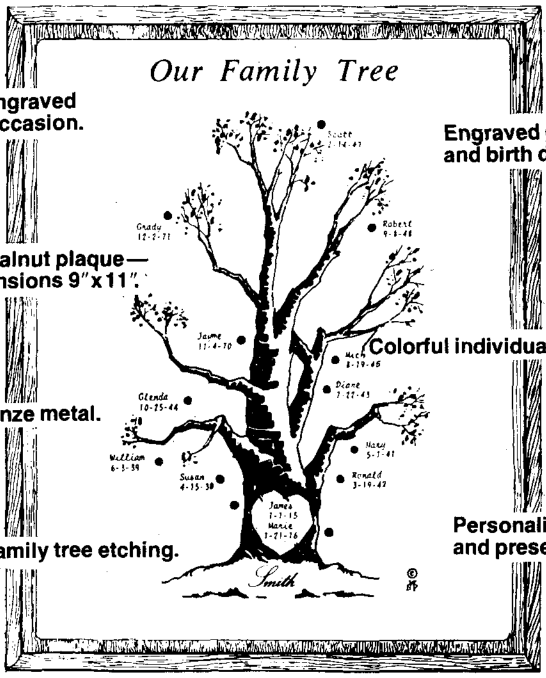

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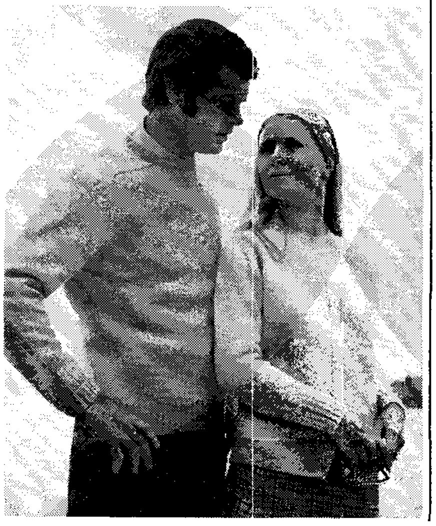

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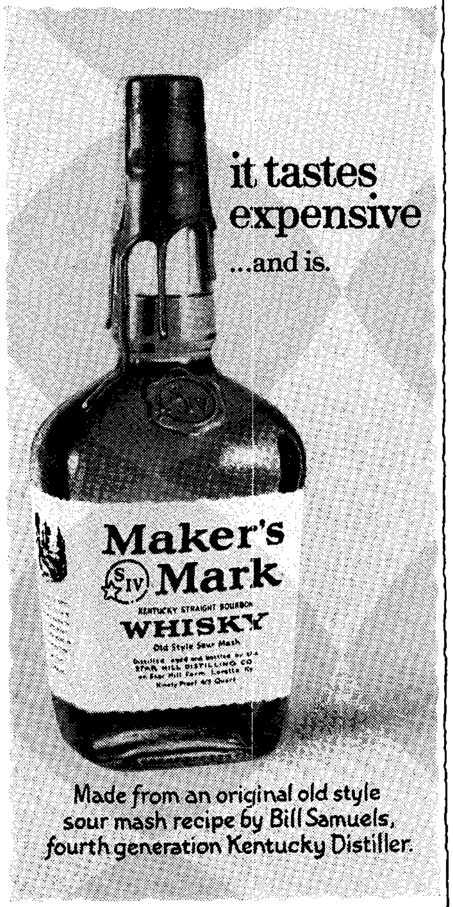

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Gloxinia may be partial evidence that at least some homosexuals think the ballerina *is* the woman and not an abstraction at all. Naturally, if you believe the powerful, supremely theatricalized being on the stage is Woman, you'll never understand much about real women. And, like those feminists who feel that ballet traduces women, you'll never understand much about ballet, either. There are homosexual balletomanes who celebrate ballet for its distortions of women, while insulted feminists denounce it, but the two groups operate—from opposite ends—on the same scale of confusion. Both exaggerate the sexuality of ballet. Both are blind to ballet as a world of signs and designs. Because most of the greatest imagery in ballet has come to us through the courtesy of women's bodies, even people who aren't sexually prejudiced may grow confused and overconcerned with sex, but to impute sexual and sexist meanings to standard ballet usages (such as the supported adagio, which shows the woman as the man's puppet, Germaine Greer tells us, when, with equal prejudice and less paranoia, she might have seen the man as the woman's slave) is to indulge in fantasyland explorations at the Disneyland level. Ballet is fantasy, true, but even when it is erotic fantasy its transfigured realism reorders the sensations *that flow* from physical acts, and our perceptions change accordingly. The arabesque is real, the leg is not.

NEW YORK has never seen coarser and less attractive Soviet dancers, appearing in drearier programs, than the bunch that turned up here under a "Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet" ensign, and I'm sorry to say that New York audiences behaved as if they did not know it. I exempt Maya Plisetskaya, the only genuine star of the engagement; though Plisetskaya's touch has never been especially delicate, and though the vehicles that have been fashioned for her by non-Soviet choreographers—"Carmen Suite," by Alberto Alonso, and "La Rose Malade," by Roland Petit—are hardly superior to the homemade junk she has appeared in for years, she was nevertheless the only performer who justified the audience's gaga reaction. Her glamour seems to have taken on a tinge of heaviness and sadness; this wasn't the old, fortifying Maya, but one had to admire her courage, returning to please the idiots by signing that long white autograph, "The Dying Swan," over and over again.

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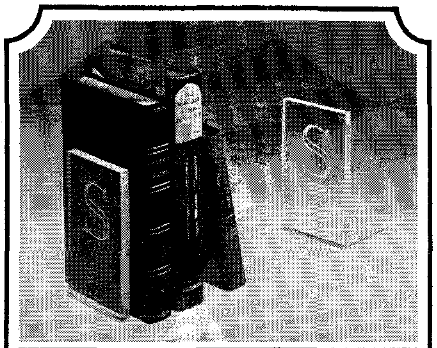

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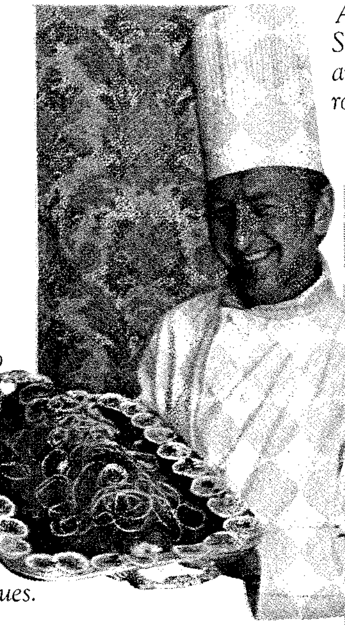

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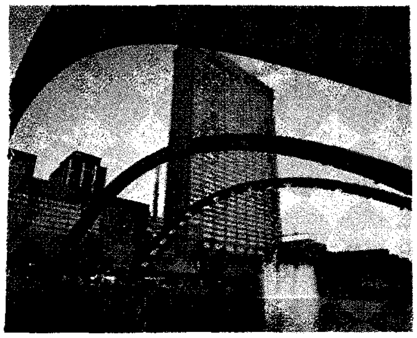

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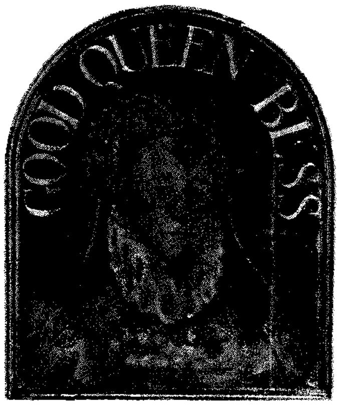

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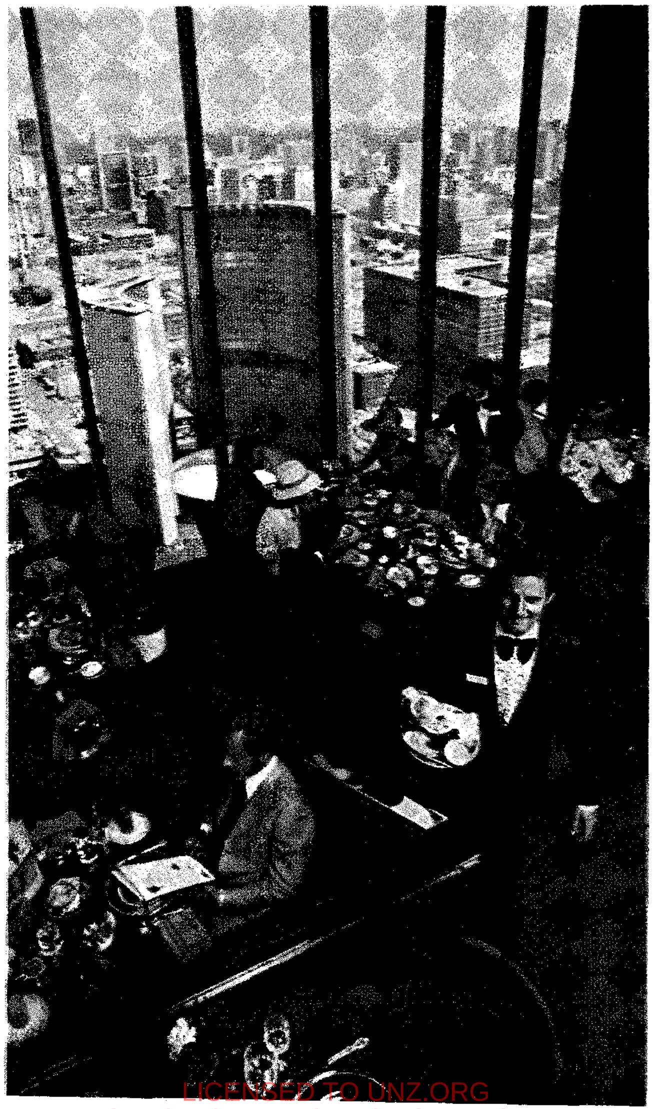

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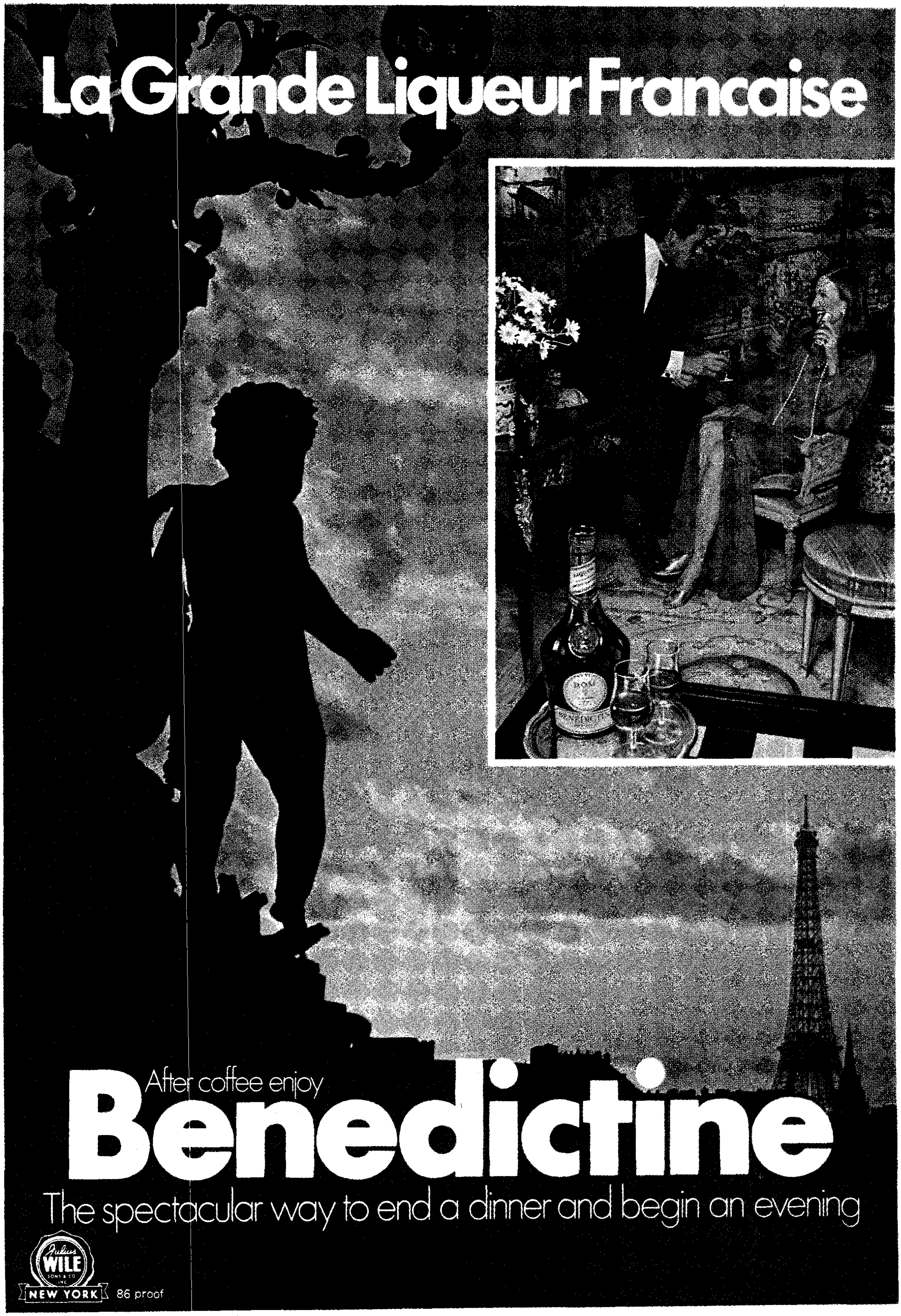
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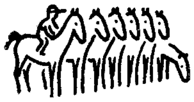

WHEN a horse wins by six lengths, finishing all alone, as Foolish Pleasure did in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, either he'll be hailed as a nonpareil or he'll be put down as just a good horse in a bad year. Splitting the difference, I'd say that Foolish Pleasure is the best two-year-old colt out this season. He was never worse than third in the Champagne, and when the runners turned into the stretch he went past the eight others as though they were standing still. Harvard Man, one of the three starters Johnny Campo saddled, beat Ramahorn by a couple of lengths for second place. The mile was run in 1:36, which isn't bad. The bright October weather brought a crowd of nearly thirty-three thousand to the track, and they backed Foolish Pleasure almost off the board—thirty cents to the dollar. You couldn't blame them. You didn't have to consult your *Daily Racing Form*, because one look at him in the parade to the post was enough to send you to the tote. Apart from the kudos of winning all his seven starts, six of them stakes, he's turned a nice profit—a matter of $284,595—for Mr. John L. Greer, the Knoxville baking executive who gave $20,000 for him as a yearling. And his trainer, LeRoy Jolley, cuddling a magnum of bubbly that went with the purse, said that Foolish Pleasure was going to have a nice long rest—until the stable goes to Florida and training begins for the Flamingo, the Florida Derby, and the Triple Crown. No doubt the colt will head the Experimental Free Handicap, the Jockey Club's official rating of the two-year-olds of 1974, but Colonel Martingale wonders how the handicapper will rate Ruffian. She's unbeaten, too.

And, speaking of Ruffian, she has a hairline fracture of her right rear ankle and is out of racing for what is left of the season. Nobody knows how it happened—the better horses are so brittle—but Frank Whiteley, who trains her, says that she will probably be racing again by spring, which is good enough news for me.

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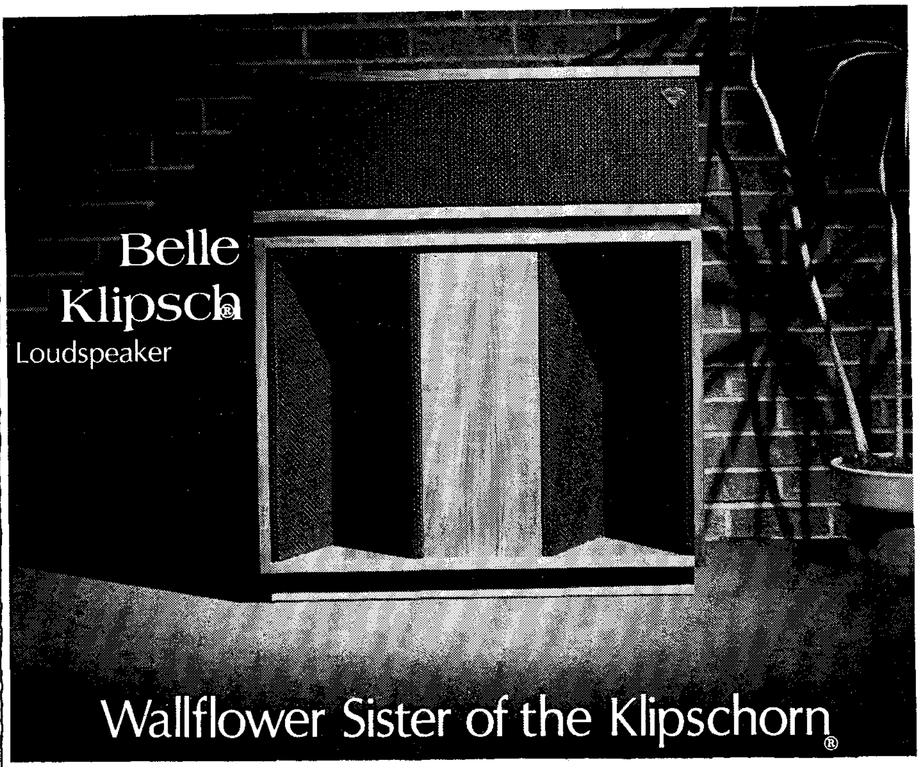

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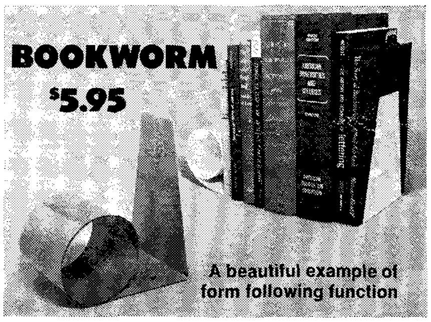

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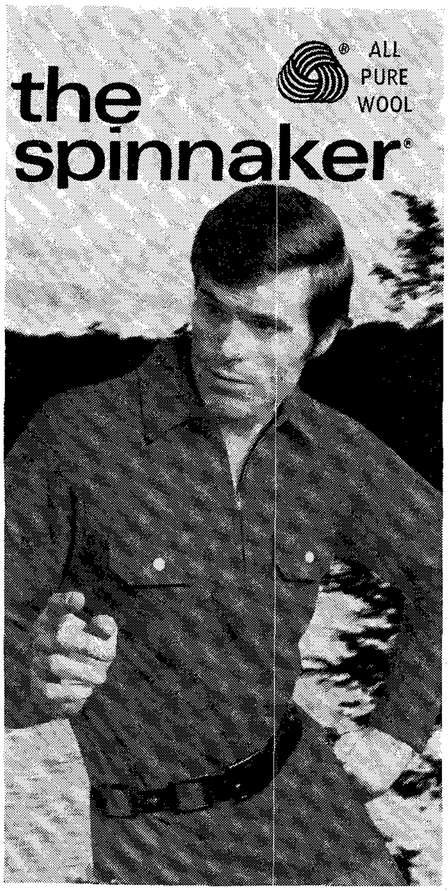

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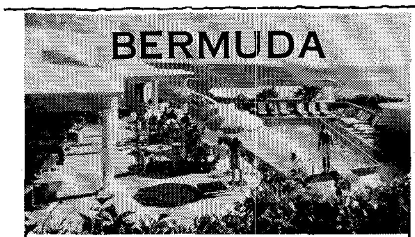

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710—is arriving from France this week for the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont on Saturday. It had been thought that she would run again for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in Paris last Sunday (she finished sixteenth last year), but Nelson Bunker Hunt, the Texas oilman who owns her, changed his mind. The Man o' War seemed a softer spot, for the Arc usually has a huge field, and, besides, one of the starters was Daniel Wildenstein's Allez France, who was second in it last year, and who had beaten Dahlia every one of the six times they had met. (Horses often hang the Indian sign on each other, and it sticks.) Mr. Hunt was wise. Had Dahlia gone in the Arc, Allez France would in all likelihood have made it seven, for, as you know, she won. Though Dahlia is American-bred, by Vaguely Noble out of Charming Alibi, and was foaled in Kentucky, British racing correspondents last fall voted her England's Horse of the Year. This season, she has won the De Beers diamond company's King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes for the second time, along with the rich Benson & Hedges Gold Cup. She will be accompanied by Hippodamia, an American-bred filly (Hail to Reason), who has been setting the pace for her. If all goes well with Dahlia in the Man o' War, she will have another go at the Washington, D.C., International, which she won last year.

From all accounts, Allez France ran a tremendous race in the Arc. Drawn on the outside in a field of twenty, she was fifteenth turning into the stretch, but she beat Comtesse de Loir by a head. Margouillat was third, three-quarters of a length away. The first money of $300,000 made Allez France the second filly to earn a million dollars; her total going into the race was $835,021. She is by Sea-Bird, a winner of the Arc, and Priceless Gem—remember her?—and was bred by Hirsch Jacobs, who sold her as a yearling to Mr. Wildenstein for $160,000. Her trainer is Angel Penna, an Argentinean, who handled the horses of Gus Ring before moving to France, and she is his second winner of the race, the other being San San, also an American-bred, who scored in 1972. Yves Saint-Martin, Europe's best jockey, rode Allez France, and he gets full marks from me; he had broken a thighbone less than a fortnight before he raced.

—AUDAX MINOR

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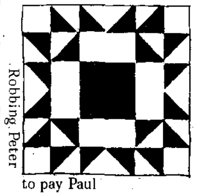

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BOOKS

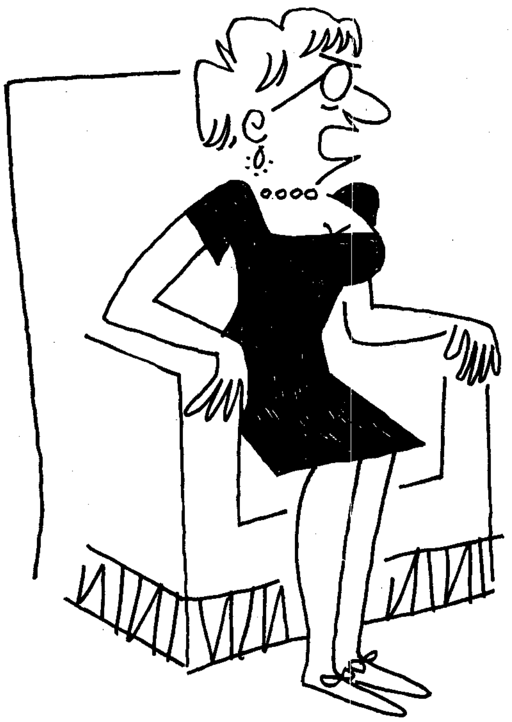
Calculi

IN the years of the slave trade, fifteen million Africans, at a reasonable estimate, were sent to the Americas. (In the course of being transported, a great many of them died. It has been estimated that something like a hundred million Africans lost their lives in revolutions, tribal battles, and the holds of the slavers' ships.) The effect of all this upon life in Africa was enormous, and the effect upon the Western view of "blackness"—the concept of the African, the black man, as a slave, as no more than a human machine—was a complete distortion, a tragedy we are now paying for in almost every aspect of our lives. Nothing can alter the past, but an awareness of the complexity and beauty of African culture should dissolve certain prejudices and thereby alter the future. For this reason, "Africa Counts" (Prindle, Weber & Schmidt), by Claudia Zaslavsky, is, despite some organizational lapses, which a little tighter editing might have avoided, an extraordinarily valuable book. Ms. Zaslavsky (the "Ms." is her choice) is a mathematics teacher in Hartsdale, New York. For many years she has had a profound interest in African culture, and one of her sons is now assistant principal of a high school in Kenya. (She is, by the way, white.) She has set about the incredibly difficult task of trying to discover—not only from books but from research in Africa itself—how the Africans' number systems, their geometrical designs, and their exceedingly subtle mathematical games have developed and are being used. Her book is nevertheless only a beginning—a huge amount of scholarship is still needed, even though, as her extensive list of references shows, much has already been done—but it is a good beginning. Ms. Zaslavsky points out that there are great difficulties in writing about modern African culture. There are over a thousand African languages, and in most of them there are variations in their number systems and counting methods:

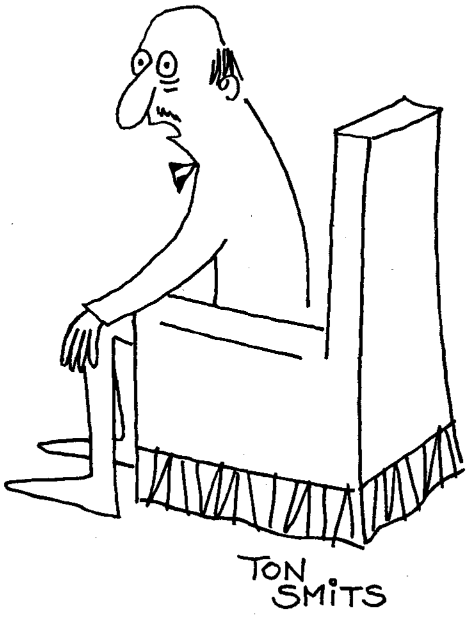
> A researcher should live with each group, become part of the community by learning the language and adopting the customs, and, hopefully, begin to understand how mathematics influences the lives of the people.... We hope that there will be ample records before the old cultures give way to modern technology, and the local languages yield to a national language, possibly English or French!... A technique I used in my research was to summarize the available literature, mostly of European origin, and then check the material with people of the ethnic background I was investigating, usually young people of the faculty or student body of schools and universities. I would read from my notes: "The numbers three, five, and seven are considered unlucky." "Never heard of such a thing," might be the reply. In such cases I was unable to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to whether the European investigator was ill-informed, or the beliefs had changed since the early report, or possibly both conditions were true. One of my informants, a middle-aged man, promised that when he visited his homeland he would question his father, a person well versed in magic. Soon afterward the younger man was called to the diplomatic service of his country, and I never received the information. Many of the young people said they would have to check with their parents, or that a few old people still had such a custom, but that most people "didn't bother with it." Nevertheless, many customs noted in this book are very much alive and flourishing.

Once a number system has been learned (how many of us remember the way *we* learned to count?), it becomes such a basic part of our intellectual outlook that we must make a real effort if we wish to explore its origins and logical structure. It is only in the last hundred years that—because of the work of such mathematicians as Dedekind, Weierstrass, Cantor, Frege, Peano, Russell, Whitehead, and Gödel—the logic of number systems has been made clear. (Gödel has proved that in a system with the complexity of ordinary arithmetic there must exist at least one proposition whose truth or falsity can never be decided within the rules of the system itself—a proposition whose truth is "undecidable.") When one studies the marvellously intricate work of these mathematicians, one can easily forget that all arithmetics had humble origins. And that is why the African number systems are fascinating; they are still very close to their original function; namely, counting "things." Zaslavsky says:

> The development of a number system depends upon need. In a small, self-contained economy in which all or most of the necessities of life are produced within the community—typical of large sections of Africa—there is little need for an extensive reckoning system. The names of numbers are frequently connected with the objects to be counted, just as we have special names for certain sets—flock, herd, brace, etc., dating back from a pastoral or agricultural society. Gesture-counting is especially necessary in the market place, where people speaking various languages gather to exchange goods. It may be customary to use beads, shells, nuts, or pebbles (the word "calculate" is derived from *calculus*, Latin for peb-



"Oh, yeah?"



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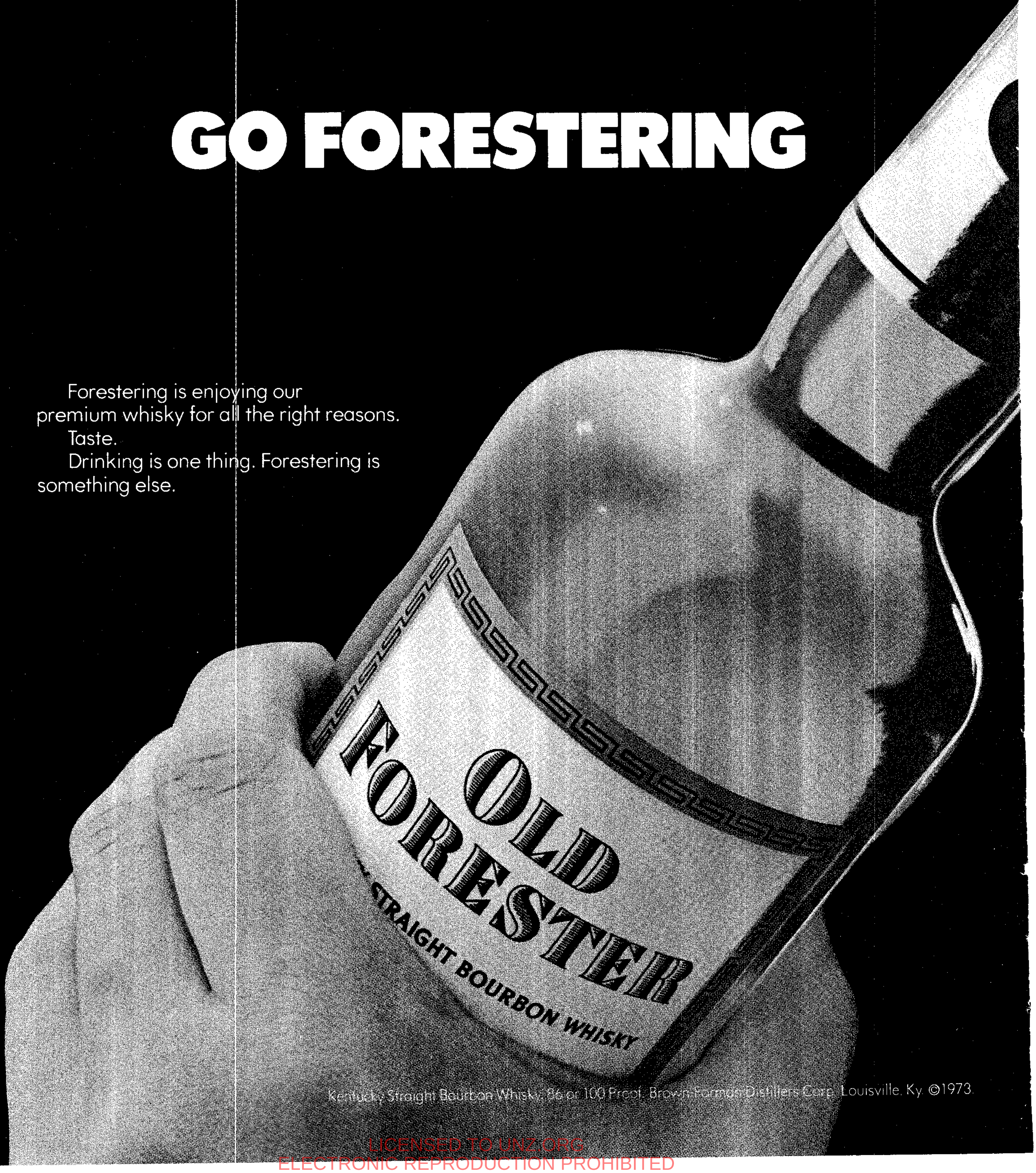
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ble) as media of exchange or counting materials, and to arrange them in sets, thus giving rise to special words.

Until the colonization of Africa corrupted its cultures, the nearly universal mode of commercial exchange in the sub-Sahara was the cowrie shell—a small white object of no intrinsic value. (How much intrinsic value do the pieces of paper on which most of the world's currencies are printed have? Their values are determined by communal faith, communal ritual belief.) In many African communities the cowries were strung together in fives, to correspond with the sign-language system of counting on the five fingers. In some parts of Africa the cowries were assembled in units of forty—which after the invasion by the Portuguese were called *galinhas* (Portuguese for "hens"), presumably because a *galinha* represented the price of a hen. It is a myth that Africans could not master large numbers. Units of twenty thousand cowries were quite common. (Zaslavsky notes that along the Niger River in the mid-nineteenth century twenty thousand cowries, which weighed between fifty and a hundred pounds, were called a *captif*, the French word for "slave," although the price of a slave ranged between four thousand and forty thousand cowries.) The Africans became extremely adept at counting cowries. Zaslavsky quotes a Reverend Hattersley, a nineteenth-century missionary:

> By their own methods the Baganda [an important Uganda kingdom, whose native language, Luganda, had terms for numbers up to twenty million] are very quick at calculating, though they count in a most peculiar manner. A raw peasant, for instance, wishing to count one hundred cowrie shells, will mark off two and two and call them one, and so on five times, when he has got to twenty, and five times of this completes the hundred, but they can invariably tell when one shell is missing in a thousand.

The method of counting by fives, tens, and twenties produced some remarkable number systems. The Yoruba people of Nigeria have names for each of the numbers from one to ten ("ookan," "eeji," and so on) and for twenty, thirty, two hundred, and four hundred. Other numbers are constructed by addition, subtraction, multiplication of these units. For example: 45 equals 20 times 3 minus 10 minus 5. The system is so complicated that one wonders how it is possible to learn it. (One also wonders how it was evolved.) Zaslavsky cites Chief Ayorinde, an authority on Yoruba folklore:

> The knowledge of numerals among the Yoruba People is as old as life itself. It

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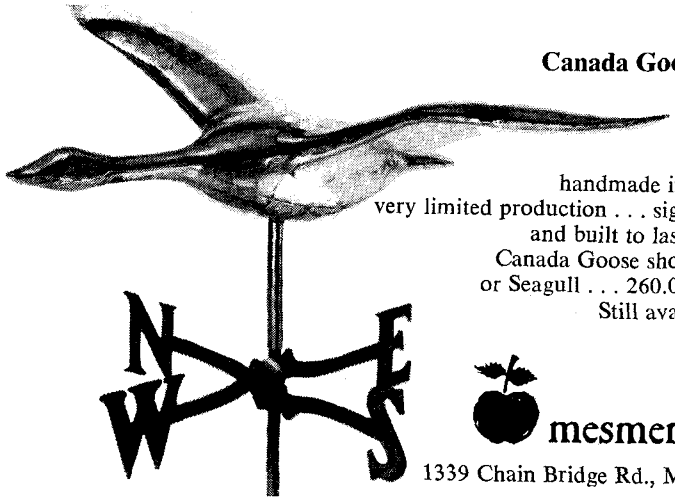

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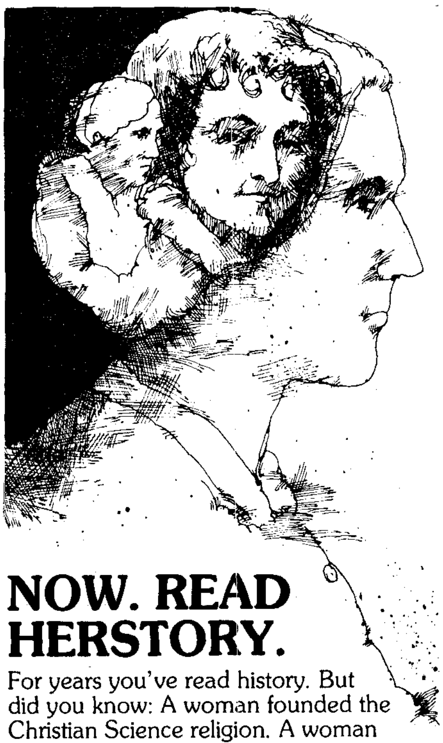

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> is usually taught or imparted in different forms from childhood or as soon as a child can recognize an object. Pebbles, beans, or stones are sometimes used in the teaching of numbers through demonstration. . . . Children also learn the art of buying and selling while in company of their mothers to the market. . . . The children are sometimes given a few wares of their own so as to give them confidence and as a test of their understanding of money values.

It is, by the way, a rule common to nearly all systems of African numeration that people and animals must not be counted in their presence. To do so is considered bad luck—like living on the thirteenth floor. (How many apartment houses in a city like New York *have* a thirteenth floor?) Zaslavsky notes:

> When I was negotiating the purchase of an apartment in a coöperatively owned building, I was told by the agent that every apartment in the I-line (the one with the good view) had been sold with the exception of Apartment 13-I. Nothing loathe, I agreed to purchase 13-I. The agent solemnly shook my hand, congratulating me upon my courage. Shortly after we had moved in, a young cooperator wrote an essay for our cooperative newspaper. [He wrote] "It is a simple and accurate procedure for youngsters to learn how to count from the numbers of the floors (in our building). This is due to the inclusion of a thirteenth floor, missing in the Empire State and other notable buildings."

Zaslavsky also reports that the Nigerians are attempting to set up a decimal system that may eventually replace the traditional Yoruba number system. If they succeed, perhaps we in the United States can bring ourselves to adopt the metric system, which will replace our present "tribal" methods involving "feet" and "yards," and other measurements based on the length of the extremities of ancient European royal persons.

Chief Ayorinde says that Yoruba children sharpen their wits by playing the traditional African number games, of which the most famous is *wari*, or *oware*. *Wari* is only a cut less complicated than chess or go. The interested reader can consult the twenty-page chapter, and sample game, supplied by Zaslavsky. The game has already been marketed here by, for one, Creative Playthings, which calls it Pitfall. It is nothing for the arithmetically indolent to mess with. One may take heart from the fact that in Africa it is played, in Zaslavsky's phrase, by "kings and cowherds," although, as she notes, rarely between men and women:

> Apparently no man's reputation could bear the ridicule that would be heaped upon him if he were defeated by a wom-

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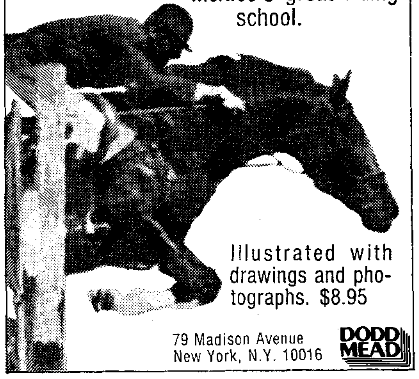

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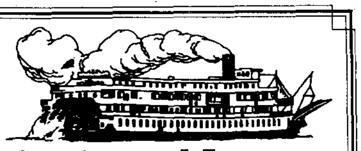

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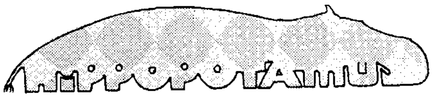

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> an! Ganda women outside of the royal court were not allowed to play for fear their crops would fail. Young girls were warned that their breasts would not develop, and no men would marry them. Thus the men were assured that the game would not distract the women and girls from their assigned chores in the fields and the home.

Quite so.

Ms. Zaslavsky has illustrated her book with photographs of the intricate geometrical designs that flourish in African decorative art. A reader whose head is beginning to spin after studying the number systems and the *wari* strategy can recover by looking at pictures of the wonderful calabash bottles from Kenya, the carved wood door panels of the Yoruba, and the embroidered cloth from Zaïre. Many of these objects date back to at least the fifteenth century, when, some writers have concluded, the mathematical sophistication of the masses in black Africa was greater than the general cultural level in Europe. From this time on, sub-Saharan Africa suffered countless invasions by Europeans and Muslim Africans. These intrusions all but destroyed the African cultures, but they are now being reconstituted and, for better or for worse, integrated with modern technology. Zaslavsky concludes:

> Africans today are inventing and exploring. Perhaps they will succeed in combining technological progress with their traditions of morality and communal concern—if Africa accomplishes this, it will have contributed not only to technological advancement, but, more importantly, to the sphere of human relations.

Anyone who reads her fine book will never again view the African peoples in quite the same light.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CONNOISSEUR, by Evan S. Connell, Jr. (Knopf). A clever, impeccably constructed book about a man who becomes hopelessly, inexplicably obsessed with pre-Columbian figurines. The man, Muhlback, is a widowed New York insurance agent and father of two teen-age children. His impulsive purchase of a small, elegant clay statue in New Mexico rapidly transforms his life. Mr. Connell lets us see the world entirely through Muhlback's eyes: first as a rather humdrum place that is immeasurably beautified by the figurine, then as a backdrop to his growing fascination with anything

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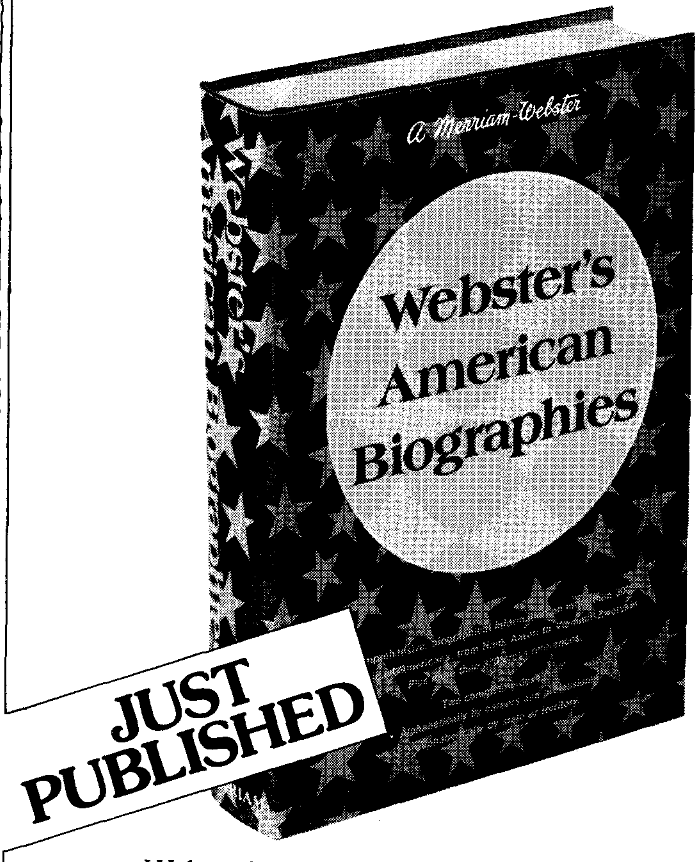

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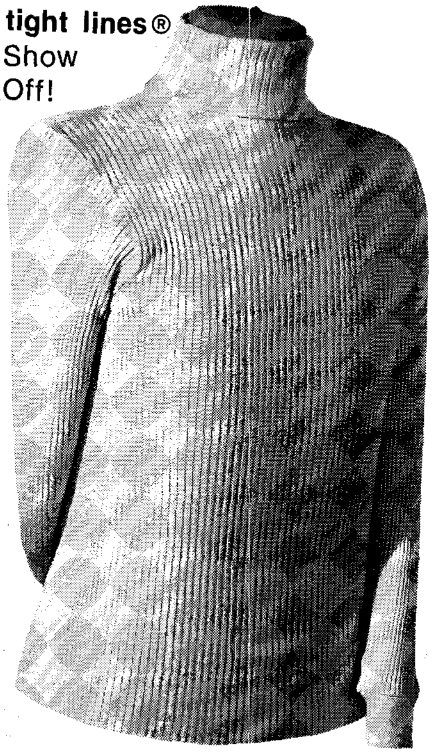

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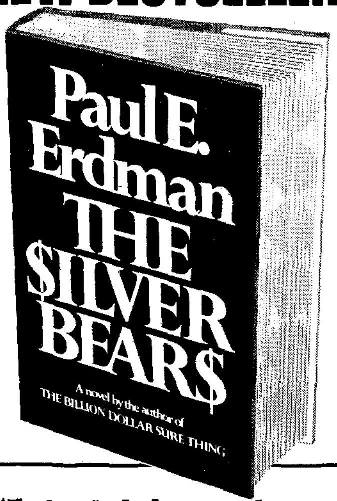
and everything related to it, and finally as merely a feeding station, where he consents to alight only because his body, like his passion, requires regular fuelling. With Muhlback, we read more and more articles about his obsession, we visit museums, galleries, and auctions, and we watch his work, his family, and all semblance of his private life recede into the background. The book has the charm and suspense of a good detective novel, although it doesn't have much depth; one frequently wishes one were being told more about Muhlback and less about pre-Columbian art.

The Long Fuse, by Alan White (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The time—as it generally is on Mr. White's professional calendar—is 1942, and the scene is England and Occupied France. A disenchanted Englishman who has been broadcasting Nazi propaganda from Berlin has a change of heart and escapes home, where he is quickly recruited by British Special Services to return surreptitiously to Europe for a second (and differently oriented) appearance on German radio. Mr. White begins his story as the broadcaster and his commando escort parachute into the bristling Alsace countryside on their way to Strasbourg and the radio station there. The almost peerless speed that is Mr. White's special talent is in full force, and his tricks of plot and twists of character are also up to standard, but there are moments—happily, only moments—when our credulity strains, and even snaps.

GENERAL

The European Discovery of America, Volume II: The Southern Voyages, 1492-1616, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Oxford). This is a companion to Morison's study of the northern voyages, published in 1971 and noted here as "in all ways admirable." Volume II is equally admirable—in fact, dazzling. It starts with Columbus and goes on to tell about two more of history's greatest seamen, Magellan and Drake. It also chronicles a number of lesser, and less well-known, figures, among them Amerigo Vespucci, an uncandid though useful personage, about whom Morison sets the record straight. He performs the same service for Ponce de León, who was not a doddering oldster seeking a spa but a lusty youngster with youth's flamboyantly romantic vi-



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sion of perpetual spring. What makes Morison so good? First, he seems to have read every relevant study in every language. (He is most generous in giving credit to researchers on whose work he has relied.) Second, he is himself a sailor, so he can impart at first hand what it is like out there on the huge spaces of the oceans or close in to a shoaly, rocky, treacherous coast. He can enthrall landlubbers with essential detail—how seamen of the period tried to figure out where they were and how fast they were going, what they wore, what they ate, and how they actually worked their ships. And then there is Morison's enthusiasm, part of it respect for the great deeds of these Renaissance mariners and part of it an almost boyish sense of adventure.

UNITED NATIONS JOURNAL: A DELEGATE'S ODYSSEY, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (Putnam). Mr. Buckley so often emits startling or wayward opinions that one is tempted to dismiss him as a professional bad boy. In this book, however, he is simply a good citizen: he served as a member of the United States delegation to the twenty-eighth meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, in 1973, and was our representative on the Human Rights Committee. He did not know how much boredom he was letting himself in for, but he is, as ever, an entertaining writer; he conveys the mass of ennui without being boring himself, and is good-natured about the oratory the delegates feel obliged to inflict on one another. But he is infuriated by the United Nations' "hypocrisy" about human rights—the routine performances in which Third World countries assail racism (but never mention black Africans' discrimination *against* Asians) and imperialism (but not Russian domination of Eastern Europe), and indulge, under the pretense of disapproving Israeli policies, in Hitlerian anti-Semitism. Mr. Buckley notes that the delegates avoid discussion of these matters by attacking the United States. He does not say that we should leave the United Nations, but he thinks we are paying more for it than it is worth.

CONRAD'S ROMANTICISM, by David Thorburn (Yale). Mr. Thorburn, an associate professor of English at Yale, sets himself the unfashionable revisionist task of returning Conrad to the literary tradition from which he sprang—the exotic adventure

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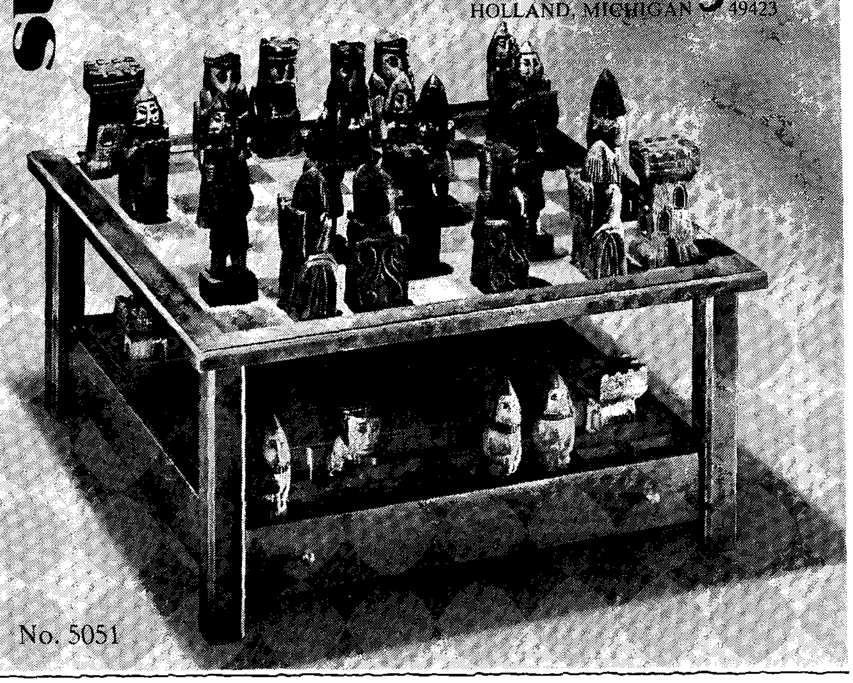

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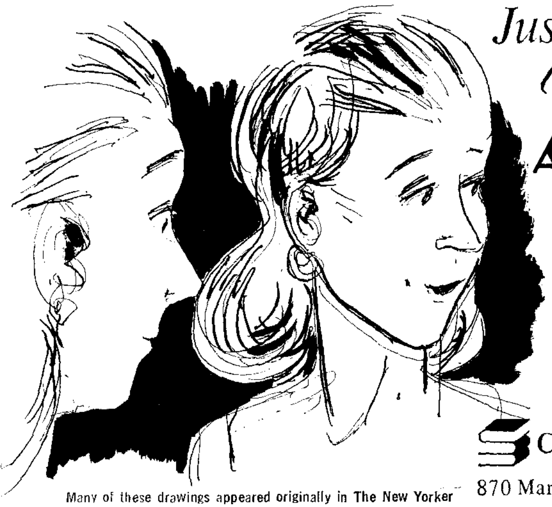

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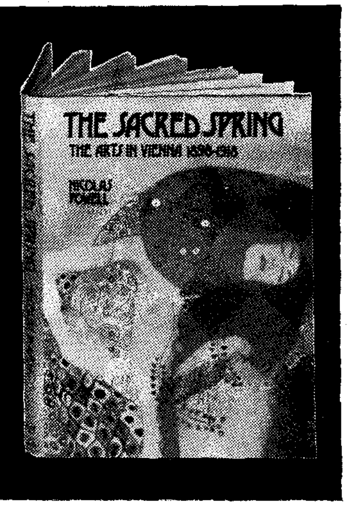

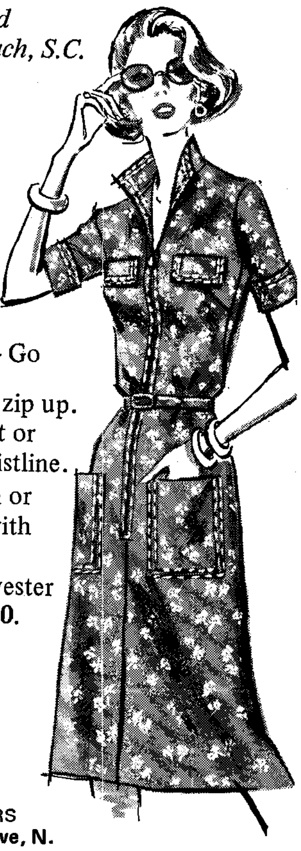

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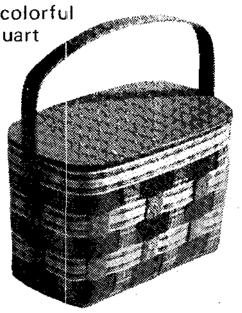

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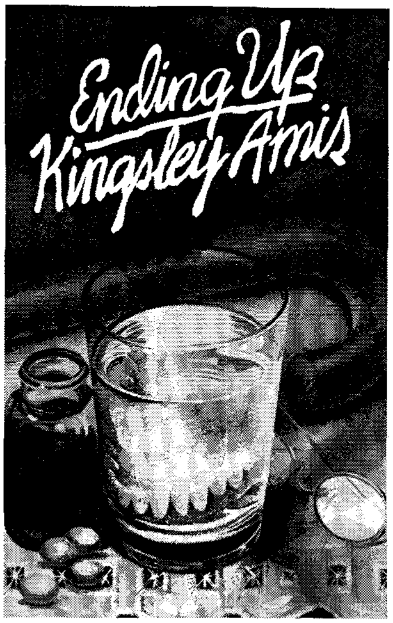
novels of Robert Louis Stevenson and H. Rider Haggard. "It is one of Conrad's chief distinctions, though he is rarely honored for it, to have written in this popular mode and to have exploited precisely these tired and apparently exhausted pieties with a full conscious energy that renews their vigor and rediscovers their high seriousness," he notes. All of Conrad, whether "Nostromo," at one extreme, or "Romance," at the other, is romantic, in that an "interior voyage of discovery" is combined with an "outer journey"—a spiritual as well as a physical testing. Modern critics, Mr. Thorburn says, have, in their admiration, tended to "transform the author of 'Typhoon' into an image of themselves" by fixing their attention on his "modern" subjectivity and denying his physical, adventurous, extroverted side—denying, in fact, his own testimony: "The romantic feeling of reality was in me an inborn faculty." In this interesting study, Mr. Thorburn guides us through much of the Conradian *œuvre*, including the lesser novels and the strangely neglected autobiographical writings.

WORDS & FACES, by Hiram Haydn (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The outstanding quality of these memoirs of book and magazine publishing is candor, which makes the book outstanding. The late Mr. Haydn had a varied career (as editor, teacher, and writer), crammed with achievement and conflict. His account of authors and colleagues and bosses with and for whom he worked is not only frank but detailed and vivid. His career was punctuated by explosions—the most painful to him was his break with Atheneum—but in retrospect he is able to see his own failings as well as those of the men with whom he quarrelled.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE RHINEMANN EXCHANGE, by Robert Ludlum (Dial). An espionage thriller set in the desperate last year of the Hitler war. The situation that ignites the action (nearly five hundred sanguineous pages of it) is preposterous but intellectually undemanding. Germany has perfected a gyroscopic airplane-guidance system but lacks the industrial diamonds needed to complete its terrible rocket missile; the United States has access to tons of industrial diamonds but its aerophysicists can't get the kinks out of its top-priority gyroscope. So a cor-



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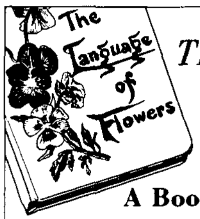

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Oct. 2 - 26 *Cartoons & Drawings*

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rupt military-industrial cabal on both sides agrees to a secret, treasonous exchange, and Rhinemann, a German Jew (an "expatriot," in the author's vocabulary) living in Buenos Aires, is selected to handle the transfer. The United States, being no fool, sends a top agent, Captain Spaulding (Groucho Marx may be amused to learn), to Buenos Aires to look after its interests but (as is classically customary in spy stories) refrains from telling him the whole truth. Mr. Ludlum reads like a Hearst feature writer of the twenties—staccato sentences, one-sentence paragraphs—and he expresses himself with some abandon: "Kendall was an authoritative rodent who was not awkward in the tunnels of negotiated filth." The result, nevertheless, is reasonably entertaining. A selection of the Literary Guild.

THEY CAN'T HANG ME!, by Jacqueline Mallet (Harper & Row). A picaresque tale about getting nowhere on the grubbier side of English music-hall life in London and the provinces in the nineteen-thirties. It is told—in retrospect, as she sits in the dock on trial for the murder of her lover—by Maisie Meadowes, a brash, red-haired singer and dancer who has served time on every casting couch in the West End. Maisie is a delighting creature, and her uncomplaining account of the drafty theatres, the seedy pubs, the theatrical boarding houses, and the copulations for pleasure or profit is full of verve and reality, but the ending is tricky without being in the least surprising.

•

There are about 40,000 police departments in this country.

There are over 200 varieties of chickens in existence.

—*Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

And there are two pints in a quart.

•

Meals are prepared under supervision of a dietician packaged in disposable styrofoam containers.—*Oswego (N.Y.) Palladium-Times.*

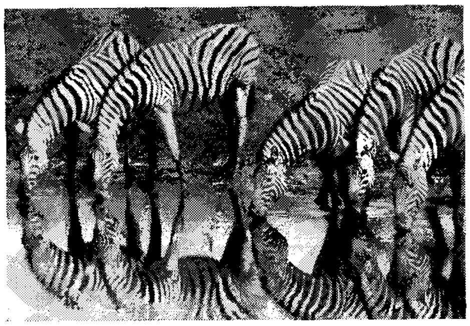
Never mind her predicament. Are the meals any good?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Bangor (Me.) Daily News*]

Saturday is named for the nation's bentgrass.



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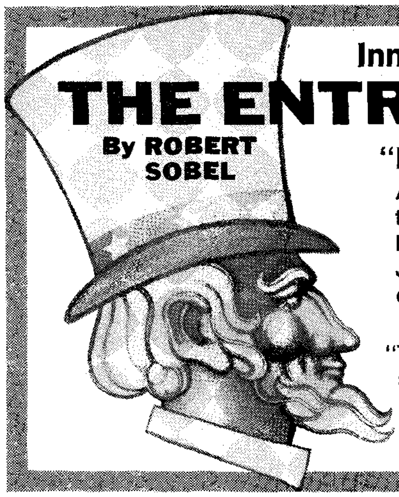

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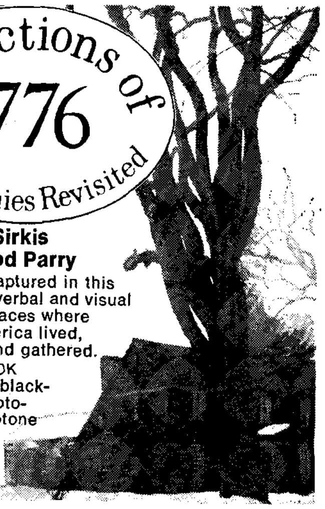

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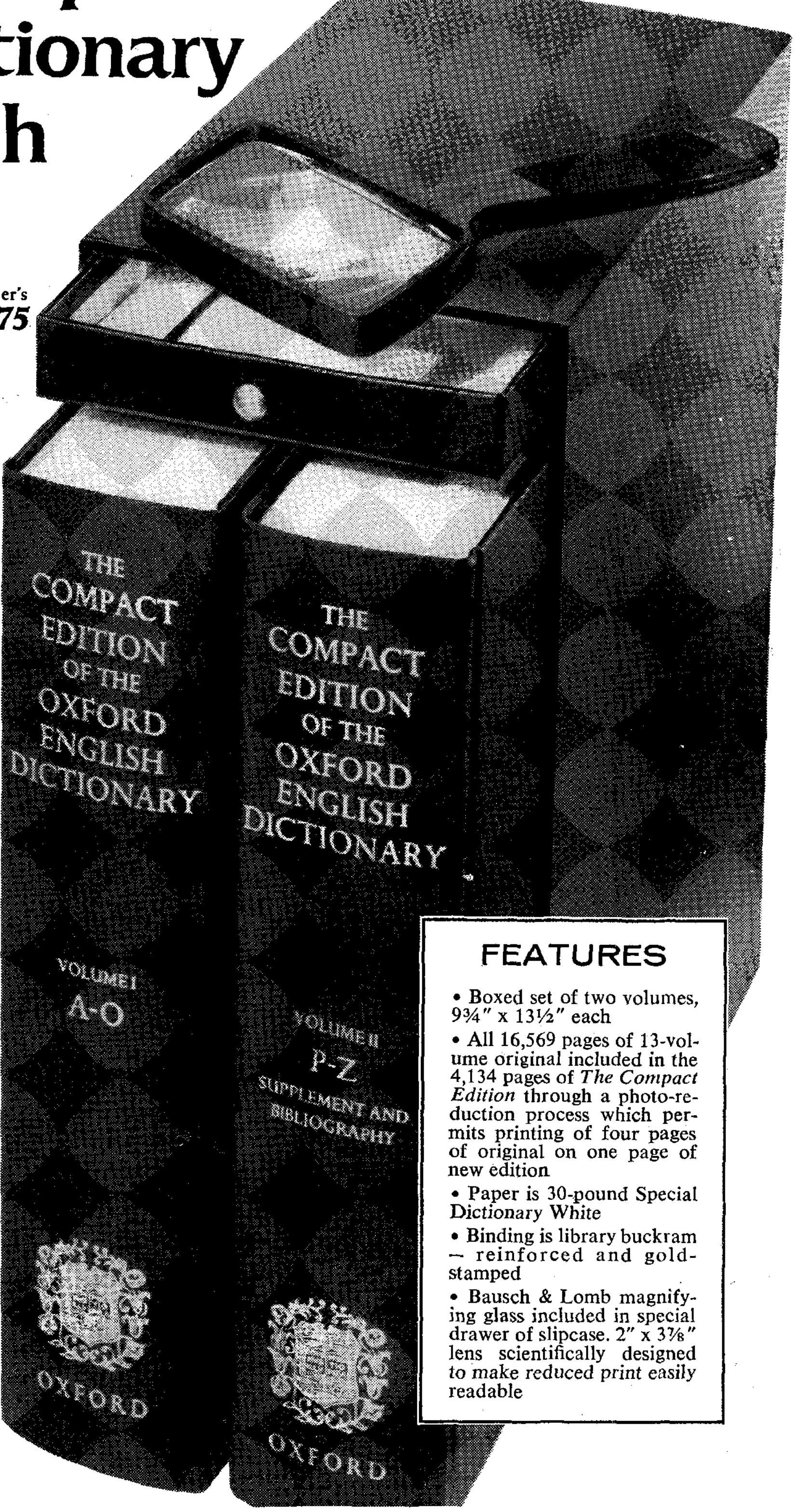
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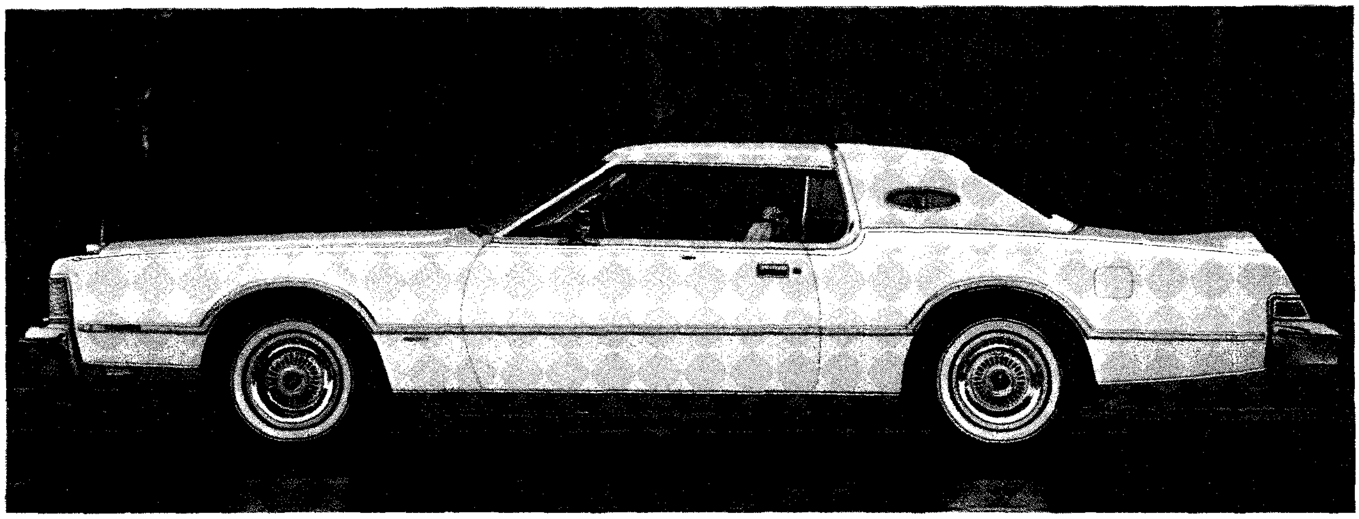

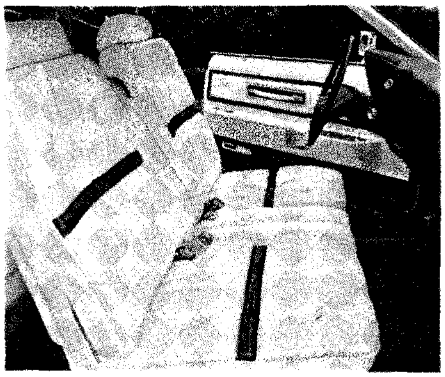

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